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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

XII.—THE GREAT RHINOCEROS OF THE LADO

THE region of which I speak is a dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the river Zaire. And there is no quiet there nor silence. The waters of the river have a saffron hue, and for many miles on either side of the river's oozy bed is a pale desert of gigantic water-lilies . . . and I stood in the morass among the tall lilies and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation. And all at once the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in color. . . . And the man looked out upon the dreary river Zaire, and upon the yellow ghastly waters, and upon the pale legions of the water-lilies. . . . Then I went down into the recess of the morass, and waded afar in among the wilderness of the lilies, and called unto the hippopotami which dwelt among the fens in the recesses of the morass." I was reading Poe, on the banks of the Upper Nile; and surely his "fable" does deserve to rank with the "tales in the volumes of the Magi—in the ironbound, melancholy volumes of the Magi."

We had come down through the second of the great Nyanza lakes. As we sailed northward, its waters stretched behind us beyond the ken of vision, to where they were fed by streams from the Mountains of the Moon. On our left hand rose the frowning ranges on the other side of which the Congo forest lies like a shroud over the land. On our right we passed the mouth of the Victorian Nile, alive with monstrous crocodiles, and its banks barren of human life because of the swarms of the fly whose bite brings the torment which ends in death. As night fell we entered the White Nile, and steamed and drifted down the mighty stream. Its current swirled in long curves between endless ranks of plumed papyrus. White, and blue, and red the floating water-lilies covered the lagoons and the still inlets among the reeds; and here and there the lotus lifted its leaves and flowers stiffly above the surface. The brilliant tropic stars made lanes of light on the lapping water as we ran on through the night. The river horses roared from the reed beds, and snorted and plunged beside the boat, and crocodiles slipped sullenly into the river as we glided by. Toward morning a mist arose and through it the crescent of the dying moon shone red and lurid. Then the sun flamed aloft and soon the African landscape, vast, lonely, mysterious, stretched on every side in a shimmering

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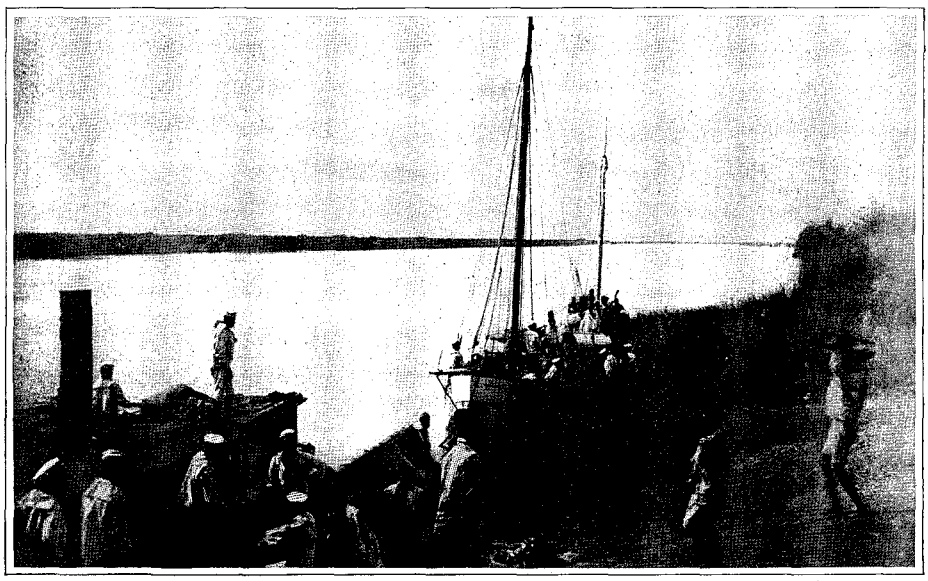
glare of heat and light; and ahead of us the great, strange river went twisting away into the distance.

At midnight we had stopped at the station of Koba, where we were warmly received by the district commissioner, and where we met half a dozen of the professional elephant hunters, who for the most part make their money, at hazard of their lives, by poaching ivory in the Congo. They are a hard-bit set, these elephant poachers; there are few careers more adventurous, or fraught with more peril, or which make heavier demands upon the daring, the endurance, and the physical hardihood of those who follow them. Elephant hunters face death at every turn, from fever, from the assaults of warlike native tribes, from their conflicts with their giant quarry; and the unending strain on their health and strength is tremendous.



Sail-boat at Wadelai Landing.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

At noon the following day we stopped at the deserted station of Wadelai, still in British territory. There have been outposts of white mastery on the Upper Nile for many years, but some of them are now abandoned, for as yet there has been no successful attempt at such development of the region as would alone mean permanency of occupation. The natives whom we saw offered a sharp contrast to those of Uganda; we were again back among wild savages. Near the landing at Wadelai was a group of thatched huts surrounded by a fence; there were small fields of mealies and beans, cultivated by the women, and a few cattle and goats; while big wickerwork fish-traps showed that the river also offered a means of livelihood. Both men and women were practically naked; some of the women entirely so except for a few beads. Here we were joined by an elephant hunter, Quentin Grogan, who was to show us the haunts of the great square mouthed rhinoceros, the so-called white rhinoceros, of the Lado, the only kind of African heavy game which we had not yet obtained. We were allowed to hunt in the Lado, owing to the considerate courtesy of the Belgian Government, for which I was sincerely grateful.

After leaving Wadelai we again went down stream. The river flowed through immense beds of papyrus. Beyond these on either side were rolling plains gradually rising in the distance into hills or low mountains. The plains were covered with high grass, dry and withered; and the smoke here and there showed that the natives, according to their custom, were now burning it. There was no forest; but scattered over

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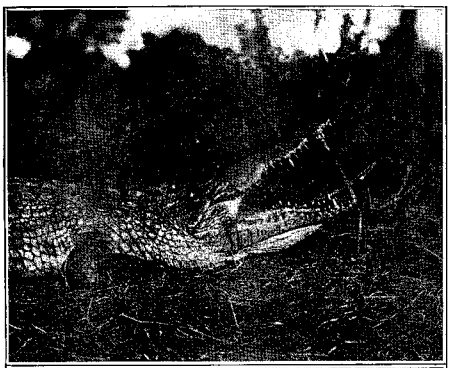


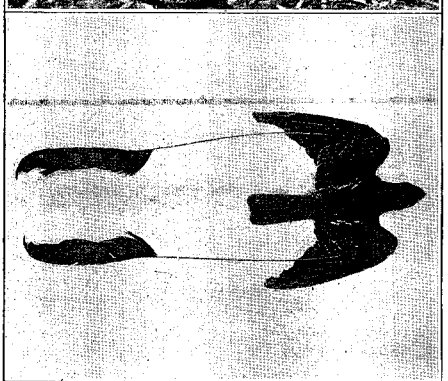
codile shot
Theodore
osevelt at
ino camp.

Ground horn-
bill, rhino
camp.

ushbuck.

Wagtail.

us maria,
Lake No.



Nightjar, with
long plumes in
wings.

r's Roan
antelope,
ndekoro.

Fish eagle.

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the plains were trees, generally thorns, but other kinds also, among them palms and euphorbias.

The following morning, forty-eight hours after leaving Butiaba, on Lake Albert Nyanza, we disembarked from the little flotilla which had carried us—a crazy little steam launch, two sail-boats, and two big row-boats. We made our camp close to the river's edge, on the Lado side, in a thin grove of scattered thorn-trees. The grass grew rank and tall all about us. Our tents were pitched, and the grass huts of the porters built, on a kind of promontory, the main stream running past one side, while on the other was a bay. The nights were hot, and the days burning; the mosquitoes came with darkness, sometimes necessitating our putting on head nets and gloves in the evenings, and they would have made sleep impossible if we had not had mosquito biers. Nevertheless it was a very pleasant camp, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. It was a wild, lonely country, and we saw no human beings except an occasional party of naked savages armed with bows and poisoned arrows. Game was plentiful, and a hunter always enjoys a permanent camp in a good game country; for while the expedition is marching, his movements must largely be regulated by those of the safari, whereas at a permanent camp he is foot-loose.

There was an abundance of animal life, big and little, about our camp. In the reeds, and among the water-lilies of the bay, there were crocodiles, monitor lizards six feet long, and many water birds—herons, flocks of beautiful white egrets, clamorous spur-winged plover, sacred ibis, noisy purple ibis, saddle-billed storks, and lily trotters which ran lightly over the lily pads. There were cormorants and snake birds. Fish eagles screamed as they circled around; very handsome birds, the head, neck, tail, breast, and forepart of the back white, the rest of the plumage black and rich chestnut. There was a queer little eagle owl with inflamed red eyelids. The black and red bulbuls sang noisily. There were many kingfishers, some no larger than chippy sparrows, and many of them brilliantly colored; some had, and others had not, the regular kingfisher voice; and while some dwelt by the river bank and caught fish, others did not come near the water and lived on insects. There were paradise flycatchers with long, wavy white tails; and olive-green pigeons with yellow bellies. Red-headed, red-tailed lizards ran swiftly up and down the trees. The most extraordinary birds were the nightjars; the cocks carried in each wing one very long, waving plume, the pliable quill being twice the length of the bird's body and tail, and bare except for a patch of dark feather-webbing at the end. The two big, dark plume tips were very conspicuous, trailing behind the bird as it flew, and so riveting the observer's attention as to make the bird itself almost escape notice. When seen flying, the first impression conveyed was of two large, dark moths or butterflies fluttering rapidly through the air; it was with a positive effort of the eye that I fixed the actual bird. The big slate and yellow bats were more interesting still. There were several kinds of bats at this camp; a small dark kind that appeared only when night had fallen and flew very near the ground all night long, and a somewhat larger one, lighter beneath, which appeared late in the evening and flew higher in the air. Both of these had the ordinary bat habits of continuous, swallow-like flight. But the habits of the slate and yellow bats were utterly different. They were very abundant, hanging in the thinly leaved acacias around the tents, and, as everywhere else, were crepuscular, indeed to a large extent actually diurnal, in habit. They saw well and flew well by daylight, passing the time hanging from twigs. They became active before sunset. In catching insects they behaved not like swallows but like flycatchers. Except that they perched upside down so to speak, that is, that they hung from the twigs instead of sitting on them, their conduct was precisely that of a phœbe bird or a wood peewee. Each bat hung from its twig until it espied a passing insect, when it swooped down upon it, and after a short flight returned with its booty to the same perch or went on to a new one close by; and it kept twitching its long ears as it hung head downward devouring its prey.

There were no native villages in our immediate neighborhood, and the game was not shy. There were many buck: waterbuck, kob, hartebeest, bushbuck, reedbuck, oribi, and duiker. Every day or two Kermit or I would shoot a buck for the camp. We

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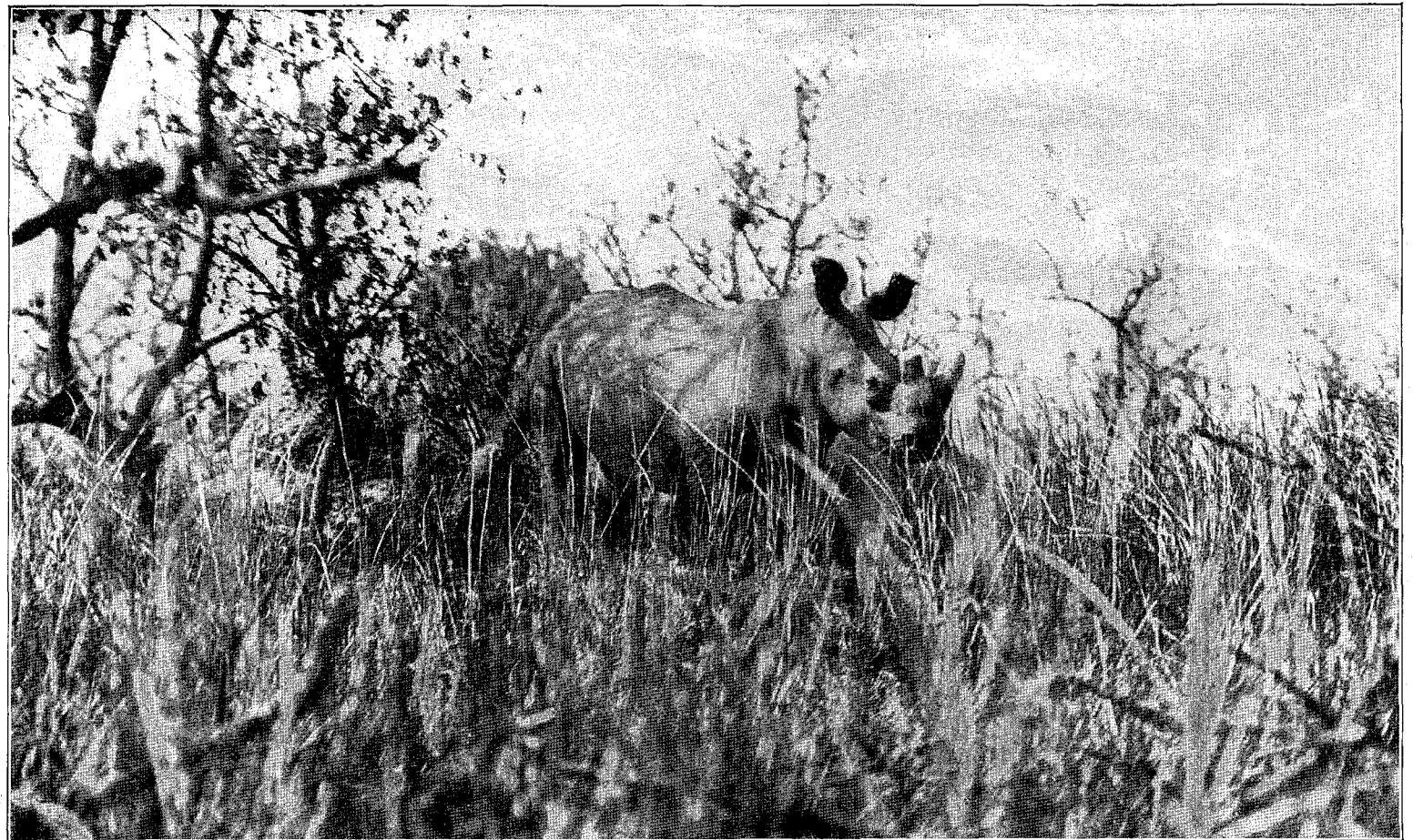

From a photograph, copyright by Kermit Roosevelt.

The great square-nosed rhino of the Lado

We walked up to within about twenty yards.—Page 274.

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generally went out together with our gun-bearers, Kermit striding along in front, with short trousers and leggings, his knees bare. Sometimes only one of us would go out. The kob and waterbuck were usually found in bands, and were perhaps the commonest of all. The buck seemed to have no settled time for feeding. Two oribi which I shot were feeding right in the open, just at noon, utterly indifferent to the heat. There were hippo both in the bay and in the river. All night long we could hear

Male square-nosed rhino, shot by Kermit Roosevelt.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

them splashing, snorting, and grunting; they were very noisy, sometimes uttering a strange, long-drawn bellow, a little like the exhaust of a giant steam-pipe, once or twice whinnying or neighing; but usually making a succession of grunts, or bubbling squeals through the nostrils. The long grass was traversed in all directions by elephant trails, and there was much fresh sign of the huge beasts—their dung, and the wrecked trees on which they had been feeding; and there was sign of buffalo also. In middle Africa, thanks to wise legislation, and to the very limited size of the areas open to true settlement, there has been no such reckless, wholesale slaughter of big game as that which had brought the once wonderful big game fauna of South Africa to the verge of extinction. In certain small areas of middle Africa, of course, it has gone; but as a whole it has not much diminished, some species have actually increased, and none is in danger of immediate extinction, unless it be the white rhinoceros. During the last decade, for instance, the buffalo have been recovering their lost ground throughout the Lado, Uganda, and British East Africa, having multiplied many times over. During the same period, in the same region, the elephant have not greatly diminished in aggregate numbers, although the number of bulls carrying big ivory has been very much reduced; indeed the reproductive capacity of the herds has probably been very little impaired, the energies of the hunters having been almost exclusively directed to the killing of the bulls with tusks weighing over thirty pounds apiece; and the really big tuskers, which are most eagerly sought after, are almost always past their prime, and no longer associate with the herd.

But this does not apply to the great beast which was the object of our coming to the Lado, the square-mouthed or, as it is sometimes miscalled, the white, rhinoceros. Africa is a huge continent, and many species of the big mammals inhabiting it are spread over a vast surface; and some of them offer strange problems for inquiry in the discontinuity of their distribution. The most extraordinary instance of this discontinuity

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is that offered by the distribution of the square-mouthed rhinoceros. It is almost as if our bison had never been known within historic times except in Texas and Ecuador. This great rhinoceros was formerly plentiful in South Africa south of the Zambesi, where it has been completely exterminated except for a score or so of individuals on a game reserve. North of the Zambesi it was and is utterly unknown, save that during the last ten years it has been found to exist in several localities on the left bank of the Upper Nile, close to the river, and covering a north and south extension of about two hundred miles. Even in this narrow ribbon of territory the square-mouthed rhinoceros is found only in certain localities, and although there has not hitherto been much slaughter of the mighty beast, it would certainly be well if all killing of it were prohibited until careful inquiry has been made as to its numbers and exact distribution. It is a curious animal, on the average distinctly larger than, and utterly different from, the ordinary African rhinoceros. The spinal processes of the dorsal vertebræ are so developed as to make a very prominent hump over the withers, while forward of this is a still higher and more prominent fleshy hump on the neck. The huge, misshapen head differs in all respects as widely from the head of the common or so-called black rhinoceros as the head of a moose differs from that of a wapiti.

Cow squared-nosed rhino of the Lado, shot by Mr. Roosevelt.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

Rhino of the usual type with prehensile lip, shot in the Sotik by Mr. Roosevelt.
(The differences of the two types are shown in the above photographs.)
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The morning after making camp we started on a rhinoceros hunt. At this time in this neighborhood, the rhinoceros seemed to spend the heat of the day in sleep, and to feed in the morning and evening, and perhaps throughout the night; and to drink in the evening and morning, usually at some bay or inlet of the river. In the morning they walked away from the water for an hour or two, until they came to a place which suited them for the day's sleep. Unlike the ordinary rhinoceros, the square-mouthed rhinoceros feeds exclusively on

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grass. Its dung is very different; we only occasionally saw it deposited in heaps, according to the custom of its more common cousin. The big, sluggish beast seems fond of nosing the ant-hills of red earth, both with its horn and with its square muzzle; it may be that it licks them for some saline substance. It is apparently of less solitary nature than the prehensile-lipped rhino, frequently going in parties of four or five or half a dozen individuals.

We did not get an early start. Hour after hour we plodded on, under the burning sun, through the tall, tangled grass, which was often higher than our heads. Continually we crossed the trails of elephant and more rarely of rhinoceros, but the hard, sunbaked earth and stiff, tinder-dry long grass made it a matter of extreme difficulty to tell if a trail was fresh, or to follow it. Finally, Kermit and his gun-bearer, Kassitura, discovered some unquestionably fresh footprints which those of us who were in front had passed over. Immediately we took the trail, Kongoni and Kassitura acting as trackers, while Kermit and I followed at their heels. Once or twice the two trackers were puzzled, but they were never entirely at fault; and after half an hour Kassitura suddenly pointed toward a thorn-tree about sixty yards off. Mounting a low ant-hill I saw rather dimly through the long grass a big gray bulk, near the foot of the tree; it was a rhinoceros lying asleep on its side, looking like an enormous pig. It heard something and raised itself on its forelegs, in a sitting posture, the big ears thrown forward. I fired for the chest, and the heavy Holland bullet knocked it clean off its feet. Squealing loudly it rose again, but it was clearly done for, and it never got ten yards from where it had been lying.

At the shot four other rhino rose. One bolted to the right, two others ran to the left. Firing through the grass Kermit wounded a bull and followed it for a long distance, but could not overtake it; ten days later,* however, he found the carcass, and saved the skull and horns. Meanwhile I killed a calf, which was needed for the Museum; the rhino I had already shot was a full-grown cow, doubtless the calf's mother. As the rhino rose I was struck by their likeness to the picture of the white rhino in Cornwallis Harris's folio of the big game of South Africa seventy years ago. They were totally different in look from the common rhino, seeming to stand higher and to be shorter in proportion to their height, while the hump and the huge, ungainly, square-

Veldt pool, rhino camp.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

* Kermit on this occasion was using the double-barrelled rifle which had been most kindly lent him for the trip by Mr. John Jay White, of New York.

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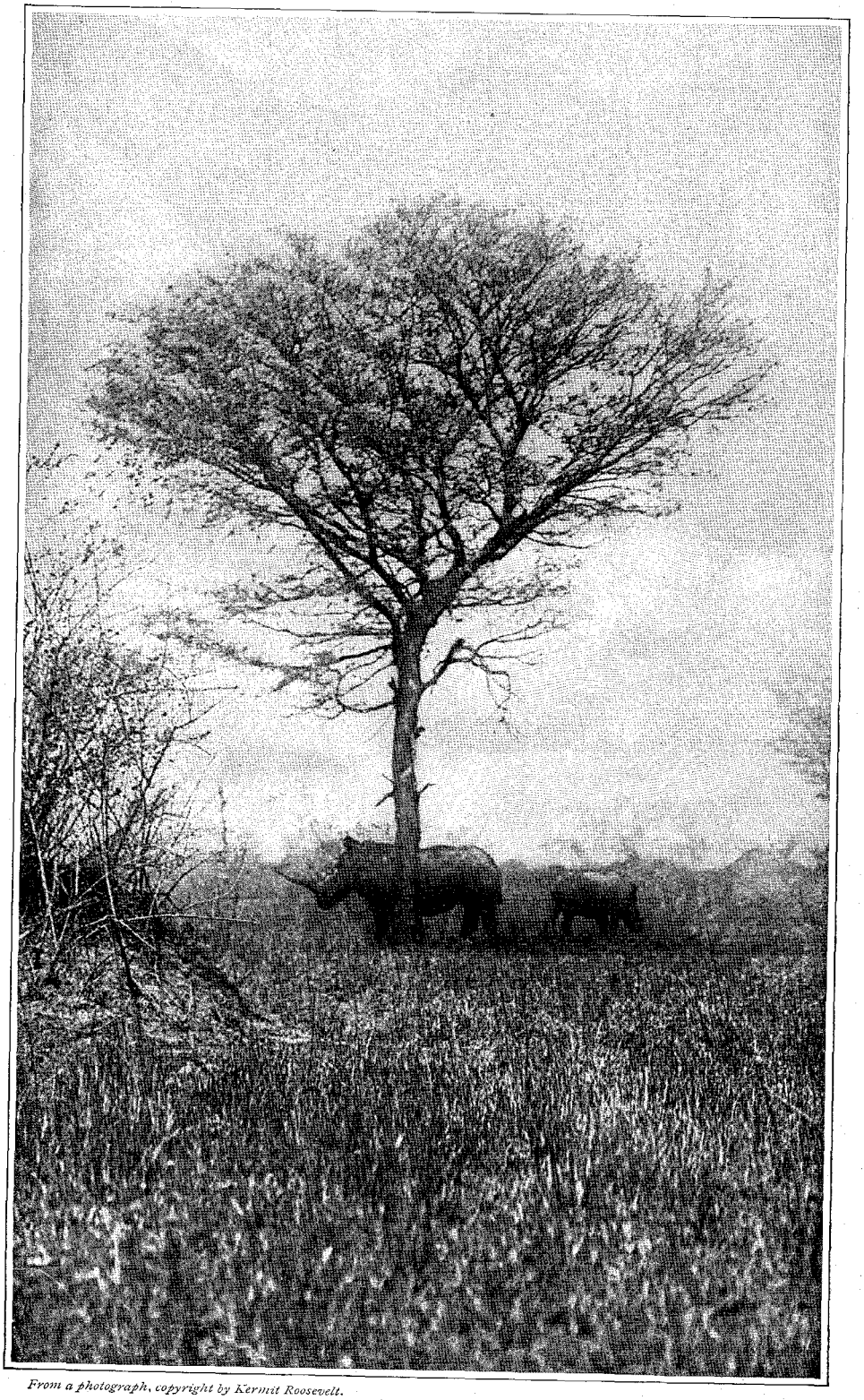

From a photograph, copyright by Kermit Roosevelt.

The cow and calf under the tree after being disturbed by the click of the camera.—Page 277.

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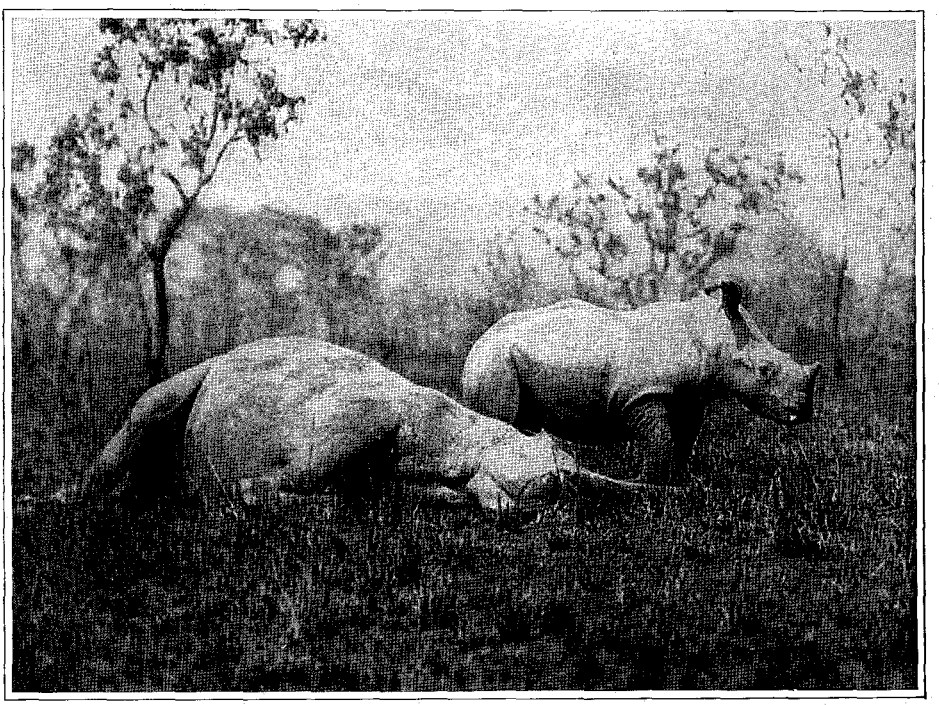
mouthed head added to the dissimilarity. The common rhino is in color a very dark slate gray; these were a rather lighter slate gray; but this was probably a mere individual peculiarity, for the best observers say that they are of the same hue. The muzzle is broad and square, and the upper lip without a vestige of the curved, prehensile development which makes the upper lip of a common rhino look like the hook of a turtle's beak. The stomachs contained nothing but grass; it is a grazing, not a browsing animal.

There were some white egrets—not, as is usually the case with both rhinos and elephants, the cow heron, but the slender, black-legged, yellow-toed egret—on the rhinos, and the bodies and heads of both the cow and calf looked as though they had been splashed with streaks of whitewash. One of the egrets returned after the shooting and perched on the dead body of the calf.

The heat was intense, and our gun-bearers at once began skinning the animals, lest they should spoil; and that afternoon Cuninghame and Heller came out from camp with tents, food, and water, and Heller cared for the skins on the spot, taking thirty-six hours for the job. The second night he was visited by a party of lions, which were after the rhinoceros meat and came within fifteen feet of the tents.

On the same night that Heller was visited by the lions we had to fight fire in the main camp. At noon we noticed two fires come toward us, and could soon hear their roaring. The tall, thick grass was like tinder; and if we let the fires reach camp we were certain to lose everything we had. So Loring, Mearns, Kermit, and I, who were in camp, got out the porters and cut a lane around our tents and goods; and then started a back fire, section after section, from the other side of this lane. We kept every one ready, with branches and wet gunny-sacks, and lit each section in turn, so that we could readily beat out the flames at any point where they threatened. The air was still, and soon after nightfall our back fire had burnt fifty or a hundred yards away from camp, and the danger was practically over. Shortly afterward one of the



From a photograph, copyright by Kermit Roosevelt.

The calf, which was old enough to shift for itself, refused to leave the body.—Page 277.

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fires against which we were guarding came over a low hill crest into view, beyond the line of our back fire. It was a fine sight to see the long lines of leaping, wavering flames advance toward one another. An hour or two passed before they met, half a mile from camp. Wherever they came together there would be a moment's spurt of roaring, crackling fire, and then it would vanish, leaving at that point a blank in the circle of flame. Gradually the blanks in the lines extended, until the fire thus burnt itself out, and darkness succeeded the bright red glare.

Mr. Roosevelt with kob, shot at rhino camp.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The fires continued to burn in our neighborhood for a couple of days. Finally one evening the great beds of papyrus across the bay caught fire. After nightfall it was splendid to see the line of flames, leaping fifty feet into the air as they worked across the serried masses of tall papyrus. When they came toward the water they kindled the surface of the bay into a ruddy glare, while above them the crimson smoke clouds drifted slowly to leeward. The fire did not die out until toward morning; and then, behind it, we heard the grand booming chorus of a party of lions. They were full fed, and roaring as they went to their day beds; each would utter a succession of roars which grew louder and louder until they fairly thundered, and then died gradually away, until they ended in a succession of sighs and grunts.

As the fires burned to and fro across the country birds of many kinds came to the

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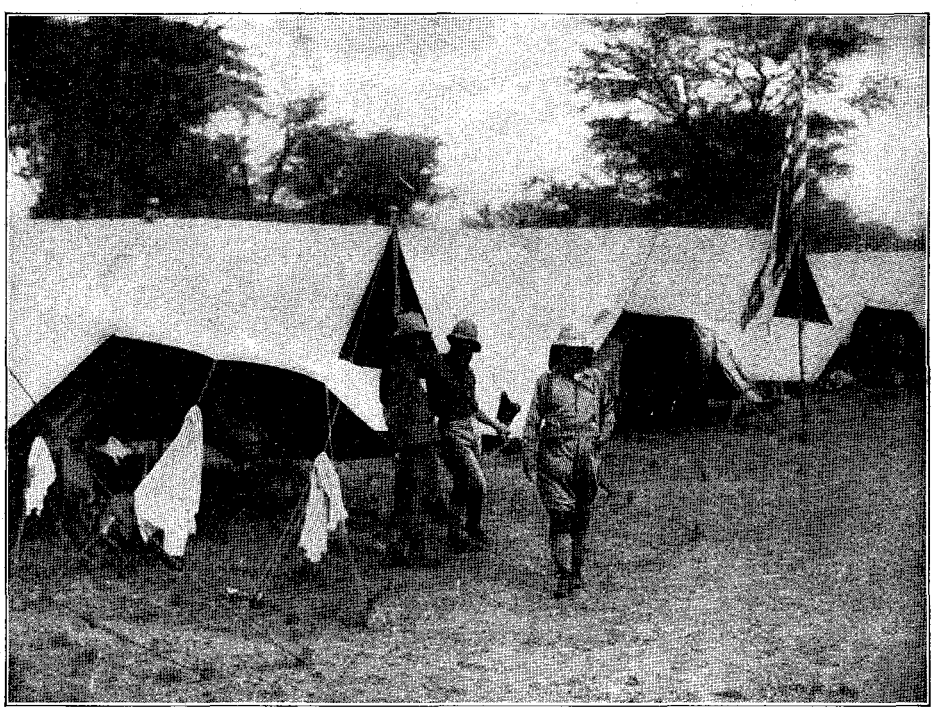
Our back fire meeting the main fire.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

edge of the flames to pick up the insects which were driven out. There were marabou storks, kites, hawks, ground hornbills, and flocks of beautiful egrets and cow herons, which stalked sedately through the grass, and now and then turned a small tree nearly white by all perching in it. The little bank swallows came in myriads; ex-



Rhino camp, Lado Enclave.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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actly the same, by the way, as our familiar home friends, for the bank swallow is the most widely distributed of all birds. The most conspicuous attendants of the fires, however, were the bee-eaters, the largest and handsomest we had yet seen, their plumage every shade of blended red and rose, varied with brilliant blue and green. The fires seemed to bother the bigger animals hardly at all. The game did not shift their haunts, or do more than move in quite leisurely fashion out of the line of advance of the flames. I saw two oribi which had found a patch of short grass that split the fire, feeding thereon, entirely undisturbed, although the flames were crackling by some fifty yards on each side of them. Even the mice and shrews did not suffer much, probably because they went into holes. Shrews, by the way, were very plentiful, and Loring trapped four kinds, two of them new. It was always a surprise to me to find these tiny shrews swarming in Equatorial Africa just as they swarm in Arctic America.

In a little patch of country not far from this camp there were a few sleeping-sickness fly, and one or two of us were bitten, but, seemingly, the fly were not infected, although at this very time eight men were dying of sleeping sickness at Wadelai where we had stopped. There were also some ordinary tsetse fly, which caused us uneasiness about our mule. We had brought four little mules through Uganda, riding them occasionally on safari; and had taken one across into the Lado, while the other three, with the bulk of the porters, marched on the opposite bank of the Nile from Koba, and were to join us at Nimule.

From a photograph, copyright by Kermit Roosevelt.

One remained standing, but the other deliberately sat down upon its haunches like a dog.—Page 280.

It was Kermit's turn for the next rhino; and by good luck it was a bull, giving us a complete group of bull, cow, and calf for the National Museum. We got it as we had gotten our first two. Marching through likely country—burnt, this time—we came across the tracks of three rhino, two big and one small, and followed them through the black ashes. It was an intricate and difficult piece of tracking, for the trail wound hither and thither and was criss-crossed by others; but Kongoni and Kassitura gradually untangled the maze, found where the

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From a photograph, copyright by Kermit Roosevelt.

When alarmed they failed to make out where the danger lay.—Page 279.

From a photograph, copyright by Kermit Roosevelt.

Same two rhinos photographed in another position.

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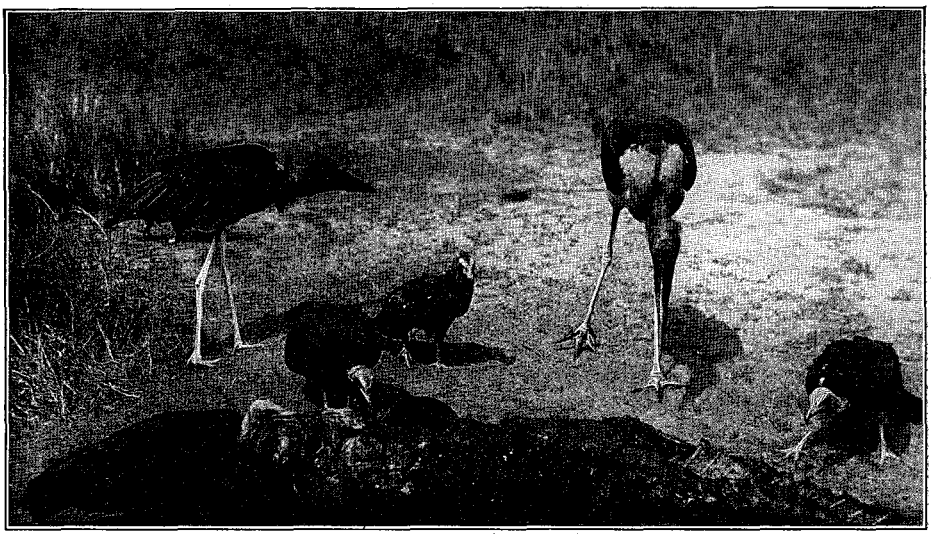
beasts had drunk at a small pool that morning, and then led us to where they were lying asleep under some thorn-trees. It was about eleven o'clock. As the bull rose Kermit gave him a fatal shot with his beloved Winchester. He galloped full speed toward us, not charging, but in a mad panic of terror and bewilderment; and with a bullet from the Holland I brought him down in his tracks only a few yards away. The cow went off at a gallop. The



Marabous and vultures. The undertakers.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

calf, a big creature, half grown, hung about for some time, and came up quite close, but was finally frightened away by shouting and hand-clapping. Some cow herons were round these rhino; and the head and body of the bull looked as if it had been splashed with whitewash.

It was an old bull, with a short, stubby, worn-down horn. It was probably no heavier than a big ordinary rhino bull such as we had shot on the Sotik, and its horns were no larger, and the front and rear ones were of the same proportions relatively to each other. But the misshapen head was much larger, and the height seemed greater because of the curious hump. This fleshy hump is not over the high dorsal vertebræ, but just forward of them, on the neck itself, and has no connection with the spinal column. The square-mouthed rhinoceros of South Africa is always described as being very much bigger than the common prehensile-lipped African rhinoceros, and as carrying much longer horns. But the square-mouthed rhinos we saw and killed in the Lado did not differ from the common kind in size and horn development as much as we had been led to expect; although on an average they were undoubtedly larger, and with bigger horns, yet there was in both respects overlapping, the bigger prehensile-lipped rhinos equalling or surpassing the smaller individuals of the other kind. The huge, square-muzzled head, and the hump, gave the Lado rhino an utterly different look, however, and its habits are also in some important respects different. Our gunbearers were all East Africans, who had never before been in the Lado. They had been very sceptical when told that the rhinos were different from those they knew, remarking that "all rhinos were the same"; and the first sight of the spoor merely confirmed them in their belief; but they at once recognized the dung as being different; and when the first animal was down they examined it eagerly and proclaimed it as a rhinoceros with a hump, like their own native cattle, and with the mouth of a hippopotamus.

On the way to camp, after the death of this bull rhino, I shot a waterbuck bull with finer horns than any I had yet obtained.

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Monitor lizard robbing the crocodile's nest.—Page 282.
From photographs by J. Alden Loring.

Herds of waterbuck and of kob stared tamely at me as I walked along; whereas a little party of hartebeest were wild and shy. On other occasions I have seen this conduct exactly reversed, the hartebeest being tame, and the waterbuck and kob shy. Heller, as usual, came out and camped by this rhino, to handle the skin and skeleton. In the middle of the night a leopard got caught in one of his small steel traps, which he had set out with a light drag. The beast made a terrific row and went off with the trap and drag. It was only caught by one toe; a hyena similarly caught would have wrenched itself loose; but the leopard, though a far braver and more dangerous beast, has less fortitude under pain than a hyena. Heller tracked it up in the morning, and shot it as, hampered by the trap and drag, it charged the porters.

On the ashes of the fresh burn the footprints of the game showed almost as distinctly as on snow. One morning we saw where a herd of elephant, cows and calves, had come down the night before to drink at a big bay of the Nile, three or four miles north of our camp. Numerous hippo tracks showed that during the darkness these beasts wandered freely a mile or two inland. They often wandered back of our camp at night. Always beside these night trails we found withered remnants of water cabbage

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and other aquatic plants which they had carried inland with them; I suppose accidentally on their backs. On several occasions where we could only make out scrapes on the ground the hippo trails puzzled us, being so far inland that we thought they might be those of rhinos, until we would come on some patch of ashes or of soft soil where we could trace the four toe marks. The rhino has but three toes, the one in the middle being very big; it belongs, with the tapir and horse, to the group of ungulates which tends to develop one digit of each foot at the expense of all the others; a group which in a long-past geological age was the predominant ungulate group of the world. The hippo, on the contrary, belongs with such cloven-hoofed creatures as the cow and pig, in the group of ungulates which has developed equally two main digits in each foot; a group much more numerously represented than the other in the world of to-day.

As the hippos grew familiar with the camp they became bolder and more venturesome after nightfall. They grunted and brayed to one another throughout the night, splashed and wallowed among the reeds, and came close to the tents during their dry-land rambles in the darkness. One night, in addition to the hippo chorus, we heard the roaring of lions and the trumpeting of elephants. We were indeed in the heart of the African wilderness.

Early in the morning after this concert we started for a day's rhino hunt, Heller and Cuninghame having just finished the preparation, and transport to camp, of the skin of Kermit's bull. Loring, who had not hitherto seen either elephant or rhino alive, went with us; and by good luck he saw both.

A couple of miles from camp we were crossing a wide, flat, swampy valley in which the coarse grass grew as tall as our heads. Here and there were kob, which leaped up on the ant-hills to get a clear view of us. Suddenly our attention was attracted by the movements of a big flock of cow herons in front of us, and then watching sharply we caught a glimpse of some elephants, about four hundred yards off. We now climbed an ant-hill ourselves, and inspected the elephants, to see if among them were any big-tusked bulls. There were no bulls, however; the little herd consisted of five cows and four calves, which were marching across a patch of burnt ground ahead of us, accompanied by about fifty white cow herons. We stood where we were until they had passed; we did not wish to get too close, lest they might charge us and force us to shoot in self-defence. They walked in unhurried confidence, and yet were watchful, continually cocking their ears and raising and curling their trunks. One dropped behind and looked fixedly in our direction, probably having heard us talking; then with head aloft and tail stiffly erect it hastened after the others, presenting an absurd likeness to a baboon. The four calves played friskily about, especially a very comical little pink fellow which accompanied the leading cow. Meanwhile a few of the white herons rode on their backs, but most of the flock stalked sedately alongside through the burnt grass, catching the grasshoppers which were disturbed by the great feet. When, however, the herd reached the tall grass all the herons flew up and perched on the backs and heads of their friends; even the pink calf carried one. Half a mile inside the edge of the tall grass the elephants stopped for the day beside a clump of bushes; and there they stood, the white birds clustered on their dark bodies. At the time we could distinctly hear the Doctor's shot-gun, as he collected birds near camp; the reports did not disturb the elephants, and when we walked on we left them standing unconcernedly in the grass.

A couple of hours later, as we followed an elephant path, we came to where it was crossed by the spoor of two rhino. Our gunbearers took up the trail, over the burnt ground, while Kermit and I followed immediately behind them. The trail wound about, and was not always easy to disentangle, but after a mile or two we saw the beasts. They were standing among bushes and patches of rank, unburned grass; it was just ten o'clock, and they were evidently preparing to lie down for the day. As they stood they kept twitching their big ears; both rhino and elephant are perpetually annoyed, as are most game, by biting flies, large and small. We got up very close, Kermit with his camera and I with the heavy rifle. Too little is known of these northern square-mouthed rhino for us to be sure that they were not lingering slowly toward extinction; and, lest this should be

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the case, we were not willing to kill any merely for trophies; while, on the other hand, we deemed it really important to get good groups for the National Museum in Washington and the American Museum in New York, and a head for the National Collection of Heads and Horns which was started by Mr. Hornaday, the director of the Bronx Zoological Park. Moreover Kermit and Loring desired to get some photos of the animals while they were alive.

Things did not go well this time, however. The rhinos saw us before either Kermit or Loring could get a good picture. As they wheeled I fired hastily into the chest of one, but not quite in the middle, and away they dashed—for they do not seem as truculent as the common rhino. We followed them. After an hour the trails separated; Cuninghame went on one, but failed to overtake the animal, and we did not see him until we reached camp late that afternoon.

Meanwhile our own gunbearers followed the bloody spoor of the rhino I had hit, Kermit and I close behind, and Loring with us. The rhino had gone straight off at a gallop, and the trail offered little difficulty, so we walked fast. A couple of hours passed. The sun was now high and the heat intense as we walked over the burned ground. The scattered trees bore such scanty foliage as to cast hardly any shade. The rhino galloped strongly and without faltering; but there was a good deal of blood on the trail. At last, after we had gone seven or eight miles, Kiboko the skinner, who was acting as my gunbearer, pointed toward a small thorn-tree; and beside it I saw the rhino standing with drooping head. It had been fatally hit, and if undisturbed would probably never have moved from where it was standing; and we finished it off forthwith. It was a cow, and before dying it ran round and round in a circle, in the manner of the common rhino.

Loring stayed to superintend the skinning and bringing in of the head and feet, and slabs of hide. Meanwhile Kermit and I, with our gunbearers, went off with a "shenzi," a wild native who had just come in with the news that he knew where another rhino was lying, a few miles away. While bound thither we passed numbers of oribi, and went close to a herd of waterbuck which stared at us with stupid tameness; a single hartebeest was with them. When we reached the spot there was the rhino, sure enough, under a little tree, sleeping on his belly, his legs doubled up, and his head flat on the ground. Unfortunately the grass was long, so that it was almost impossible to photograph him. However, Kermit tried to get his picture from an ant-hill fifty yards distant, and then, Kermit with his camera and I with my rifle, we walked up to within about twenty yards. At this point we halted, and on the instant the rhino jumped to his feet with surprising agility and trotted a few yards out from under the tree. It was a huge bull, with a fair horn; much the biggest bull we had yet seen; and with head up and action high, the sun glinting on his slate hide and bringing out his enormous bulk, he was indeed a fine sight. I waited a moment for Kermit to snap him. Unfortunately the waving grass spoiled the picture. Then I fired right and left into his body, behind the shoulders, and down he went. In color he seemed of exactly the same shade as the common rhino, but he was taller and heavier, being six feet high. He carried a stout horn, a little over two feet long; the girth at the base was very great.

Leaving the gunbearers (with all our water) to skin the mighty beast, Kermit and I started for camp; and as we were rather late Kermit struck out at a great pace in front, while I followed on the little ambling mule. On our way in we passed the elephants, still standing where we had left them in the morning, with the white cow herons flying and walking around and over them. Heller and Cuninghame at once went out to camp by the skin and take care of it, and to bring back the skeleton. We had been out about eleven hours without food; we were very dirty from the ashes on the burnt ground; we had triumphed; and we were thoroughly happy as we took our baths and ate our hearty dinner.

It was amusing to look at our three naturalists and compare them with the conventional pictures of men of science and learning—especially men of science and learning in the wilderness—drawn by the novelists a century ago. Nowadays the field naturalist—who is usually at all points superior to the mere closet naturalist—follows a profession as full of hazard and interest as that of the explorer or of the big-

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game hunter in the remote wilderness. He penetrates to all the out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the earth; he is schooled to the performance of very hard work, to the endurance of fatigue and hardship, to encountering all kinds of risks, and to grappling with every conceivable emergency. In consequence he is exceedingly competent, resourceful, and self-reliant, and the man of all others to trust in a tight place.

Around this camp there were no ravens or crows; but multitudes of kites, almost as tame as sparrows, circled among the tents, uttering their wailing cries, and lit on the little trees near by or waddled about on the ground near the cook fires. Numerous vultures, many marabou storks, and a single fish eagle, came to the carcasses set for them outside the camp by Loring; and he took pictures of them. The handsome fish eagle looked altogether out of place among the foul carrion-feeding throng; on the ground the vultures made way for him respectfully enough, but they resented his presence, and now and then two or three would unite to mob him while on the wing.

We wished for another cow rhino, so as to have a bull and a cow both for the National Museum at Washington, and for the American Museum in New York; and Kermit was to shoot this. Accordingly he and I started off early one morning with Grogan—a man of about twenty-five, a good hunter and a capital fellow, with whom by this time we were great friends. It was much like our other hunts. We tramped through high grass across a big, swampy plain or broad valley between low rises of ground, until, on the opposite side, we struck a by-this-time familiar landmark, two tall royal palms, the only ones for some miles around. Here we turned into a broad elephant and rhinoceros path, worn deep and smooth by the generations of huge feet that had tramped it; for it led from the dry inland to a favorite drinking place on the Nile. Along this we walked until Kassitura made out the trail of two rhino crossing it at right angles. They were evidently feeding and seeking a noonday resting place; in this country the square-mouthed rhinoceros live on the grassy flats, sparsely covered with small thorn-trees, and only go into the high reeds on their way to drink. With Kassitura and Kongoni in the lead we followed the fresh trail for a mile or so, until we saw our quarry. The stupid beasts had smelt us, but were trotting to and fro in a state of indecision and excitement, tails twisting and ears cocked, uncertain what to do. At first we thought they were a bull and a small cow; but they proved to be a big cow with good horns, and a calf which was nearly full grown. The wind and sun were both exactly wrong, so Kermit could not take any photos; and accordingly he shot the cow behind the shoulder. Away both animals went, Kermit tearing along behind, while Grogan and I followed. After a sharp run of a mile and a half Kermit overtook them, and brought down the cow. The younger one then trotted threateningly toward him. He let it get within ten yards, trying to scare it; as it kept coming on, and could of course easily kill him, he then fired into its face, to one side, so as to avoid inflicting a serious injury, and, turning, off it went at a gallop. When I came up the cow had raised itself on its forelegs, and he was taking its picture. It had been wallowing, and its whole body was covered with dry caked mud. It was exactly the color of the common rhino, but a little larger than any cow of the latter that we had killed. We at once sent for Heller—who had been working without intermission since we struck the Lado, and liked it—and waited by the body until he appeared, in mid-afternoon.

Here in the Lado we were in a wild, uninhabited country, and for meat we depended entirely on our rifles; nor was there any difficulty in obtaining all we needed. We only shot for meat, or for Museum specimens—all the Museum specimens being used for food too—and as the naturalists were as busy as they well could be, we found that, except when we were after rhinoceros, it was not necessary to hunt for more than half a day or thereabouts. On one of these hunts, on which he shot a couple of buck, Kermit also killed a monitor lizard, and a crocodile ten feet long; it was a female, and contained fifty-two eggs, which, when scrambled, we ate and found good.

The morning after Kermit killed his cow rhino he and Grogan went off for the day to see if they could not get some live rhino photos. Cuninghame started to join Heller at the temporary camp which we had made beside the dead rhino, in order to help him

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with the skin and skeletons. Mearns and Loring were busy with birds, small beasts, and photographs. So, as we were out of fresh meat, I walked away from camp to get some, followed by my gunbearers, the little mule with its well-meaning and utterly ignorant shenzi sais, and a dozen porters.

We first went along the river brink to look for crocodiles. In most places the bank was high and steep. Wherever it was broken there was a drinking place, with leading down to it trails deeply rutted in the soil by the herds of giant game that had travelled them for untold years. At this point the Nile was miles wide, and was divided into curving channels which here and there spread into lake-like expanses of still water. Along the edges of the river and between the winding channels and lagoons grew vast water-fields of papyrus, their sheets and bands of dark green breaking the burnished silver of the sunlit waters. Beyond the further bank rose steep, sharply peaked hills. The tricolored fish eagles, striking to the eye because of their snow-white heads and breasts, screamed continually, a wild eerie sound. Cormorants and snake birds were perched on trees overhanging the water, and flew away, or plunged like stones into the stream, as I approached; herons of many kinds rose from the marshy edges of the bays and inlets; wattled and spur-winged plovers circled overhead; and I saw a party of hippopotami in a shallow on the other side of the nearest channel, their lazy bulks raised above water as they basked asleep in the sun. The semi-diurnal slate-and-yellow bats flitted from one scantily leaved tree to another, as I disturbed them. At the foot of a steep bluff, several yards from the water, a crocodile lay. I broke its neck with a soft-nosed bullet from the little Springfield; for the plated skin of a crocodile offers no resistance to a modern rifle. We dragged the ugly man-eater up the bank, and sent one of the porters back to camp to bring out enough men to carry the brute in bodily. It was a female, containing thirty eggs. We did not find any crocodile's nest; but near camp, in digging a hole for the disposal of refuse, we came on a clutch of a dozen eggs of the monitor lizard. They were in sandy loam, two feet and a half beneath the surface, without the vestige of a burrow leading to them. When exposed to the sun, unlike the crocodile's eggs, they soon burst. Evidently the young are hatched in the cool earth and dig their way out.

We continued our walk and soon came on some kob. At two hundred yards I got a fine buck, though he went a quarter of a mile. Then, at a hundred and fifty yards, I dropped a straw-colored Nile hartebeest. Sending in the kob and hartebeest used up all our porters but two, and I mounted the little mule and turned toward camp, having been out three hours. Soon Gouvimali pointed out a big bustard, marching away through the grass a hundred yards off. I dismounted, shot him through the base of the neck, and remounted. Then Kongoni pointed out, some distance ahead, a bushbuck ram, of the harnessed kind found in this part of the Nile Valley. Hastily dismounting, and stealing rapidly from ant-heap to ant-heap, until I was not much over a hundred yards from him, I gave him a fatal shot; but the bullet was placed a little too far back, and he could still go a considerable distance. So far I had been shooting well; now, pride had a fall. Immediately after the shot a difficulty arose in the rear between the mule and the shenzi sais; they parted company, and the mule joined the shooting party in front, at a gallop. The bushbuck, which had halted with its head down, started off and trotted after it, while the mule pursued an uncertain course between us; and I don't know which it annoyed most. I emptied my magazine twice, and partly a third time, before I finally killed the buck and scared the mule so that it started for camp. The bushbuck in this part of the Nile Valley did not live in dense forest, like those of East Africa, but among the scattered bushes and acacias. Those that I shot in the Lado had in their stomachs leaves, twig tips, and pods; one that Kermit shot, a fine buck, had been eating grass also. On the Uasin Gishu, in addition to leaves and a little grass, they had been feeding on the wild olives.

Our porters were not as a rule by any means the equals of those we had in East Africa, and we had some trouble because, as we did not know their names and faces, those who wished to shirk would go off in the bushes while their more willing comrades would be told off for the needed work. So Cuninghame determined to make each readily identifiable; and one day I found

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him sitting, in Rhadamanthus mood, at his table before his tent, while all the porters filed by, each in turn being decorated with a tag, conspicuously numbered, which was hung round his neck—the tags, by the way, being Smithsonian label cards, contributed by Dr. Mearns.

At last Kermit succeeded in getting some good white rhino pictures. He was out with his gunbearers and Grogan. They had hunted steadily for nearly two days without seeing a rhino; then Kermit made out a big cow with a calf lying under a large tree, on a bare plain of short grass. Accompanied by Grogan, and by a gunbearer carrying his rifle, while he himself carried his "naturalist's graphlex" camera, he got up to within fifty or sixty yards of the dull-witted beasts, and spent an hour cautiously manœuvring and taking photos. He got several photos of the cow and calf lying under the tree. Then something, probably the click of the camera, rendered them uneasy and they stood up. Soon the calf lay down again, while the cow continued standing on the other side of the tree, her head held down, the muzzle almost touching the ground, according to the custom of this species. After taking one or two more pictures Kermit edged in, so as to get better ones. Gradually the cow grew alarmed. She raised her head, as these animals always do when interested or excited, twisted her tail into a tight knot, and walked out from under the tree, followed by the calf; she and the calf stood stern to stern for a few seconds, and Kermit took another photo. By this time the cow had become both puzzled and irritated. Even with her dim eyes she could make out the men and the camera, and once or twice she threatened a charge, but thought better of it. Then she began to move off; but suddenly wheeled and charged, this time bent on mischief. She came on at a slashing trot, gradually increasing her pace, the huge, square lips shaking from side to side. Hoping that she would turn Kermit shouted loudly and waited before firing until she was only ten yards off. Then, with the Winchester, he put a bullet in between her neck and shoulder, a mortal wound. She halted and half wheeled, and Grogan gave her right and left, Kermit putting in a couple of additional bullets as she went off. A couple of hundred yards away she fell, rose again, staggered, fell again, and died. The calf, which was old enough to shift for itself, refused to leave the body, although Kermit and Grogan pelted it with sticks and clods. Finally a shot through the flesh of the buttocks sent it off in frantic haste. Kermit had only killed the cow because it was absolutely necessary in order to avoid an accident, and he was sorry for the necessity; but I was not, for it was a very fine specimen, with the front horn thirty-one inches long; being longer than any other we had gotten. The second horn was compressed laterally, exactly as with many black rhinos (although it is sometimes stated that this does not occur in the case of the white rhino). We preserved the head-skin and skull, for the National Museum.

The flesh of this rhino, especially the hump, proved excellent. It is a singular thing that scientific writers seem almost to have overlooked, and never lay any stress upon, the existence of this neck hump. It is on the neck, forward of the long dorsal vertebra, and is very conspicuous in the living animal; and I am inclined to think that some inches of the exceptional height measurements attributed to South African white rhinos may be due to measuring to the top of this hump. I am also puzzled by what seems to be the great inferiority in horn development of these square-mouthed rhinos of the Lado to the square-mouthed or white rhinos of South Africa (and, by the way, I may mention that on the whole these Lado rhinos certainly looked lighter colored, when we came across them standing in the open, than did their prehensile-lipped East African brethren). We saw between thirty and forty square-mouthed rhinos in the Lado, and Kermit's cow had much the longest horn of any of them; and while they averaged much better horns than the black rhinos we had seen in East Africa, between one and two hundred in number, there were any number of exceptions on both sides. There are recorded measurements of white rhino horns from South Africa double as long as our longest from the Lado. Now this is, scientifically, a fact of some importance, but it is of no consequence whatever when compared with the question as to what, if any, the difference is between the average horns; and this last fact is very difficult to ascertain, largely because of the foolish obsession for "record"

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heads which seems to completely absorb so many hunters who write. What we need at the moment is more information about the average South African heads. There are to be found among most kinds of horn-bearing animals individuals with horns of wholly exceptional size, just as among all nations there are individuals of wholly exceptional height. But a comparison of these wholly exceptional horns, although it has a certain value, is, scientifically, much like a comparison of the giants of different nations. A good head is of course better than a poor one; and a special effort to secure an exceptional head is sportsmanlike and proper. But to let the desire for "record" heads, to the exclusion of all else, become a craze, is absurd. The making of such a collection is in itself not only proper but meritorious; all I object to is the loss of all sense of proportion in connection therewith. It is just as with philately, or heraldry, or collecting the signatures of famous men. The study of stamps, or of coats of arms, or the collecting of autographs, is an entirely legitimate amusement, and may be more than a mere amusement; it is only when the student or collector allows himself utterly to misestimate the importance of his pursuit that it becomes ridiculous.

Cuninghame, Grogan, Heller, Kermit, and I now went off on a week's safari inland, travelling as light as possible. The first day's march brought us to the kraal of a local chief named Sururu. There were a few banana trees, and patches of scrawny cultivation, round the little cluster of huts, ringed with a thorn fence, through which led a low door; and the natives owned goats and chickens. Sururu himself wore a white sheet of cotton as a toga, and he owned a red fez and a pair of baggy blue breeches, which last he generally carried over his shoulder. His people were very scantily clad indeed, and a few of them, both men and women, wore absolutely nothing except a string of blue beads around the waist or neck. Their ears had not been pierced and stretched like so many East African savages, but their lower lips were pierced for wooden ornaments and quills. They brought us eggs and chickens, which we paid for with American cloth; this cloth, and some umbrellas, constituting our stock of trade goods, or gift goods, for the Nile.

The following day Sururu himself led us to our next camp, only a couple of hours away. It was a dry country of harsh grass, everywhere covered by a sparse growth of euphorbias and stunted thorns, which were never in sufficient numbers to make a forest, each little, well-nigh leafless tree, standing a dozen rods or so distant from its nearest fellow. Most of the grass had been burnt, and fires were still raging. Our camp was by a beautiful pond, covered with white and lilac water-lilies. We pitched our two tents on a bluff, under some large acacias that cast real shade. It was between two and three degrees north of the equator. The moon, the hot January moon of the midtropics, was at the full, and the nights were very lovely; the little sheet of water glimmered in the moon rays, and round about the dry landscape shone with a strange, spectral light.

Near the pond, just before camping, I shot a couple of young waterbuck bulls for food, and while we were pitching the tents a small herd of elephants—cows, young bulls, and calves—seemingly disturbed by a grass fire which was burning a little way off, came up within four hundred yards of us. At first we mistook one large cow for a bull, and running quickly from bush to bush, diagonally to its course, I got within sixty yards, and watched it pass at a quick shuffling walk, lifting and curling its trunk. The blindness of both elephant and rhino has never been sufficiently emphasized in books. Near camp was the bloody, broken skeleton of a young wart-hog boar, killed by a lion the previous night. There were a number of lions in the neighborhood, and they roared at intervals all night long. Next morning, after Grogan and I had started from camp, when the sun had been up an hour, we heard one roar loudly less than a mile away. Running toward the place we tried to find the lion; but nearby a small river ran through beds of reeds, and the fires had left many patches of tall, yellow, half-burned grass, so that it had ample cover, and our search was fruitless.

Near the pond were green parrots and brilliant wood hoopoos, rollers, and sunbirds; and buck of the ordinary kinds drank at it. A dyker which I shot for the table had been feeding on grass tips and on the stems and leaves of a small, low-growing plant.

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After giving up the quest for the lion Grogan and I, with our gunbearers, spent the day walking over the great dry flats of burnt grass land and sparse, withered forest. The heat grew intense as the sun rose higher and higher. Hour after hour we plodded on across vast level stretches, or up or down inclines so slight as hardly to be noticeable. The black dust of the burn rose in puffs beneath our feet; and now and then we saw dust devils, violent little whirlwinds, which darted right and left, raising to a height of many feet gray funnels of ashes and withered leaves. In places the coarse grass had half resisted the flames, and rose above our heads. Here and there bleached skulls of elephant and rhino, long dead, showed white against the charred surface of the soil. Everywhere, crossing and recrossing one another, were game trails, some slightly marked, others broad and hard, and beaten deep into the soil by the feet of the giant creatures that had trodden them for ages. The elephants had been the chief road makers; but the rhinoceros had travelled their trails, and also buffalo and buck.

There were elephant about, but only cows and calves, and an occasional bull with very small tusks. Of rhinoceros, all square-mouthed, we saw nine, none carrying horns which made them worth shooting. The first one I saw was in long grass. My attention was attracted by a row of white objects moving at some speed through the top of the grass. It took a second look before I made out that they were cow herons perched on the back of a rhino. This proved to be a bull, which joined a cow and a calf. None had decent horns, and we plodded on. Soon we came to the trail of two others, and after a couple of miles' tracking Kongoni pointed to two gray bulks lying down under a tree. I walked cautiously to within thirty yards. They heard something, and up rose the two pig-like blinking creatures, who gradually became aware of my presence, and retreated a few steps at a time, dull curiosity continually overcoming an uneasiness which never grew into fear. Tossing their stumpy-horned heads, and twisting their tails into tight knots, they ambled briskly from side to side, and were ten minutes in getting to a distance of a hundred yards. Then our shenzi guide mentioned that there were other rhinos close by, and we walked off to inspect them. In three hundred yards we came on them, a cow and a well-grown calf. Sixty yards from them was an ant-hill with little trees on it. From this we looked at them until some sound or other must have made them uneasy, for up they got. The young one seemed to have rather keener suspicions, although no more sense, than its mother, and after a while grew so restless that it persuaded the cow to go off with it. But the still air gave no hint of our whereabouts, and they walked straight toward us. I did not wish to have to shoot one, and so when they were within thirty yards we raised a shout and away they cantered, heads tossing and tails twisting.

Three hours later we saw another cow and calf. By this time it was half-past three in the afternoon, and the two animals had risen from their noonday rest and were grazing busily, the great clumsy heads sweeping the ground. Watching them forty yards off it was some time before the cow raised her head high enough for me to see that her horns were not good. Then they became suspicious, and the cow stood motionless for several minutes, her head held low. We moved quietly back, and at last they either dimly saw us, or heard us, and stood looking toward us, their big ears cocked forward. At this moment we stumbled on a rhino skull, bleached, but in such good preservation that we knew Heller would like it; and we loaded it on the porters that had followed us. All the time we were thus engaged the two rhinos, only a hundred yards off, were intently gazing in our direction, with foolish and bewildered solemnity; and there we left them, survivors from a long vanished world, standing alone in the parched desolation of the wilderness.

On another day Kermit saw ten rhino, none with more than ordinary horns. Five of them were in one party, and were much agitated by the approach of the men; they ran to and fro, their tails twisted into the usual pig-like curl, and from sheer nervous stupidity bade fair at one time to force the hunters to fire in self-defence. Finally, however, they all ran off. In the case of a couple of others a curious incident happened. When alarmed they failed to make out where the danger lay, and after running away a short distance they returned to a

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bush near by to look about. One remained standing, but the other deliberately sat down upon its haunches like a dog, staring ahead, Kermit meanwhile being busy with his camera. Two or three times I saw rhino, when roused from sleep, thus sit up on their haunches and look around before rising on all four legs; but this was the only time that any of us saw a rhino which was already standing assume such a position. No other kind of heavy game has this habit; and indeed, so far as I know, only one other hoofed animal, the white goat of the northern Rocky Mountains. In the case of the white goat, however, the attitude is far more often assumed, and in more extreme form; it is one of the characteristic traits of the queer goat-antelope, so many of whose ways and looks are peculiar to itself alone.

From the lily pond camp we went back to our camp outside Sururu's village. This was a very pleasant camp because while there, although the heat was intense in the daytime, the nights were cool and there were no mosquitoes. During our stay in the Lado it was generally necessary to wear head nets and gloves in the evenings and to go to bed at once after dinner, and then to lie under the mosquito bar with practically nothing on through the long hot night, sleeping or contentedly listening to the humming of the baffled myriads outside the net. At the Sururu camp, however, we could sit at a table in front of the tents, after supper—or dinner, whichever one chose to call it—and read by lamplight, in the still, cool, pleasant air; or walk up and down the hard, smooth elephant path which led by the tents, looking at the large red moon just risen, as it hung low over the horizon, or later, when, white and clear, it rode high in the heavens and flooded the land with its radiance.

There was a swamp close by, and we went through this the first afternoon in search of buffalo. We found plenty of sign; but the close-growing reeds were ten feet high, and even along the winding buffalo trails by which alone they could be penetrated it was impossible to see a dozen paces ahead. Inside the reeds it was nearly impossible to get to the buffalo, or at least to be sure to kill only a bull, which was all I wanted; and at this time when the moon was just past the full, these particular buffalo only came out into the open to feed at night, or very early in the morning and late in the evening. But Sururu said that there were other buffalo which lived away from the reeds, among the thorn-trees on the grassy flats and low hills; and he volunteered to bring me information about them on the morrow. Sure enough, shortly before eleven next morning, he turned up with the news that he had found a solitary bull only about five miles away. Grogan and I at once started back with him, accompanied by our gunbearers. The country was just such as that in which we had hitherto found our rhinos; and there was fresh sign of rhino as well as buffalo. The thorny, scantily leaved trees were perhaps a little closer together than in most places, and there were a good many half-burned patches of tall grass. We passed a couple of ponds which must have been permanent, as water-lilies were growing in them; at one a buffalo had been drinking. It was half-past twelve when we reached the place where Sururu had seen the bull. We then advanced with the utmost caution, as the wind was shifty, and although the cover was thin, it yet rendered it difficult to see a hundred yards in advance. At last we made out the bull, on his feet and feeding, although it was high noon. He was stern toward us, and while we were stealing toward him a puff of wind gave him our scent. At once he whipped around, gazed at us for a moment with outstretched head, and galloped off. I could not get a shot through the bushes, and after him we ran, Kongoni leading, with me at his heels. It was hot work running, for at this time the thermometer registered 102° in the shade. Fortunately the bull had little fear of man, and being curious, and rather truculent, he halted two or three times to look round. Finally, after we had run a mile and a half, he halted once too often, and I got a shot at him at eighty yards. The heavy bullet went home; I fired twice again as rapidly as possible, and the bull never moved from where he had stood. He was an old bull, as big as an East African buffalo bull; but his worn horns were smaller and rather different. This had rendered Kongoni uncertain whether he might not be a cow; and when we came up to the body he exclaimed with delight that it was a "duck" —Kongoni's invariable method of pronouncing "buck," the term he used to de-

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Kermit's first giant eland cow, shot on the Redjaf trip.

scribe anything male, from a lion or an elephant to a bustard or a crocodile; "cow" being his expression for the female of these and all other creatures. As Gouvimali came running up to shake hands, his face wreathed in smiles, he exclaimed "G-o-o-d-e morning"; a phrase which he had picked up under the impression that it was a species of congratulation.

As always when I have killed buffalo I was struck by the massive bulk of the great bull as he lay in death, and by the evident and tremendous muscular power of his big-boned frame. He looked what he was, a formidable beast. Thirty porters had to be sent out to bring to camp the head, hide, and meat. We found, by the way, that his meat made excellent soup, his kidneys a good stew, while his tongue was delicious.

Next morning Kermit and I with the bulk of the safari walked back to our main camp, on the Nile, leaving Cuninghame and Heller where they were for a day, to take care of the buffalo skin. Each of us struck off across the country by himself, with his gunbearers. After walking five or six miles I saw a big rhino three-quarters of a mile off. At this point the country was flat, the acacias very thinly scattered, and the grass completely burnt off, the green young blades sprouting; and there was no difficulty in making out, at the distance we did, the vast gray bulk of the rhino as it stood inertly under a tree. Drawing nearer we saw that it had a good horn, although not as good as Kermit's best; and approaching quietly to within forty yards I shot the beast.

At the main camp we found that Mearns had made a fine collection of birds in our absence; while Loring had taken a variety of excellent photos, of marabou, vultures, and kites feeding, and, above all, of a monitor lizard plundering the nest of a crocodile. The monitors were quite plentiful near camp. They are amphibious, carnivorous lizards of large size; they frequent the banks of the river, running well on the land, and sometimes even climbing trees, but taking to the water when alarmed. They feed on mice and rats, other lizards, eggs, and fish; the stomachs of those we caught generally contained fish, for they are expert swimmers. One morning Loring surprised a monitor which had just uncovered some crocodile eggs on a small sandy beach. The eggs, about thirty in number, were buried

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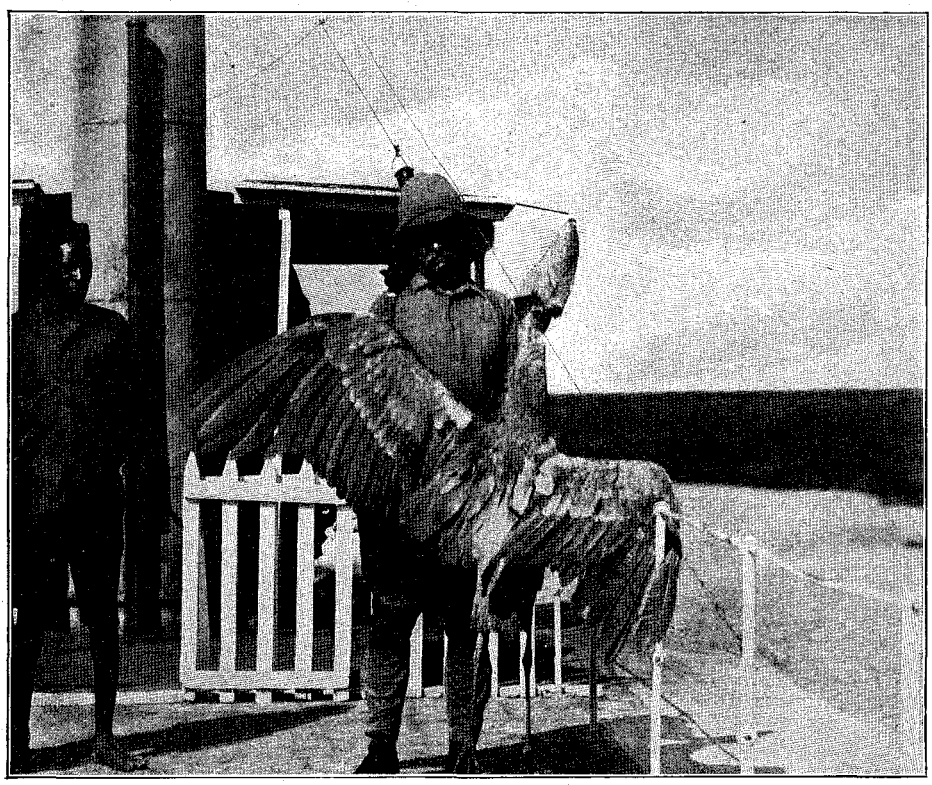
in rather shallow fashion, so that the monitor readily uncovered them. The monitor had one of the eggs transversely in its mouth and, head erect, was marching off with it. As soon as it saw Loring it dropped the egg and scuttled into the reeds. In a few minutes it returned, took another egg, and ran up a slanting tree which overhung the river, and dropped into the water like a snake bird.

There was always something interesting to do or to see at this camp. One afternoon I spent in the boat. The papyrus along the channel rose like a forest, thirty feet high,



Mr. Roosevelt with the Belaeniceps rex or whale-billed stork at Lake No.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

walked off into the bushes, where it broke the shell, swallowed the yolk, and at once returned to the nest for another egg. Loring took me out to see the feat repeated, replenishing the rifled nest with eggs taken from a crocodile the Doctor had shot; and I was delighted to watch, from our hiding place, the big lizard as he cautiously approached, seized an egg, and then retired to cover with his booty. Kermit came on a monitor plundering a crocodile's nest at the top of a steep bank, while, funnily enough, a large crocodile lay asleep at the foot of the bank only a few yards distant. As soon as it saw Kermit the monitor dropped the egg it was carrying, the close-growing stems knit together by vines. As we drifted down, the green wall was continually broken by openings, through which side streams from the great river rushed, swirling and winding, down narrow lanes and under low archways, into the dim mysterious heart of the vast reed beds, where dwelt bird and reptile and water beast. In a shallow bay we came on two hippo cows with their calves, and a dozen crocodiles. I shot one of the latter—as I always do, when I get a chance—and it turned over and over, lashing with its tail as it sank. A half-grown hippo came up close by the boat and leaped nearly clear of the water; and in another place I saw a

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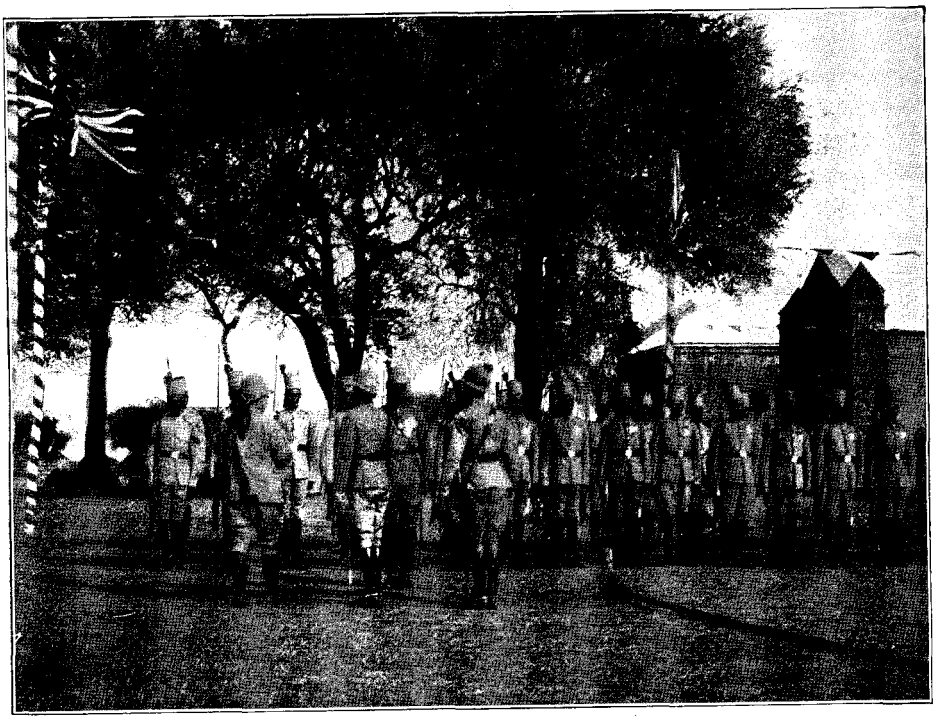

Troops at Mongalla.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

Bari at Mongalla.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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mother hippo swimming, with the young one resting half on its back.

Another day Kermit came on some black and white Colobus monkeys. Those we had shot east of the Rift Valley had long mantles, and more white than black in their coloring; west of the Rift Valley they had less white and less of the very long hair; and here on the Nile the change had gone still further in the same direction. On the west coast this kind of monkey is said to be entirely black. But we were not prepared for the complete change in habits. In East Africa the Colobus monkeys kept to the dense cool mountain forests, dwelt in the tops of the big trees, and rarely descended to the ground. Here, on the Nile, they lived in exactly such country as that affected by the smaller greenish-yellow monkeys, which we found along the Guaso Nyero for instance; country into which the East African Colobus never by any chance wandered. Moreover, instead of living in the tall timber, and never going on the ground except for a few yards, as in East Africa, here on the Nile they sought to escape danger by flight over the ground, in the scrub. Kermit found some in a grove of fairly big acacias, but they instantly dropped to the earth and galloped off among the dry, scattered bushes and small thorn-trees. Kermit also shot a twelve-foot crocodile in which he found the remains of a big heron.

American Mission, Sobat River.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

One morning we saw from camp a herd of elephants in a piece of unburned swamp. It was a mile and a half away in a straight line, although we had to walk three miles to get there. There were between forty and fifty of them, a few big cows with calves, the rest half-grown and three-quarters-grown animals. Over a hundred white herons accompanied them. From an ant-hill to leeward we watched them standing by a mud

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Shilluk dance at the American Mission.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

hole in the swamp; evidently they now and then got a whiff from our camp, for they were continually lifting and curling their trunks. To see if by any chance there was a bull among them we moved them out of the swamp by shouting; the wind blew hard and as they moved they evidently smelled the camp strongly, for all their trunks went into the air; and off they went at a rapid pace, half of the herons riding on them, while the others hovered over and alongside, like a white cloud. Two days later the same herd again made its appearance.

Spur-winged plover were nesting near camp, and evidently distrusted the carrion feeders, for they attacked and drove off every kite or vulture that crossed what they considered the prohibited zone. They also harassed the marabous, but with more circumspection; for the big storks were short-tempered, and rather daunted the spur-wings by the way they opened their enormous beaks at them. The fish eagles fed exclusively on fish, as far as we could tell, and there were piles of fish bones and heads under their favorite perches. Once I saw one plunge into the water, but it failed to catch anything. Another time, suddenly, and seemingly in mere mischief, one attacked a purple heron which was standing on a mud bank. The eagle swooped down from a tree and knocked over the heron; and when the astonished heron struggled to its feet and attempted to fly off, the eagle made another swoop and this time knocked it into the water. The heron then edged into the papyrus, and the eagle paid it no further attention.

In this camp we had to watch the white ants, which strove to devour everything. They are nocturnal, and work in the daytime only under the tunnels of earth which they build over the surface of the box, or whatever else it is, that they are devouring; they eat out everything, leaving this outside shell of earth. We also saw a long column of the dreaded driver ants. These are carnivorous; I have seen both red and black species; they kill every living thing in their path, and I have known them at night drive all the men in a camp out into the jungle to fight the mosquitoes unprotected until day-light. On another occasion, where

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Mr. Roosevelt on his camel.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

a steamboat was moored close to a bank, an ant column entered the boat after nightfall, and kept complete possession of it for forty-eight hours. Fires, and boiling water, offer the only effectual means of resistance. The bees are at times as formidable; when their nests are disturbed they will attack every one in sight, driving all the crew of a boat overboard or scattering a safari, and not infrequently killing men and beasts of burden that are unable to reach some place of safety.

The last afternoon, when the flotilla had called to take us farther on our journey, we shot about a dozen buck, to give the porters and sailors a feast, which they had amply earned. All the meat did not get into camp until after dark—one of the sailors, unfortunately, falling out of a tree and breaking his neck on the way in—and it was picturesque to see the rows of big antelope—hartebeest, kob, waterbuck—stretched in front of the flaring fires, and the dark faces of the waiting negroes, each deputed by some particular group of gunbearers, porters, or sailors to bring back its share.

Next morning we embarked, and steamed and drifted down the Nile; ourselves, our men, our belongings, and the spoils of the chase all huddled together under the torrid sun. Two or three times we grounded on sand bars; but no damage was done, and in twenty-six hours we reached Nimule. We were no longer in healthy East Africa. Kermit and I had been in robust health throughout the time we were in Uganda and the Lado; but all the other white men of the party had suffered more or less from dysentery, fever, and

Slatin Pasha, from the roof of the Khalifa's Palace, shows how he made his escape from Omdurman.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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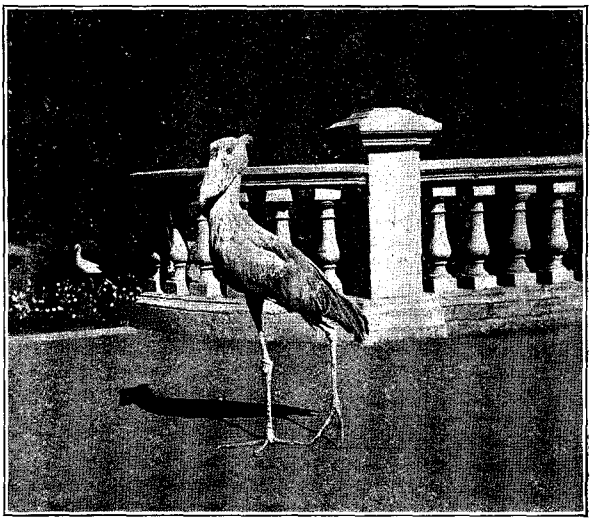
sun prostration while in the Lado; some of the gun-bearers had been down with fever, one of them dying while we were in Uganda; and four of the porters who had marched from Koba to Nimule had died of dysentery—they were burying one when we arrived.

At Nimule we were as usual greeted with hospitable heartiness by the English officials, as well as by two or three elephant hunters. One of the latter, three days before, had been charged by an unwounded bull elephant. He fired both barrels into it as it came on, but it charged home, knocked him down, killed his gunbearer, and made its escape into the forest. In the forlorn little graveyard at the station were the graves of two white men who had been killed by elephants. One of them, named Stoney, had been caught by a wounded bull, which stamped the life out of him and then literally dismembered him, tearing his arms from his body. In the African wilderness, when a man dies, his companion usually brings in something to show that he is dead, or some remnant of whatever it is that has destroyed him; the sailors whose companion was killed by falling out of the tree near our Lado camp, for instance, brought in the dead branch which had broken under his weight; and Stoney's gunbearer marched back to Nimule carrying an arm of his dead master, and deposited his grewsome burden in the office of the district commissioner.



Belaeniceps rex in the garden of the palace at Khartoum.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

On February 17th the long line of our laden safari left Nimule on its ten days' march to Gondokoro. We went through a barren and thirsty land. Our first camp was by a shallow, running river, with a shaded pool in which we bathed. After that we never came on running water, merely on dry watercourses with pools here and there, some of the pools being crowded with fish. Tall half-burnt grass, and scattered, well-nigh leafless thorn scrub covered the monotonous landscape, although we could generally find some fairly leafy tree near which to pitch the tents. The heat was great; more than once the thermometer at noon rose to 112° in the shade—not real shade, however, but in a stifling tent, or beneath a tree the foliage of which let through at least a third of the sun rays. The fiery heat of the ground so burnt and crippled the feet of the porters that we had to start each day's march very early.

At quarter of three in the morning the whistle blew; we dressed and breakfasted while the tents were taken down and the loads adjusted. Then off we strode, through the hot starlit night, our backs to the Southern Cross and our faces toward the Great Bear; for we were marching northward and homeward. The drum throbbed and muttered as we walked, on and on, along the dim trail. At last the stars began to pale, the gray east changed to opal and amber and amethyst, the red splendor of the sunrise flooded the world, and to the heat of the night succeeded the more merciless heat of the day. Higher and higher rose the sun. The sweat streamed down our faces, and the bodies of the black men glistened like oiled iron. We might halt early in the forenoon, or we might have to march until noon, according to the distance from waterhole to waterhole.

Occasionally in the afternoons, and once

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when we halted for a day to rest the porters, Kermit and I would kill buck for the table —hartebeest, reedbuck, and oribi. I also killed a big red ground monkey, with baboon-like habits; we had first seen the species on the Uasin Gishu, and had tried in vain to get it, for it was wary, never sought safety in trees, and showed both speed and endurance in running. Kermit killed a bull and a cow roan antelope. These so-called horse antelope are fine beasts, light roan in color, with high withers, rather short curved horns, huge ears, and bold face markings. Usually we found them shy, but occasionally very tame. They are the most truculent and dangerous of all antelope; this bull, when seemingly on the point of death, rose like a flash when Kermit approached and charged him full tilt; Kermit had to fire from the hip, luckily breaking the animal's neck.

Arab Sheiks who came in from the deserts far west of Khartoum to report on the French trouble.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

At Gondokoro we met the boat which the Sirdar, Major General Sir Reginald Wingate, had sent to take us down the Nile to Khartoum; for he, and all the Soudan officials—including especially Colonel Asser, Colonel Owen, Slatin Pasha, and Butler Bey—treated us with a courtesy for which I cannot too strongly express my appreciation. In the boat we were to have met an old friend and fellow countryman, Leigh Hunt; to our great regret he could not meet us, but he insisted on treating us as his guests, and on our way down the Nile we felt as if we were on the most comfortable kind of yachting trip; and everything was done for us by Captain Middleton, the Scotch engineer in charge.

Nor was our debt only to British officials and to American friends. At Gondokoro I was met by M. Ranquet, the Belgian Commandant of the Lado district, and both he and M. Massart, the Chef de Poste at Redjaf, were kindness itself, and aided us in every way.

On the last day of February we started down the Nile, slipping easily along on the rapid current, which wound and twisted through stretches of reeds and marsh grass and papyrus. We halted at the attractive station of Lado for a good-by breakfast with our kind Belgian friends, and that evening we dined at Mongalla with Colonel Owen, the Chief of the southernmost section of the Soudan. I was greatly interested in the Egyptian and Soudanese soldiers, and their service medals. Many of these medals showed that their owners had been in a dozen campaigns; some of the native officers and men (and also the Reis or native captain of our boat, by the way) had served in the battles which broke forever the Mahdi's cruel power; two or three had been with Gordon. They were a fine-looking set; and their obvious self-respect was a good thing to see. That same afternoon I witnessed a native dance, and was

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struck by the lack of men of middle age; all the tribes who were touched by the blight of the Mahdist tyranny, with its accompaniments of unspeakable horror, suffered such slaughter of the then young men that the loss has left its mark to this day. The English when they destroyed Mahdism rendered a great service to humanity; and their rule in the Soudan has been astoundingly successful and beneficial from every stand-point.*

We steamed onward down the Nile; sometimes tying up to the bank at nightfall, sometimes steaming steadily through the night. We reached the Sud, the vast papyrus marsh once so formidable a barrier to all who would journey along the river; and sunrise and sunset were beautiful over the endless, melancholy stretches of water reeds. In the Sud the only tree seen was the water-loving ambatch, light as cork. Occasionally we saw hippos and crocodiles and a few water birds; and now and then passed native villages, the tall, lean men and women stark naked, and their bodies daubed with mud, grease, and ashes to keep off the mosquitoes.

We stopped at the mouth of the Sobat to visit the American Mission, and were most warmly and hospitably received by the missionaries, and were genuinely impressed by the faithful work they are doing, under such great difficulties and with such cheerfulness and courage. The Medical Mission was especially interesting. It formed an important part of the mission work; and not only were the natives round about treated, but those from far away also came in numbers. At the time of our visit there were about thirty patients, taking courses of treatment, who had come from distances varying from twenty-five miles to a hundred and fifty.

We steamed steadily down the Nile. Where the great river bent to the east we would sit in the shade on the forward deck during the late afternoon and look down the long glistening water-street in front of us, with its fringe of reed bed and marshy grassland and papyrus swamp, and the slightly higher dry land on which grew acacias and scattered palms. Along the river banks and inland were villages of Shilluks and other tribes, mostly cattle owners; some showing slight traces of improvement, others utter savages, tall, naked men, bearing bows and arrows.

Our Egyptian and Nubian crew recalled to my mind the crew of the dahabiah on which as a boy I had gone up the Egyptian Nile thirty-seven years before; especially when some piece of work was being done by the crew as they chanted in grunting chorus "Ya allah, ul allah." As we went down the Nile we kept seeing more and more of the birds which I remembered, one species after another appearing; familiar cow herons, crocodile plover, noisy spur-wing plover, black and white kingfishers, hoopoos, green bee-eaters, black and white chats, desert larks, and trumpeter bullfinches.

At night we sat on deck and watched the stars and the dark, lonely river. The swimming crocodiles and plunging hippos made whirls and wakes of feeble light that glimmered for a moment against the black water. The unseen birds of the marsh and the night called to one another in strange voices. Often there were grass fires, burning, leaping lines of red, the lurid glare in the sky above them making even more sombre the surrounding gloom.

As we steamed northward down the long stretch of the Nile which ends at Khartoum, the wind blew in our faces, day after day, hard and steadily. Narrow reed beds bordered the shore; there were grass flats and groves of acacias and palms, and farther down reaches of sandy desert. The health of our companions who had been suffering from fever and dysentery gradually improved; but the case of champagne, which we had first opened at Gondokoro, was of real service, for two members of the party were at times so sick that their situation was critical.

We reached Khartoum on the afternoon of March 14th, 1910, and Kermit and I parted from our comrades of the trip with real regret; during the year we spent together there had not been a jar, and my respect and liking for them had grown

*The despotism of Mahdist rule was so revolting, so vilely cruel and hideous, that the worst despotism by men of European blood in recent times seems a model of humanity by comparison; and yet there were nominal "anti-militarists" and self-styled "apostles of peace" who did their feeble best to prevent the destruction of this infamy.

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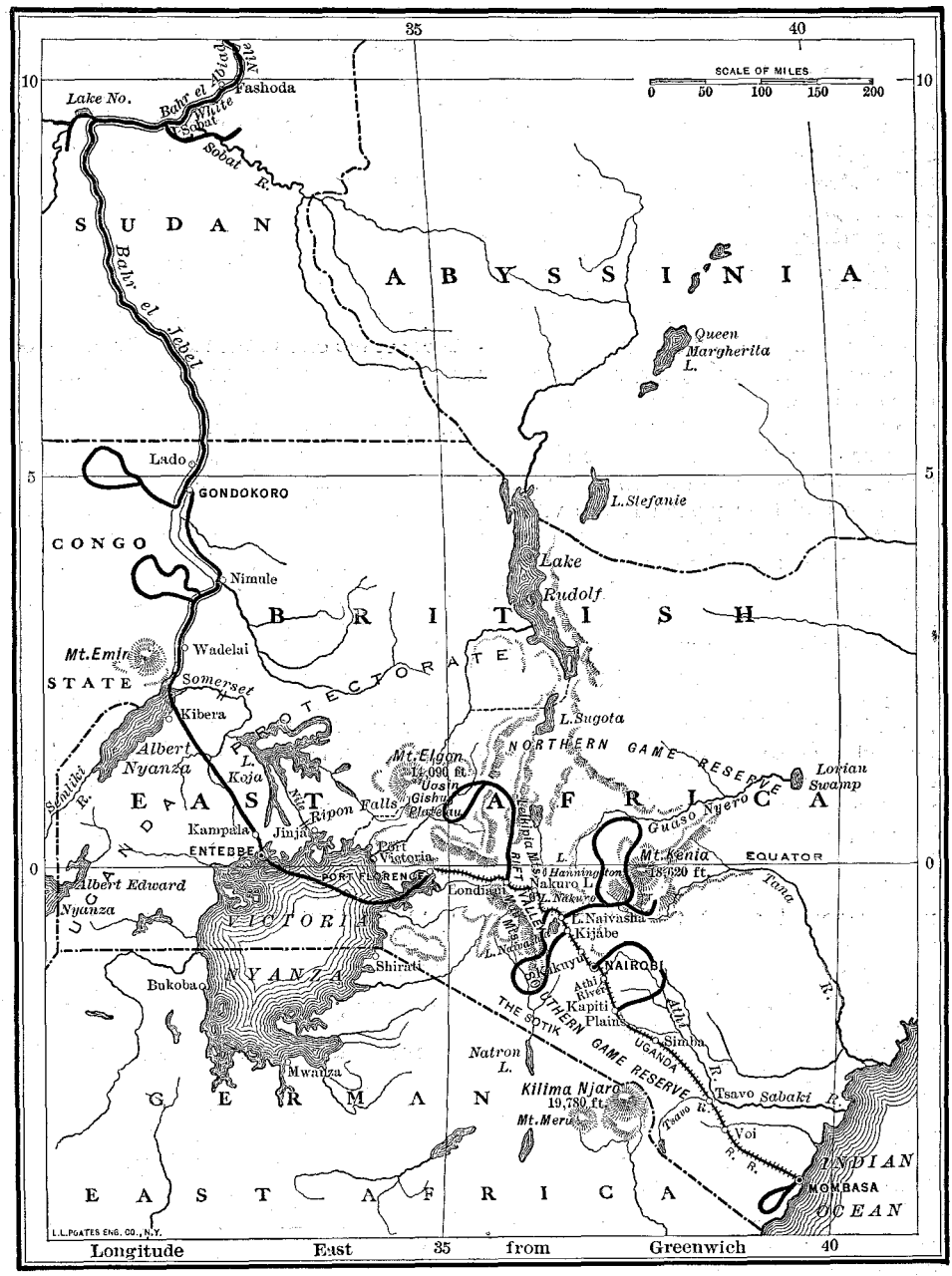
steadily. Moreover, it was a sad parting from our faithful black followers, whom we knew we should never see again. It had been an interesting and a happy year; though I was very glad to be once more with those who were dear to me, and to turn my face toward my own home and my own people.



Map showing Mr. Roosevelt's route and hunting trips in Africa.

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THE BLOND BEAST

By Edith Wharton

I

IT had been almost too easy —that was young Millner's first feeling, as he stood again on the Spence door-step, the great moment of his interview behind him, and Fifth Avenue rolling its grimy Pactolus at his feet.

Halting there in the winter light, with the clang of the ponderous vestibule doors in his ears, and his eyes carried down the perspective of the packed interminable thoroughfare, he even dared to remember Rastignac's apostrophe to Paris, and to hazard recklessly under his small fair moustache: "Who knows?"

He, Hugh Millner, at any rate, knew a good deal already: a good deal more than he had imagined it possible to learn in half an hour's talk with a man like Orlando G. Spence; and the loud-rumouring city spread out there before him seemed to grin like an accomplice who knew the rest.

A gust of wind, whirling down from the dizzy height of the building on the next corner, drove sharply through his overcoat and compelled him to clutch at his hat. It was a bitter January day, a day of fierce light and air, when the sunshine cut like icicles and the wind sucked one into black gulfs at the street corners. But Millner's complacency was like a warm lining to his shabby coat, and having steadied his hat he continued to stand on the Spence threshold, lost in the vision revealed to him from the Pisgah of its marble steps. Yes, it was wonderful what the vision showed him. . . . In his absorption he might have frozen fast to the door-step if the Rhadamanthine portals behind him had not suddenly opened to let out a slim fur-coated figure, the figure, as he perceived, of the youth whom he had caught in the act of withdrawal as he entered Mr. Spence's study, and whom the latter, with a wave of his affable hand, had detained to introduce as "my son Draper."

It was characteristic of the odd friendliness of the whole scene that the great man should have thought it worth while to call back and name his heir to a mere humble applicant like Millner; and that the heir should shed on him, from a pale high-browed face, a smile of such deprecating kindness. It was characteristic, equally, of Millner, that he should at once mark the narrowness of the shoulders sustaining this ingenuous head; a narrowness, as he now observed, imperfectly concealed by the wide fur collar of young Spence's expensive and badly cut coat. But the face took on, as the youth smiled his surprise at their second meeting, a look of almost plaintive good-will: the kind of look that Millner scorned and yet could never quite resist.

"Mr. Millner? Are you—er—waiting?" the lad asked, with an intention of serviceableness that was like a finer echo of his father's resounding cordiality.

"For my motor? No," Millner jested in his frank free voice. "The fact is, I was just standing here lost in the contemplation of my luck"—and as his companion's pale blue eyes seemed to shape a question, "my extraordinary luck," he explained, "in having been engaged as your father's secretary."

"Oh," the other rejoined, with a faint colour in his sallow cheek. "I'm so glad," he murmured; "but I was sure—" He stopped, and the two looked kindly at each other.

Millner averted his gaze first, almost fearful of its betraying the added sense of his own strength and dexterity which he drew from the contrast of the other's frailness.

"Sure? How could any one be sure? I don't believe in it yet!" he laughed out in the irony of his triumph.

The boy's words did not sound like a mere civility—Millner felt in them an homage to his power.

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"Oh, yes: I was sure," young Draper repeated. "Sure as soon as I saw you, I mean."

Millner tingled again with this tribute to his physical straightness and bloom. Yes, he looked his part, hang it—he looked it!

But his companion still lingered, a shy sociability in his eye.

"If you're walking, then, can I go along a little way?" And he nodded southward down the shabby gaudy avenue.

That, again, was part of the high comedy of the hour—that Millner should descend the Spence steps at young Spence's side, and stroll down Fifth Avenue with him at the proudest moment of the afternoon; O. G. Spence's secretary walking abroad with O. G. Spence's heir! He had the scientific detachment to pull out his watch and furtively note the hour. Yes—it was exactly forty minutes since he had rung the Spence door-bell and handed his card to a gelid footman, who, openly sceptical of his claim to be received, had left him unceremoniously planted on the cold tessellations of the vestibule.

"Some day," Millner grinned to himself, "I think I'll take that footman as furnaceman—or to do the boots." And he pictured his marble palace rising from the earth to form the mausoleum of a footman's pride.

Only forty minutes ago! And now he had his opportunity fast! And he never meant to let it go! It was incredible, what had happened in the interval. He had gone up the Spence steps an unknown young man, out of a job, and with no substantial hope of getting into one: a needy young man with a mother and two limp sisters to be helped, and a lengthening figure of debt that stood by his bed through the anxious nights. And he went down the steps with his present assured, and his future lit by the hues of the rainbow above the pot of gold. Certainly a fellow who made his way at that rate had it "in him," and could afford to trust his star.

Descending from this joyous flight he stooped his ear to the discourse of young Spence.

"My father'll work you rather hard, you know: but you look as if you wouldn't mind that."

Millner pulled up his inches with the self-consciousness of the man who had none to waste. "Oh, no, I shan't mind that: I don't mind any amount of work if it leads to something."

"Just so," Draper Spence assented eagerly. "That's what I feel. And you'll find that whatever my father undertakes leads to such awfully fine things."

Millner tightened his lips on a grin. He was thinking only of where the work would lead him, not in the least of where it might land the eminent Orlando G. Spence. But he looked at his companion sympathetically.

"You're a philanthropist like your father, I see?"

"Oh, I don't know." They had paused at a crossing, and young Draper, with a dubious air, stood striking his agate-headed stick against the curb-stone. "I believe in a purpose, don't you?" he asked, lifting his blue eyes suddenly to Millner's face.

"A purpose? I should rather say so! I believe in nothing else," cried Millner, feeling as if his were something he could grip in his hand and swing like a club.

Young Spence seemed relieved. "Yes—I tie up to that. There *is* a Purpose. And so, after all, even if I don't agree with my father on minor points . . ." He coloured quickly, and looked again at Millner. "I should like to talk to you about this some day."

Millner smothered another smile. "We'll have lots of talks, I hope."

"Oh, if you can spare the time—!" said Draper, almost humbly.

"Why, I shall be there on tap!"

"For father, not me." Draper hesitated, with another self-confessing smile. "Father thinks I talk too much—that I keep going in and out of things. He doesn't believe in analyzing: he thinks it's destructive. But it hasn't destroyed my ideals." He looked wistfully up and down the clanging street. "And that's the main thing, isn't it? I mean, that one should have an Ideal." He turned back almost gaily to Millner. "I suspect you're a revolutionist too!"

"Revolutionist? Rather! I belong to the Red Syndicate and the Black Hand!" Millner joyfully assented.

Young Draper chuckled at the enormity of the joke. "First rate! We'll have incendiary meetings!" He pulled an elaborately armorial watch from his enfolding

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furs. "I'm so sorry, but I must say good-bye—this is my street," he explained.

Millner, with a faint twinge of envy, glanced across at the colonnaded marble edifice in the farther corner. "Going to the club?" he said carelessly.

His companion looked surprised. "Oh, no: I never go *there*. It's too boring." And he brought out, after one of the pauses in which he seemed rather breathlessly to measure the chances of his listener's indulgence: "I'm just going over to a little Bible Class I have in Tenth Avenue."

Millner, for a moment or two, stood watching the slim figure wind its way through the mass of vehicles to the opposite corner; then he pursued his own course down Fifth Avenue, measuring his steps to the rhythmic refrain: "It's too easy—it's too easy—it's too easy!"

His own destination being the small shabby flat off University Place where three tender females awaited the result of his mission, he had time, on the way home, after abandoning himself to a general sense of triumph, to dwell specifically on the various aspects of his achievement. Viewed materially and practically, it was a thing to be proud of; yet it was chiefly on æsthetic grounds—because he had done so exactly what he had set out to do—that he glowed with pride at the afternoon's work. For, after all, any young man with the proper "pull" might have applied to Orlando G. Spence for the post of secretary, and even have penetrated as far as the great man's study; but that he, Hugh Millner, should not only have forced his way to this fastness, but have established, within a short half hour, his right to remain there permanently: well, this, if it proved anything, proved that the first rule of success was to know how to live up to one's principles.

"One must have a plan—one must have a plan," the young man murmured, looking with pity at the vague faces which the crowd bore past him, and feeling almost impelled to detain them and expound his doctrine. But the planlessness of average human nature was of course the measure of his opportunity; and he smiled to think that every purposeless face he met was a guarantee of his own advancement, a rung in the ladder he meant to climb.

Yes, the whole secret of success was to know what one wanted to do, and not to be afraid to do it. His own history was proving that already. He had not been afraid to give up his small but safe position in a real-estate office for the precarious adventure of a private secretaryship; and his first glimpse of his new employer had convinced him that he had not mistaken his calling. When one has a "way" with one—as, in all modesty, Millner knew he had—not to utilize it is a stupid waste of force. And when he had learned that Orlando G. Spence was in search of a private secretary who should be able to give him intelligent assistance in the execution of his philanthropic schemes, the young man felt that his hour had come. It was no part of his plan to associate himself with one of the masters of finance: he had a notion that minnows who go to a whale to learn how to grow bigger are likely to be swallowed in the process. The opportunity of a clever young man with a cool head and no prejudices (this again was drawn from life) lay rather in making himself indispensable to one of the beneficent rich, and in using the timidities and conformities of his patron as the means of his own advancement. Young Millner felt no scruples about formulating these principles to himself. It was not for nothing that, in his college days, he had hunted the hypothetical "moral sense" to its lair, and dragged from their concealment the various self-advancing sentiments dissembled under its edifying guise. His strength lay in his precocious insight into the springs of action, and in his refusal to classify them according to the accepted moral and social sanctions. He had to the full the courage of his lack of convictions.

To a young man so untrammelled by prejudice it was self-evident that helpless philanthropists like Orlando G. Spence were just as much the natural diet of the strong as the lamb is of the wolf. It was pleasanter to eat than to be eaten, in a world where, as yet, there seemed to be no third alternative; and any scruples one might feel as to the temporary discomfort of one's victim were speedily dispelled by that larger scientific view which took into account the social destructiveness of the benevolent. Millner was persuaded that every individual woe mitigated by the philanthropy of Orlando G. Spence added

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just so much to the sum-total of human inefficiency, and it was one of his favourite subjects of speculation to picture the innumerable social evils that may follow upon the rescue of one infant from Mount Taygetus.

"We're all born to prey on each other, and pity for suffering is one of the most elementary stages of egotism. Until one has passed beyond, and acquired a taste for the more complex forms of the instinct——"

He stopped suddenly, checked in his advance by a sallow wisp of a dog which had plunged through the press of vehicles to hurl itself between his legs. Millner did not dislike animals, though he preferred that they should be healthy and handsome. The dog under his feet was neither. Its cringing contour showed an injudicious mingling of races, and its meagre coat betrayed the deplorable habit of sleeping in coal-holes and subsisting on an innutritious diet. In addition to these physical disadvantages, its shrinking and inconsequent movements revealed a congenital weakness of character which, even under more favourable conditions, would hardly have qualified it to become a useful member of society; and Millner was not sorry to notice that it moved with a limp of the hind leg that probably doomed it to speedy extinction.

The absurdity of such an animal's attempting to cross Fifth Avenue at the most crowded hour of the afternoon struck him as only less great than the irony of its having been permitted to achieve the feat; and he stood a moment looking at it, and wondering what had moved it to the attempt. It was really a perfect type of the human derelict which Orlando G. Spence and his kind were devoting their millions to perpetuate, and he reflected how much better Nature knew her business in dealing with the superfluous quadruped.

An elderly lady advancing in the opposite direction evidently took a less dispassionate view of the case, for she paused to remark emotionally: "Oh, you poor thing!" while she stooped to caress the object of her sympathy. The dog, with characteristic lack of discrimination, viewed her gesture with suspicion, and met it with a snarl. The lady turned pale and shrank away, a chivalrous male repelled the animal with his umbrella, and two idle boys backed his action by a vigorous "Hi!" The object of these hostile demonstrations, apparently attributing them not to its own unsocial conduct, but merely to the chronic animosity of the universe, dashed wildly around the corner into a side street, and as it did so Millner noticed that the lame leg left a little trail of blood. Irresistibly, he turned the corner to see what would happen next. It was deplorably clear that the animal itself had no plan; but after several inconsequent and contradictory movements it plunged down an area, where it backed up against the iron gate, forlornly and foolishly at bay.

Millner, still following, looked down at it, and wondered. Then he whistled, just to see if it would come; but this only caused it to start up on its quivering legs, with desperate turns of the head that measured the chances of escape.

"Oh, hang it, you poor devil, stay there if you like!" the young man murmured, walking away.

A few yards off he looked back, and saw that the dog had made a rush out of the area and was limping furtively down the street. The idle boys were in the offing, and he disliked the thought of leaving them in control of the situation. Softly, with infinite precautions, he began to follow the dog. He did not know why he was doing it, but the impulse was overmastering. For a moment he seemed to be gaining upon his quarry, but with a cunning sense of his approach it suddenly turned and hobbled across the frozen grass-plot adjoining a shuttered house. Against the wall at the back of the plot it cowered down in a dirty snow-drift, as if disheartened by the struggle. Millner stood outside the railings and looked at it. He reflected that under the shelter of the winter dusk it might have the luck to remain there unmolested, and that in the morning it would probably be dead of cold. This was so obviously the best solution that he began to move away again; but as he did so the idle boys confronted him.

"Ketch yer dog for yer, boss?" they grinned.

Millner consigned them to the devil, and stood sternly watching them till the first stage of the journey had carried them around the nearest corner; then, after pausing to look once more up and down

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the empty street, laid his hand on the railing, and vaulted over it into the grass-plot. As he did so, he reflected that, since pity for suffering was one of the most elementary forms of egotism, he ought to have remembered that it was necessarily one of the most tenacious.

II

"My chief aim in life?" Orlando G. Spence repeated. He threw himself back in his chair, straightened the tortoise-shell *pince-nez*, on his short blunt nose, and beamed down the luncheon table at the two young men who shared his repast.

His glance rested on his son Draper, seated opposite him behind a barrier of Georgian silver and orchids; but his words were addressed to his secretary who, stylograph in hand, had turned from the seductions of a mushroom *soufflé* in order to jot down, for the Sunday *Investigator*, an outline of his employer's views and intentions respecting the newly endowed Orlando G. Spence College for Missionaries. It was Mr. Spence's practice to receive in person the journalists privileged to impart his opinions to a waiting world; but during the last few months—and especially since the vast project of the Missionary College had been in process of development—the pressure of business and beneficence had necessitated Millner's frequent intervention, and compelled the secretary to snatch the sense of his patron's elucubrations between the courses of their hasty meals.

Young Millner had a healthy appetite, and it was not one of his least sacrifices to be so often obliged to curb it in the interest of his advancement; but whenever he waved aside one of the triumphs of Mr. Spence's *chef* he was conscious of rising a step in his employer's favour. Mr. Spence did not despise the pleasures of the table, though he appeared to regard them as the reward of success rather than as the alleviation of effort; and it increased his sense of his secretary's merit to note how keenly the young man enjoyed the fare which he was so frequently obliged to deny himself. Draper, having subsisted since infancy on a diet of truffles and terrapin, consumed such delicacies with the insensibility of a traveller swallowing a railway sandwich; but Millner never made the mistake of concealing from Mr. Spence his sense of what he was losing when duty constrained him to exchange the fork for the pen.

"My chief aim in life!" Mr. Spence repeated, removing his eye-glass and swinging it thoughtfully on his finger. ("I'm sorry you should miss this *soufflé*, Millner: it's worth while.) Why, I suppose I might say that my chief aim in life is to leave the world better than I found it. Yes: I don't know that I could put it better than that. To leave the world better than I found it. It wouldn't be a bad idea to use that as a head-line. '*Wants to leave the world better than he found it.*' It's exactly the point I should like to make in this talk about the College."

Mr. Spence paused, and his glance once more reverted to his son, who, having pushed aside his plate, sat watching Millner with a dreamy intensity.

"And it's the point I want to make with you, too, Draper," his father continued genially, while he turned over with a critical fork the plump and perfectly matched asparagus which a footman was presenting to his notice. "I want to make you feel that nothing else counts in comparison with that—no amount of literary success or intellectual celebrity."

"Oh, I *do* feel that," Draper murmured, with one of his quick blushes, and a glance that wavered between his father and Millner. The secretary kept his eyes on his notes, and young Spence continued, after a pause: "Only the thing is—isn't it?—to try and find out just what *does* make the world better?"

"To *try* to find out?" his father echoed compassionately. "It's not necessary to try very hard. Goodness is what makes the world better."

"Yes, yes, of course," his son nervously interposed; "but the question is, what *is* good——"

Mr. Spence, with a darkening brow, brought his fist down emphatically on the damask. "I'll thank you not to blaspheme, my son!"

Draper's head reared itself a trifle higher on his thin neck. "I was not going to blaspheme; only there may be different ways——"

"There's where you're mistaken, Draper. There's only one way: there's my way,"

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said Mr. Spence in a tone of unshaken conviction.

"I know, father; I see what you mean. But don't you see that even your way wouldn't be the right way for you if you ceased to believe that it was?"

His father looked at him with mingled bewilderment and reprobation. "Do you mean to say that the fact of goodness depends on my conception of it, and not on God Almighty's?"

"I do . . . yes . . . in a specific sense . . ." young Draper falteringly maintained; and Mr. Spence turned with a discouraged gesture toward his secretary's suspended pen.

"I don't understand your scientific jargon, Draper; and I don't want to.—What's the next point, Millner? (No; no *savarin*. Bring the fruit—and the coffee with it.)"

Millner, keenly aware that an aromatic *savarin au rhum* was describing an arc behind his head previous to being rushed back to the pantry under young Draper's indifferent eye, stiffened himself against this last assault of the enemy, and read out firmly: "*What relation do you consider that a man's business conduct should bear to his religious and domestic life?*"

Mr. Spence mused a moment. "Why, that's a stupid question. It goes over the same ground as the other one. A man ought to do good with his money—that's all. Go on."

At this point the butler's murmur in his ear caused him to push back his chair, and to arrest Millner's interrogatory by a rapid gesture. "Yes; I'm coming. Hold the wire." Mr. Spence rose and plunged into the adjoining "office," where a telephone and a Remington divided the attention of a young lady in spectacles who was preparing for Zenana work in the East.

As the door closed, the butler, having placed the coffee and liqueurs on the table, withdrew in the rear of his battalion, and the two young men were left alone beneath the Rembrandts and Hobbemas on the dining-room walls.

There was a moment's silence between them; then young Spence, leaning across the table, said in the lowered tone of intimacy: "Why do you suppose he dodged that last question?"

Millner, who had rapidly taken an opulent purple fig from the fruit-dish nearest him, paused in surprise in the act of hurrying it to his lips.

"I mean," Draper hastened on, "the question as to the relation between business and private morality. It's such an interesting one, and he's just the person who ought to tackle it."

Millner, despatching the fig, glanced down at his notes. "I don't think your father meant to dodge the question."

Young Draper continued to look at him intently. "You think he imagined that his answer really covers the ground?"

"As much as it needs to be covered."

The son of the house glanced away with a sigh. "You know things about him that I don't," he said wistfully, but without a tinge of resentment in his tone.

"Oh, as to that—(may I give myself some coffee?)" Millner, in his walk around the table to fill his cup, paused a moment to lay an affectionate hand on Draper's shoulder. "Perhaps I know him *better*, in a sense: outsiders often get a more accurate focus."

Draper considered this. "And your idea is that he acts on principles he has never thought of testing or defining?"

Millner looked up quickly, and for an instant their glances crossed. "How do you mean?"

"I mean: that he's an inconscient instrument of goodness, as it were? A—a sort of blindly beneficent force?"

The other smiled. "That's not a bad definition. I know one thing about him, at any rate: he's awfully upset at your having chucked your Bible Class."

A shadow fell on young Spence's candid brow. "I know. But what can I do about it? That's what I was thinking of when I tried to show him that goodness, in a certain sense, is purely subjective: that one can't do good against one's principles." Again his glance appealed to Millner. "*You* understand me, don't you?"

Millner stirred his coffee in a silence not unclouded by perplexity. "Theoretically, perhaps. It's a pretty question, certainly. But I also understand your father's feeling that it hasn't much to do with real life: especially now that he's got to make a speech in connection with the founding of this Missionary College. He may think that any hint of internecine strife will

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weaken his prestige. Mightn't you have waited a little longer?"

"How could I, when I might have been expected to take a part in this performance? To talk, and say things I didn't mean? That was exactly what made me decide not to wait."

The door opened and Mr. Spence reentered the room. As he did so his son rose abruptly as if to leave it.

"Where are you off to, Draper?" the banker asked.

"I'm in rather a hurry, sir——"

Mr. Spence looked at his watch. "You can't be in more of a hurry than I am; and I've got seven minutes and a half." He seated himself behind the coffee-tray, lit a cigar, laid his watch on the table, and signed to Draper to resume his place. "No, Millner, don't you go; I want you both." He turned to the secretary. "You know that Draper's given up his Bible Class? I understand it's not from the pressure of engagements—" Mr. Spence's narrow lips took an ironic curve under the straight-clipped stubble of his moustache—"it's on principle, he tells me. He's *principled* against doing good!"

Draper lifted a protesting hand. "It's not exactly that, father——"

"I know: you'll tell me it's some scientific quibble that I don't understand. I've never had time to go in for intellectual hair-splitting. I've found too many people down in the mire who needed a hand to pull them out. A busy man has to take his choice between helping his fellow-men and theorizing about them. I've preferred to help. (You might take that down for the *Investigator*, Millner.) And I thank God I've never stopped to ask what made me want to do good. I've just yielded to the impulse—that's all." Mr. Spence turned back to his son. "Better men than either of us have been satisfied with that creed, my son."

Draper was silent, and Mr. Spence once more addressed himself to his secretary. "Millner, you're a reader: I've caught you at it. And I know this boy talks to you. What have you got to say? Do you suppose a Bible Class ever *hurt* anybody?"

Millner paused a moment, feeling all through his nervous system the fateful tremor of the balance. "That's what I was just trying to tell him, sir——"

"Ah; you were? That's good. Then I'll only say one thing more. Your doing what you've done at this particular moment hurts me more, Draper, than your teaching the gospel of Jesus could possibly have hurt those young men over in Tenth Avenue." Mr. Spence arose and restored his watch to his pocket. "I shall want you in twenty minutes, Millner."

The door closed on him, and for a while the two young men sat silent behind their cigar fumes. Then Draper Spence broke out, with a catch in his throat: "That's what I can't bear, Millner, what I simply can't *bear:* to hurt him, to hurt his faith in *me!* It's an awful responsibility, isn't it, to tamper with anybody's faith in anything?"

III

THE twenty minutes prolonged themselves to forty, the forty to fifty, and the fifty to an hour; and still Millner waited for Mr. Spence's summons.

During the two years of his secretaryship the young man had learned the significance of such postponements. Mr. Spence's days were organized like a railway time-table, and a delay of an hour implied a casualty as far-reaching as the breaking down of an express. Of the cause of the present derangement Hugh Millner was ignorant; and the experience of the last months allowed him to fluctuate between conflicting conjectures. All were based on the indisputable fact that Mr. Spence was "bothered"—had for some time past been "bothered." And it was one of Millner's discoveries that an extremely parsimonious use of the emotions underlay Mr. Spence's expansive manner and fraternal phraseology, and that he did not throw away his feelings any more than (for all his philanthropy) he threw away his money. If he was bothered, then, it could be only because a careful survey of his situation had forced on him some unpleasant fact with which he was not immediately prepared to deal; and any unpreparedness on Mr. Spence's part was also a significant symptom.

Obviously, Millner's original conception of his employer's character had suffered extensive modification; but no final outline had replaced the first conjectural image. The two years spent in Mr. Spence's service had produced too many contradictory

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impressions to be fitted into any definite pattern; and the chief lesson Millner had learned from them was that life was less of an exact science, and character a more incalculable element, than he had been taught in the schools. In the light of this revised impression, his own footing seemed less secure than he had imagined, and the rungs of the ladder he was climbing more slippery than they had looked from below. He was not without the reassuring sense of having made himself, in certain small ways, necessary to Mr. Spence; and this conviction was confirmed by Draper's reiterated assurance of his father's appreciation. But Millner had begun to suspect that one might be necessary to Mr. Spence one day, and a superfluity, if not an obstacle, the next; and that it would take superhuman astuteness to foresee how and when the change would occur. Every fluctuation of the great man's mood was therefore anxiously noted by the young meteorologist in his service; and this observer's vigilance was now strained to the utmost by the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, adumbrated by the banker's unpunctuality.

When Mr. Spence finally appeared, his aspect did not tend to dissipate the cloud. He wore what Millner had learned to call his "back-door face": a blank barred countenance, in which only an occasional twitch of the lids behind his glasses suggested that some one was on the watch. In this mood Mr. Spence usually seemed unconscious of his secretary's presence, or aware of it only as an arm terminating in a pen. Millner, accustomed on such occasions to exist merely as a function, sat waiting for the click of the spring that should set him in action; but the pressure not being applied, he finally hazarded: "Are we to go on with the *Investigator*, sir?"

Mr. Spence, who had been pacing up and down between the desk and the fireplace, threw himself into his usual seat at Millner's elbow.

"I don't understand this new notion of Draper's," he said abruptly. "Where's he got it from? No one ever learned irreligion in my household."

He turned his eyes on Millner, who had the sense of being scrutinized through a ground-glass window which left him visible while it concealed his observer. The young man let his pen describe two or three vague patterns on the blank sheet before him.

"Draper has ideas—" he risked at last.

Mr. Spence looked hard at him. "That's all right," he said. "I want my son to have everything. But what's the point of mixing up ideas and principles? I've seen fellows who did that, and they were generally trying to borrow five dollars to get away from the sheriff. What's all this talk about goodness? Goodness isn't an idea. It's a fact. It's as solid as a business proposition. And it's Draper's duty, as the son of a wealthy man, and the prospective steward of a great fortune, to elevate the standards of other young men—of young men who haven't had his opportunities. The rich ought to preach contentment, and to set the example themselves. We have our cares, but we ought to conceal them. We ought to be cheerful, and accept things as they are—not go about sowing dissent and restlessness. What has Draper got to give these boys in his Bible Class, that's so much better than what he wants to take from them? That's the question I'd like to have answered?"

Mr. Spence, carried away by his own eloquence, had removed his *pince-nez* and was twirling it about his extended fore-finger with the gesture habitual to him when he spoke in public. After a pause, he went on, with a drop to the level of private intercourse: "I tell you this because I know you have a good deal of influence with Draper. He has a high opinion of your brains. But you're a practical fellow, and you must see what I mean. Try to make Draper see it. Make him understand how it looks to have him drop his Bible Class just at this particular time. It was his own choice to take up religious teaching among young men. He began with our office-boys, and then the work spread and was blessed. I was almost alarmed, at one time, at the way it took hold of him: when the papers began to talk about him as a formative influence I was afraid he'd lose his head and go into the church. Luckily he tried University Settlement first; but just as I thought he was settling down to that, he took to worrying about the Higher Criticism, and saying he couldn't go on teaching fairy-tales as history. I can't see that any good ever came of criticizing what our parents believed, and it's a queer time for

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Draper to criticize *my* belief just as I'm backing it to the extent of five millions."

Millner remained silent; and, as though his silence were an argument, Mr. Spence continued combatively: "Draper's always talking about some distinction between religion and morality. I don't understand what he means. I got my morals out of the Bible, and I guess there's enough left in it for Draper. If religion won't make a man moral, I don't see why irreligion should. And he talks about using his mind—well, can't he use that in Wall Street? A man can get a good deal farther in life watching the market than picking holes in Genesis; and he can do more good too. There's a time for everything; and Draper seems to me to have mixed up week-days with Sunday."

Mr. Spence replaced his eye-glasses, and stretching his hand to the silver box at his elbow, extracted from it one of the long cigars sheathed in gold-leaf which were reserved for his private consumption. The secretary hastened to tender him a match, and for a moment he puffed in silence. When he spoke again it was in a different note.

"I've got about all the bother I can handle just now, without this nonsense of Draper's. That was one of the Trustees of the College with me. It seems the *Flashlight* has been trying to stir up a fuss—" Mr. Spencer paused, and turned his *pince-nez* on his secretary. "You haven't heard from them?" he asked.

"From the *Flashlight?* No." Millner's surprise was genuine.

He detected a gleam of relief behind Mr. Spence's glasses. "It may be just malicious talk. That's the worst of good works; they bring out all the meanness in human nature. And then there are always women mixed up in them, and there never was a woman yet who understood the difference between philanthropy and business." He drew again at his cigar, and then, with an unwonted movement, leaned forward and mechanically pushed the box toward Millner. "Help yourself," he said.

Millner, as mechanically, took one of the virginally cinctured cigars, and began to undo its wrappings. It was the first time he had ever been privileged to detach that golden girdle, and nothing could have given him a better measure of the importance of the situation, and of the degree to which he was apparently involved in it. "You remember that San Pablo rubber business? That's what they've been raking up," said Mr. Spence abruptly.

Millner paused in the act of striking a match. Then, with an appreciable effort of the will, he completed the gesture, applied the flame to his cigar, and took a long inhalation. The cigar was certainly delicious.

Mr. Spence, drawing a little closer, leaned forward and touched him on the arm. The touch caused Millner to turn his head, and for an instant the glance of the two men crossed at short range. Millner was conscious, first, of a nearer view than he had ever had of his employer's face, and of its vaguely suggesting a seamed sandstone head, the kind of thing that lies in a corner in the court of a museum, and in which only the round enamelled eyes have resisted the wear of time. His next feeling was that he had now reached the moment to which the offer of the cigar had been a prelude. He had always known that, sooner or later, such a moment would come; all his life, in a sense, had been a preparation for it. But in entering Mr. Spence's service he had not foreseen that it would present itself in this form. He had seen himself consciously guiding that gentleman up to the moment, rather than being thrust into it by a stronger hand. And his first act of reflection was the resolve that, in the end, his hand should prove the stronger of the two. This was followed, almost immediately, by the idea that to be stronger than Mr. Spence's it would have to be very strong indeed. It was odd that he should feel this, since—as far as verbal communication went—it was Mr. Spence who was asking for his support. In a theoretical statement of the case the banker would have figured as being at Millner's mercy; but one of the queerest things about experience was the way it made light of theory. Millner felt now as though he were being crushed by some inexorable engine of which he had been playing with the lever. . . .

He had always been intensely interested in observing his own reactions, and had regarded this faculty of self-detachment as of immense advantage in such a career as he had planned. He felt this still, even in the act of noting his own bewilderment—

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felt it the more in contrast to the odd unconsciousness of Mr. Spence's attitude, of the incredible candour of his self-abasement and self-abandonment. It was clear that Mr. Spence was not troubled by the repercussion of his actions in the consciousness of others; and this looked like a weakness—unless it were, instead, a great strength. . . .

Through the hum of these swarming thoughts Mr. Spence's voice was going on. "That's the only rag of proof they've got; and they got it by one of those nasty accidents that nobody can guard against. I don't care how conscientiously a man attends to business, he can't always protect himself against meddlesome people. I don't pretend to know how the letter came into their hands; but they've got it; and they mean to use it—and they mean to say that you wrote it for me, and that you knew what it was about when you wrote it. . . . They'll probably be after you tomorrow——"

Mr. Spence, restoring his cigar to his lips, puffed at it slowly. In the pause that followed there was an instant during which the universe seemed to Hugh Millner like a sounding-board bent above his single consciousness. If he spoke, what thunders would be sent back to him from that intently listening vastness?

"You see?" said Mr. Spence.

The universal ear bent closer, as if to catch the least articulation of Millner's narrowed lips; but when he opened them it was merely to re-insert his cigar, and for a short space nothing passed between the two men but an exchange of smoke-rings.

"What do you mean to do? There's the point," Mr. Spence at length sent through the rings.

Oh, yes, the point was there, as distinctly before Millner as the tip of his expensive cigar: he had seen it coming quite as soon as Mr. Spence. He knew that fate was handing him an ultimatum; but the sense of the formidable echo which his least answer would rouse kept him doggedly, and almost helplessly, silent. To let Mr. Spence talk on as long as possible was no doubt the best way of gaining time; but Millner knew that his silence was really due to his dread of the echo. Suddenly, however, in a reaction of impatience at his own indecision, he began to speak.

The sound of his voice cleared his mind and strengthened his resolve. It was odd how the word seemed to shape the act, though one knew how ancillary it really was. As he talked, it was as if the globe had swung around, and he himself were upright on its axis, with Mr. Spence underneath, on his head. Through the ensuing interchange of concise and rapid speech there sounded in Millner's ears the refrain to which he had walked down Fifth Avenue after his first talk with Mr. Spence: "It's too easy—it's too easy—it's too easy." Yes, it was even easier than he had expected. His sensation was that of the skilful carver who feels his good blade sink into a tender joint.

As he went on talking, this surprised sense of mastery was like wine in his veins. Mr. Spence was at his mercy, after all—that was what it came to; but this new view of the case did not lessen Millner's sense of Mr. Spence's strength, it merely revealed to him his own superiority. Mr. Spence was even stronger than he had suspected. There could be no better proof of that than his faith in Millner's power to grasp the situation, and his tacit recognition of the young man's right to make the most of it. Millner felt that Mr. Spence would have despised him even more for not using his advantage than for not seeing it; and this homage to his capacity nerved him to greater alertness, and made the concluding moments of their talk as physically exhilarating as some hotly contested game.

When the conclusion was reached, and Millner stood at the goal, the golden trophy in his grasp, his first conscious thought was one of regret that the struggle was over. He would have liked to prolong their talk for the purely æsthetic pleasure of making Mr. Spence lose time, and, better still, of making him forget that he was losing it. The sense of advantage that the situation conferred was so great that when Mr. Spence rose it was as if Millner were dismissing him, and when he reached his hand toward the cigar-box it seemed to be one of Millner's cigars that he was taking.

IV

THERE had been only one condition attached to the transaction: Millner was to speak to Draper about the Bible Class.

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The condition was easy to fulfil. Millner was confident of his power to deflect his young friend's purpose; and he knew the opportunity would be given him before the day was over. His professional duties despatched, he had only to go up to his room to wait. Draper nearly always looked in on him for a moment before dinner: it was the hour most propitious to their elliptic interchange of words and silences.

Meanwhile, the waiting was an occupation in itself. Millner looked about his room with new eyes. Since the first thrill of initiation into its complicated comforts—the shower-bath, the telephone, the many-jointed reading-lamp and the vast mirrored presses through which he was always hunting his scant outfit—Millner's room had interested him no more than a railway-carriage in which he might have been travelling. But now it had acquired a sort of historic significance as the witness of the astounding change in his fate. It was Corsica, it was Brienne—it was the kind of spot that posterity might yet mark with a tablet. Then he reflected that he should soon be leaving it, and the lustre of its monumental mahogany was veiled in pathos. Why indeed should he linger on in bondage? He perceived with a certain surprise that the only thing he should regret would be leaving Draper. . . .

It was odd, it was inconsequent, it was almost exasperating, that such a regret should obscure his triumph. Why in the world should he suddenly take to regretting Draper? If there were any logic in human likings, it should be to Mr. Spence that he inclined. Draper, dear lad, had the illusion of an "intellectual sympathy" between them; but that, Millner knew, was an affair of reading and not of character. Draper's temerities would always be of that kind; whereas his own—well, his own, put to the proof, had now definitely classed him with Mr. Spence rather than with Mr. Spence's son. It was a consequence of this new condition—of his having thus distinctly and irrevocably classed himself—that, when Draper at length brought upon the scene his shy shamble and his wistful smile, Millner, for the first time, had to steel himself against them instead of yielding to their charm.

In the new order upon which he had entered, one principle of the old survived: the point of honour between allies. And Millner had promised Mr. Spence to speak to Draper about his Bible Class. . . .

Draper, thrown back in his chair, and swinging a loose leg across a meagre knee, listened with his habitual gravity. His downcast eyes seemed to pursue the vision which Millner's words evoked; and the words, to their speaker, took on a new sound as that candid consciousness refracted them.

"You know, dear boy, I perfectly see your father's point. It's naturally distressing to him, at this particular time, to have any hint of civil war leak out——"

Draper sat upright, laying his lank legs knee to knee.

"That's it, then? I thought that was it!"

Millner raised a surprised glance. "*What's* it?"

"That it should be at this particular time——"

"Why, naturally, as I say! Just as he's making, as it were, his public profession of faith. You know, to men like your father convictions are irreducible elements—they can't be split up, and differently combined. And your exegetical scruples seem to him to strike at the very root of his convictions."

Draper pulled himself to his feet and shuffled across the room. Then he turned about, and stood before his friend.

"Is it that—or is it this?" he said; and with the word he drew a letter from his pocket and proffered it silently to Millner.

The latter, as he unfolded it, was first aware of an intense surprise at the young man's abruptness of tone and gesture. Usually Draper fluttered long about his point before making it; and his sudden movement seemed as mechanical as the impulsion conveyed by some strong spring. The spring, of course, was in the letter; and to it Millner turned his startled glance, feeling the while that, by some curious cleavage of perception, he was continuing to watch Draper while he read.

"Oh, the beasts!" he cried.

He and Draper were face to face across the sheet which had dropped between them. The youth's features were tightened by a smile that was like the ligature of a wound. He looked white and withered.

"Ah—you knew, then?"

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Millner sat still, and after a moment Draper turned from him, walked to the hearth, and leaned against the chimney, propping his chin on his hands. Millner, his head thrown back, stared up at the ceiling, which had suddenly become to him the image of the universal sounding-board hanging over his consciousness.

"You knew, then?" Draper repeated.

Millner remained silent. He had perceived, with the surprise of a mathematician working out a new problem, that the lie which Mr. Spence had just bought of him was exactly the one gift he could give of his own free will to Mr. Spence's son. This discovery gave the world a strange new topsy-turvyness, and set Millner's theories spinning about his brain like the cabin furniture of a tossing ship.

"You *knew*," said Draper, in a tone of quiet affirmation.

Millner righted himself, and grasped the arms of his chair as if that too were reeling. "About this blackguardly charge?"

Draper was studying him intently. "What does it matter if it's blackguardly?"

"Matter—?" Millner stammered.

"It's that, of course, in any case. But the point is whether it's true or not." Draper bent down, and picking up the crumpled letter, smoothed it out between his fingers. "The point, is, whether my father, when he was publicly denouncing the peonage abuses on the San Pablo plantations over a year ago, had actually sold out his stock, as he announced at the time; or whether, as they say here—how do they put it?—he had simply transferred it to a dummy till the scandal should blow over, and has meanwhile gone on drawing his forty per cent interest on five thousand shares? There's the point."

Millner had never before heard his young friend put a case with such unadorned precision. His language was like that of Mr. Spence making a statement to a committee meeting; and the resemblance to his father flashed out with ironic incongruity.

"You see why I've brought this letter to you—I couldn't go to *him* with it!" Draper's voice faltered, and the resemblance vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

"No; you couldn't go to him with it," said Millner slowly.

"And since they say here that *you* know: that they've got your letter proving it—" The muscles of Draper's face quivered as if a blinding light had been swept over it. "For God's sake, Millner—it's all right?"

"It's all right," said Millner, rising to his feet.

Draper caught him by the wrist. "You're sure—you're absolutely sure?"

"Sure. They know they've got nothing to go on."

Draper fell back a step and looked almost sternly at his friend. "You know that's not what I mean. I don't care a straw what they think they've got to go on. I want to know if my father's all right. If he is, they can say what they please."

Millner, again, felt himself under the concentrated scrutiny of the ceiling. "Of course, of course. I understand."

"You understand? Then why don't you answer?"

Millner looked compassionately at the boy's struggling face. Decidedly, the battle was to the strong, and he was not sorry to be on the side of the legions. But Draper's pain was as awkward as a material obstacle, as something that one stumbled over in a race.

"You know what I'm driving at, Millner." Again Mr. Spence's committee-meeting tone sounded oddly through his son's strained voice. "If my father's so awfully upset about my giving up my Bible Class, and letting it be known that I do so on conscientious grounds, is it because he's afraid it may be considered a criticism on something *he* has done which—which won't bear the test of the doctrines he believes in?"

Draper, with the last question, squared himself in front of Millner, as if suspecting that the latter meant to evade it by flight. But Millner had never felt more disposed to stand his ground than at that moment.

"No—by Jove, no! It's not *that*." His relief almost escaped him in a cry, as he lifted his head to give back Draper's look.

"On your honour?" the other passionately pressed him.

"Oh, on anybody's you like—on *yours!*" Millner could hardly restrain a laugh of relief. It was vertiginous to find himself spared, after all, the need of an altruistic lie: he perceived that they were the kind he least liked.

Draper took a deep breath. "You don't —Millner, a lot depends on this—you don't

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really think my father has any ulterior motive?"

"I think he has none but his horror of seeing you go straight to perdition!"

They looked at each other again, and Draper's tension was suddenly relieved by a free boyish laugh. "It's his convictions—it's just his funny old convictions?"

"It's that, and nothing else on earth!"

Draper turned back to the arm-chair he had left, and let his narrow figure sink down into it as into a bath. Then he looked over at Millner with a smile. "I can see that I've been worrying him horribly. So he really thinks I'm on the road to perdition? Of course you can fancy what a sick minute I had when I thought it might be this other reason—the damnable insinuation in this letter." Draper crumpled the paper in his hand, and leaned forward to toss it into the coals of the grate. "I ought to have known better, of course. I ought to have remembered that, as you say, my father can't conceive how conduct may be independent of creed. That's where I was stupid—and rather base. But that letter made me dizzy—I couldn't think. Even now I can't very clearly. I'm not sure what *my* convictions require of me: they seem to me so much less to be considered than his! When I've done half the good to people that he has, it will be time enough to begin attacking their beliefs. Meanwhile—meanwhile I can't touch his. . . ." Draper leaned forward, stretching his lank arms along his knees. His face was as clear as a spring sky. "I *won't* touch them, Millner—Go and tell him so. . . ."

V

In the study a half hour later Mr. Spence, watch in hand, was doling out his minutes again. The peril conjured, he had recovered his dominion over time. He turned his commanding eye-glasses on Millner.

"It's all settled, then? Tell Draper I'm sorry not to see him again to-night—but I'm to speak at the dinner of the Legal Relief Association, and I'm due there in five minutes. You and he dine alone here, I suppose? Tell him I appreciate what he's done. Some day he'll see that to leave the world better than we find it is the best we can hope to do. (You've finished the notes for the *Investigator?* Be sure you don't forget that phrase.) Well, good evening: that's all, I think."

Smooth and compact in his glossy evening clothes, Mr. Spence advanced toward the study door; but as he reached it, his secretary stood there before him.

"It's not quite all, Mr. Spence."

Mr. Spence turned on him a look in which impatience was faintly tinged with apprehension. "What else is there? It's two and a half minutes to eight."

Millner stood his ground. "It won't take longer than that. I want to tell you that, if you can conveniently replace me, I'd like—there are reasons why I shall have to leave you."

Millner was conscious of reddening as he spoke. His redness deepened under Mr. Spence's dispassionate scrutiny. He saw at once that the banker was not surprised at his announcement.

"Well, I suppose that's natural enough. You'll want to make a start for yourself now. Only, of course, for the sake of appearances——"

"Oh, certainly," Millner hastily agreed.

"Well, then: is that all?" Mr. Spence repeated.

"Nearly." Millner paused, as if in search of an appropriate formula. But after a moment he gave up the search, and pulled from his pocket an envelope which he held out to his employer. "I merely want to give this back."

The hand which Mr. Spence had extended dropped to his side, and his sand-coloured face grew chalky. "Give it back?" His voice was as thick as Millner's. "What's happened? Is the bargain off?"

"Oh, no. I've given you my word."

"Your word?" Mr. Spence lowered at him. "I'd like to know what that's worth!"

Millner continued to hold out the envelope. "You do know, now. It's worth *that*. It's worth my place."

Mr. Spence, standing motionless before him, hesitated for an appreciable space of time. His lips parted once or twice under their square-clipped stubble, and at last emitted: "How much more do you want?"

Millner broke into a laugh. "Oh, I've got all I want—all and more!"

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"What—from the others? Are you crazy?"

"No, you are," said Millner with a sudden recovery of composure. "But you're safe—you're as safe as you'll ever be. Only I don't care to take this for making you so."

Mr. Spence slowly moistened his lips with his tongue, and removing his *pince-nez*, took a long hard look at Millner.

"I don't understand. What other guarantee have I got?"

"That I mean what I say?" Millner glanced past the banker's figure at his rich densely coloured background of Spanish leather and mahogany. He remembered that it was from this very threshold that he had first seen Mr. Spence's son.

"What guarantee? You've got Draper!" he said.

SURSUM CORDA

By C. A. Price

WHAT empty tribute should we pay our dead
If tears were all the breaking heart could spare,
If all the joys the years have harvested
Vanish like fairy-gold and leave us bare,
And all the brightness that Love's self has shed
Change in a little hour and turn to dull despair!

How do we honor those whose years have run
On light-foot youth, by downward countenance,
Or praise, by shrinking from the morning sun,
The eager souls who couched their hearts for lance
And tilted for life's prizes to be won,
Nor ever bade their courage wait upon their chance?

Not so, not so; O, let it never be
That all they were should perish from the earth;
Shall we disown what they have left in fee,
Their dauntless hope, their springing love and mirth?
That wealth is all our own; base heirs are we
If it escheat to heaven, while we bewail our dearth.

Then, if the heart must break, it will be stored
With all most precious things, all savors sweet,
All bitterness distilled into a hoard
Of sacred joy, for offering not unmeet;
As Mary, when her box before the Lord
She broke, and spilled the myrrh and spikenard at His feet.

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A black column of smoke poured from the funnel of the *Dauntless*, and the race for life began.—Page 316.

TO CUBA AS A FILIBUSTER

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General, U. S. Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I HAPPENED to be in New York City in 1896, and one evening in the spring or early summer was strolling past Madison Square Garden, and impelled by curiosity dropped in to see the Cuban Fair then in progress.

This fair, promoted by resident Cubans and American sympathizers with the cause of Cuban independence, was held ostensibly for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of hospital supplies for the insurgent forces in the field, but a subsequent acquaintance with what was being done on the distracted Island justifies a suspicion that more of the money was expended for dynamite and cartridges than for quinine and bandages.

The principal attraction at the fair on the occasion of my visit was a fiery and eloquent speech by Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, well known to be one of the most valued friends of the Cubans in their struggle.

Since the outbreak of the insurrection I had taken considerable interest in its progress, and had indulged myself in a vague sort of idea that I would like to take part in it, I fear as much from a love of adventure and a desire to see some fighting as from any more worthy motive. Of course, I shared the prevailing sympathy of my countrymen with the Cubans, and believed their cause a worthy one. Whatever doubts I may previously have had on the expediency of mixing up in the rows of other people vanished after hearing General Sickles's speech, and I returned to my room that evening with my mind made up and spent a sleepless night, as befits one who has just determined on going to his first war.

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The next morning, without credentials of any kind, I presented myself at the office of the Cuban Junta at 56 New Street, and inquired if I could see Mr. Palma, but did not succeed in doing so. Mr. Zayas, one of the attachés of the Junta, took me in hand and was most courteous, but assured me that they were sending no Americans to Cuba, and were confining their efforts in this country to raising funds and doing what they could to direct public sentiment in favor of their compatriots. I have since often wondered how I could have been so guileless as to expect them to receive me, a total stranger, with open arms. I could have been a fugitive from justice seeking a hiding-place, a worthless adventurer, or, worst of all, a spy in Spanish pay. It was evident that different tactics must be tried. Through a mutual friend I obtained a letter of introduction to General Sickles, and the next day called on the one-legged old veteran at his residence, and not only had a most pleasant chat with him, but left with a personal note to Mr. Palma in which the General stated that, though he did not know me personally, he felt justified in vouching for me on the strength of the letter I had brought him. Back to the Junta without loss of time, and now it was different. I was admitted without delay to the office of the kindly faced, honest old patriot who afterward became the first president of free Cuba. Mr. Palma asked me if I had had any military experience and was told that I had not, but had read considerably along military lines and felt that I had it in me to make good. A question as to my knowledge of Spanish brought out the fact that I had a fair reading but not a speaking acquaintance with that language. Mr. Palma then stated that in order as much as possible to avoid violating the neutrality laws of the United States the Cubans could not receive applicants into their service in this country, but that I could be sent down on one of the first expeditions, and might, after my arrival, offer my services to whatever insurgent chief in the field I desired. My urbane but non-committal friend of the day before, Mr. Zayas, was now sent for and I was turned over to him.

This gentleman took my address and told me that as it was impossible to entrust the secrets regarding the sailing of filibustering expeditions to any one, I must not expect to be informed as to when I could leave, but must possess my soul in patience until sent for. In the meantime I was to call at the Junta once a week. On one of these visits Mr. Zayas told me that the Cubans were having indifferent success with their artillery in the field, largely because their people did not seem to know how to handle the guns, and suggested that if I were to acquire some knowledge on that subject before sailing it might add to my welcome. This struck me favorably, as my father had been an artillery officer in the Civil War, and I had been brought up on stories of fierce struggles in which the old brass Napoleons of that day had done their part. My own artillery experience consisted in once having seen a salute fired to President Hayes at a country fair in Kansas. The result of Mr. Zayas's suggestion was that I took a note from him to the firm of Hartley & Graham, the arms dealers from whom the Cubans purchased their implements of war, and had explained to me by one of their experts the mysteries of the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder breech-loading rifle, and was allowed to fondle that ugly looking instrument of death to my heart's content and take it apart and put it together again. A book of instructions as to its use and a lot of formidable tables of velocities at various ranges, etc., I all but committed to memory. My keen interest in this new subject so pleased Mr. Zayas that he suggested that I impart some of my valuable lore to some of his countrymen in New York who were presumably waiting in feverish anxiety for the sailing of the next expedition. This I agreed to do, though it struck me as a somewhat indiscreet performance in a city where Cubans were closely watched by Spanish spies, and where there were innumerable enterprising reporters looking for "scoops." But I kept my feelings to myself, and a few evenings later was conducted by one of the attachés of the Junta to a small hall over a saloon, well up on Third Avenue. All but a few of the lights were turned off and the window shades were well drawn. Here we found about fifteen Cubans, callow youths in the main, the most of them I judged being students. These aspiring patriots chattered like magpies and smoked the most astounding number of cigarettes. In addition to this promising material,

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My recently acquired knowledge . . . now became of use.

there were in the room several large and imposing-looking crates labelled "machinery." These were opened and turned out to be the various parts of a Hotchkiss twelve-pounder. My recently acquired knowledge, what there was of it, now became of use, and the gun was set up and taken apart a dozen times, and the breech mechanism, sights, and ammunition explained. As this gun is transported in sections on mule back, as well as dragged by a shaft, the various heavy pieces were lifted up to the height of an imaginary or "theoretical" mule and then let down again, a form of calisthenics that soon palled on the embryo artillerymen, the night being hot and the room close. Several times the pieces were allowed to fall to the floor with a noise that should have aroused the block, and I spent a good bit of time figuring out how I would explain to the police, if they came to investigate, what I was doing with such warlike paraphernalia in peaceful New York. But we were not molested and for a month, once a week, went through this performance. But it was wasted effort. Whether any of these young men ever reached the Island to participate in the war, I do not know, but certain it is that there was not one of them in the artillery command of the "Departamento del Oriente," the only one that did any serious work with artillery during the struggle. But it was different with the gun that we trundled and knocked about on those hot summer nights above that Third Avenue saloon, for it had its baptism in that hell of Mauser fire at Cascorra, where it was served within two hundred yards of a trench full of Spaniards, until human endurance could stand the strain no longer, and the gun was dragged backward into a ravine by the sur-

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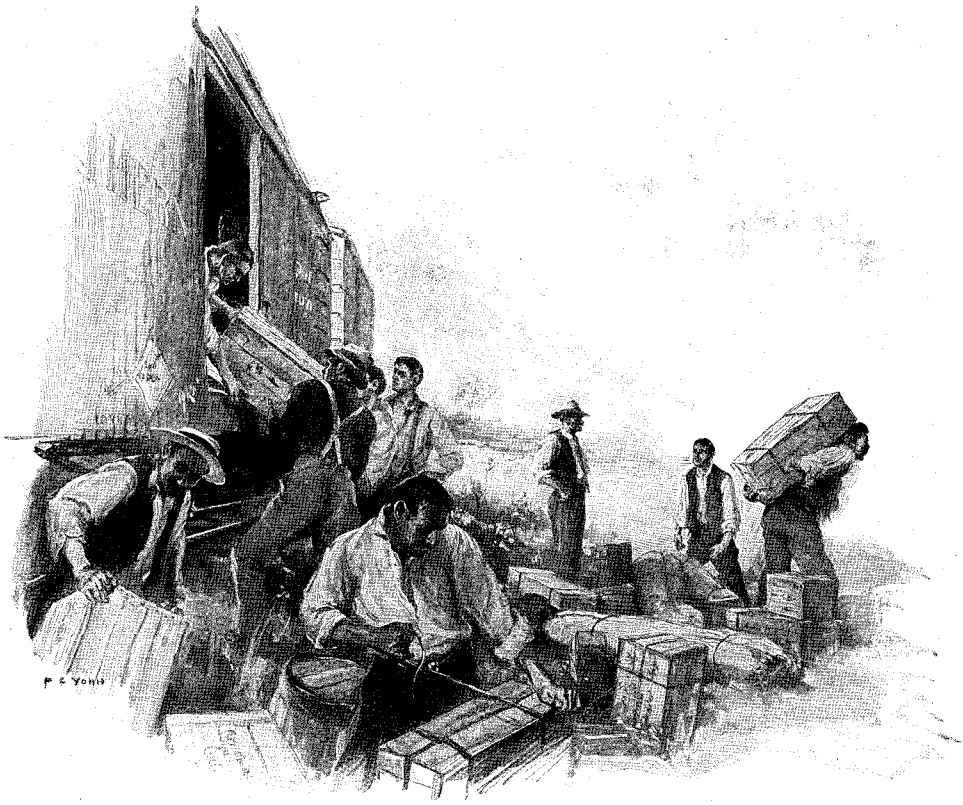
vivors of the detachment. And later at Guaimaro, Winchester Dana Osgood, Cornell's famous foot-ball player, fell across its trail, shot through the brain. It helped to batter down the stone fort at Jiguani and took part in the duel with the Krupp battery at Victoria de las Tunas, and I understand now rests in the Havana Arsenal and is pointed out to visitors as one of the relics of the War of Independence. Verily, the old gun had a career not to be ashamed of.



The freight cars were opened, we took off our coats and went to work.—Page 313.

An interesting incident of the summer was a trip with several members of the Junta to the coast of Long Island to see a demonstration of the working of the newly invented Sims-Dudley dynamite gun; an instrument that looked more like a telescope on wheels than an implement of war. This gun was fired several times out to sea, to the evident consternation of an excursion boat which made the most phenomenal speed in getting out of the way. The explosions of its nitro-gelatine loaded shells threw water and spray a hundred feet in air. Nearly a year and a half later I saw one of these guns, possibly the same one, at Victoria de las Tunas, reduce blockhouses and stone barracks to heaps of rubbish, wreck a Krupp eight centimeter field-piece, and terrify hundreds of Spanish regulars into surrender.

So the summer wore along, but one afternoon in August came the fateful telegram, and after all these years I can quote its every word, "Be at Cortland Street Ferry at 7 P. M., ready to leave the City." My trunk was hastily packed and left behind, and with a few belongings in a small valise, and, I must acknowledge, with some sinking of the heart, I made my way to the ferry accompanied by an old friend of college days. Here I met Mr. Zayas and by him was introduced to a Mr. Pagluchi, a

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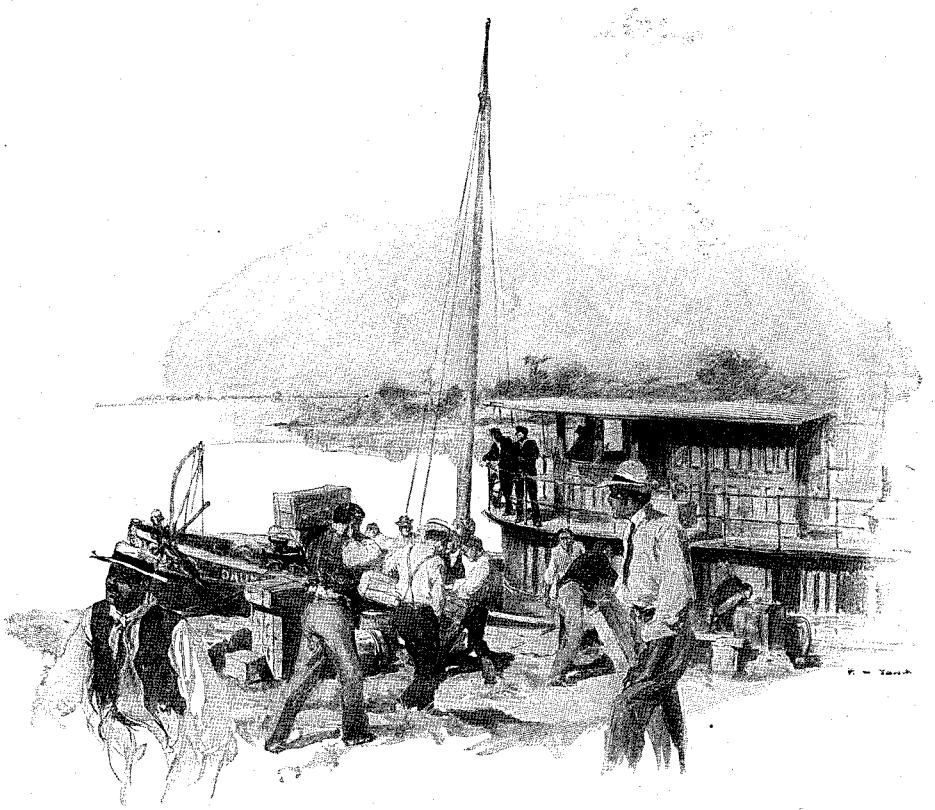
nervy-looking Italian of good address and appearance, who, I afterward learned, was a marine engineer and presided over the engine rooms of the various steamers sent out by the Junta for the purpose of carrying reinforcements and arms to Cuba. Mr. Pagluchi was accompanied by four men, none of them Cubans, and not one of whom I had ever seen before. There were Charles Huntington, a fine-looking Canadian of soldierly bearing, who had served in the Northwest Mounted Police; Walinski, an Englishman of Polish descent; Welsford, a young man from New Jersey, and Arthur Potter, a former English marine soldier who had lived in the United States for several years. Huntington was one of the bravest men I ever knew, being, in fact, absolutely reckless. He served with distinction in the Cascorra and Guaimaro campaigns, and was finally killed in a fight with Spanish guerillas, his body falling into the hands of the enemy. Potter and Welsford were chums, careless, go-lucky young fellows; the former was terribly wounded at Desmayo, having both legs shattered, and spent nearly a year on his back in a "bush" hospital. He remained in Cuba after the war, and now lives in Camaguey. Of the final fate of Welsford and Walinski I know nothing.

On the ferry-boat the five of us tried to appease our boundless curiosity as to where we were bound by attempts to extract information from Pagluchi, but without success, as it was evident that one of the things that individual was paid for was keeping his own counsel, and he fully justified the confidence reposed in him by the Junta. He kept our tickets in his possession and said we would know all in due time. At Jersey City we took berths in a sleeper on the Pennsylvania, early the next morning passed through Washington, and in the fulness of time reached Charleston, South Carolina, where we were conducted to a



Fortunately, the carry was down hill.—Page 313.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Overboard we went . . . caught the boat by its sides, and ran up onto the beach with it on the next wave.—Page 315.

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hotel, and found among the guests about thirty Cubans, well-dressed, superior-looking men, standing about in little groups, conversing in low tones, and worried about something. I recognized among others, Gen. Emilio Nunez, afterward governor of the province of Havana under the administration of President Palma, whom I had met at the office of the Junta, and by whom I was introduced to Gen. Rafael Cabrera, a kindly and considerate old gentleman who was one of the veterans of the Ten Years' War, and who had lived in exile since its close. He was now returning to renew the struggle of younger days, but to lose his life without seeing the realization of his hopes.

Among other guests of the hotel were some fifteen or twenty well-groomed, quiet-appearing men whom we were at once warned against having anything to do with, as they were operatives of a well-known detective agency in the employ of the Spanish minister at Washington, with the exception of a few who were said to be United States Secret Service men or United States deputy marshals. It was the duty of these men to learn what they could as to our intentions in order that they might give to the proper authorities the information necessary to enable them to seize the vessel on which we were to sail. They had had no success with the wary Cubans, but their eyes brightened when they saw Pagluchi's five wards, and they lost little time in trying to get acquainted. Two of them took me in hand and suggested that there was nothing like a mint julep to make one forget Charleston's August climate. But I told them I was from Kansas, whereupon they suggested an ice-cream soda; there was a place a few blocks distant where were concocted cooling drinks that were the talk of the town. Would I not stroll down there? It was difficult to shake them off without retiring to my room and sweltering in the terrific heat. Finally, Huntington saw my plight, and coming over very genially offered to thrash both of them if they did not leave me alone. This had the desired effect.

Our curiosity as to how and when we were to reach Cuba was not yet satisfied. It was known that the steamer *Commodore*, famous as a filibuster, was lying in Charleston harbor closely watched by a revenue-cutter. She had been searched for arms, but none were found on board, and, as she carried no persons besides her crew and her papers were correct, there was no justification for her seizure. The vessel was merely under surveillance, and the arrival of the parties of Cubans in Charleston had added much to the importance of watching her. As will be shown later, the *Commodore* was merely there as a blind, and served her purpose well.

On the afternoon of the day following our arrival the Cubans, carrying their hand baggage, began to leave the hotel in little groups, each followed by one or more "sleuths." About half past three Pagluchi told his flock to come with him, and we made our way to the station of the Plant Line system of railways, where we found one of the regular trains about to leave.

We were conducted to the rear car of the train, a day coach, where we found the Cubans who had preceded us from the hotel. Several of the detectives who attempted to secure seats in this car were told that it was a special chartered by a party of excursionists, and that we would be obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure of their company. So they found seats in the car ahead, and in due time the train pulled out of the station. As to the destination of the train to which our car was for the time being attached, I cannot say, but I know that we pounded along over the rails at a fair rate of speed until some time late at night, when we stopped at an obscure station in the woods; a locomotive backed up to our car from a siding, the car was quickly and quietly uncoupled from the train, which then proceeded on its way, while our car with its engine flew back on the track a few miles, was switched onto another line, and sped along for hours without making more than the few absolutely necessary stops. From a special car we had grown to be a special train, a small one, it is true, but none the less a special. The whole plan for escaping the men following us and throwing them entirely off the scent had been thought out by Mr. Fritot, the Charleston agent of the Plant Line, and worked to perfection. We had many a chuckle over the chagrin that must have been felt by our attentive mentors when they found how neatly they had been "sacked."

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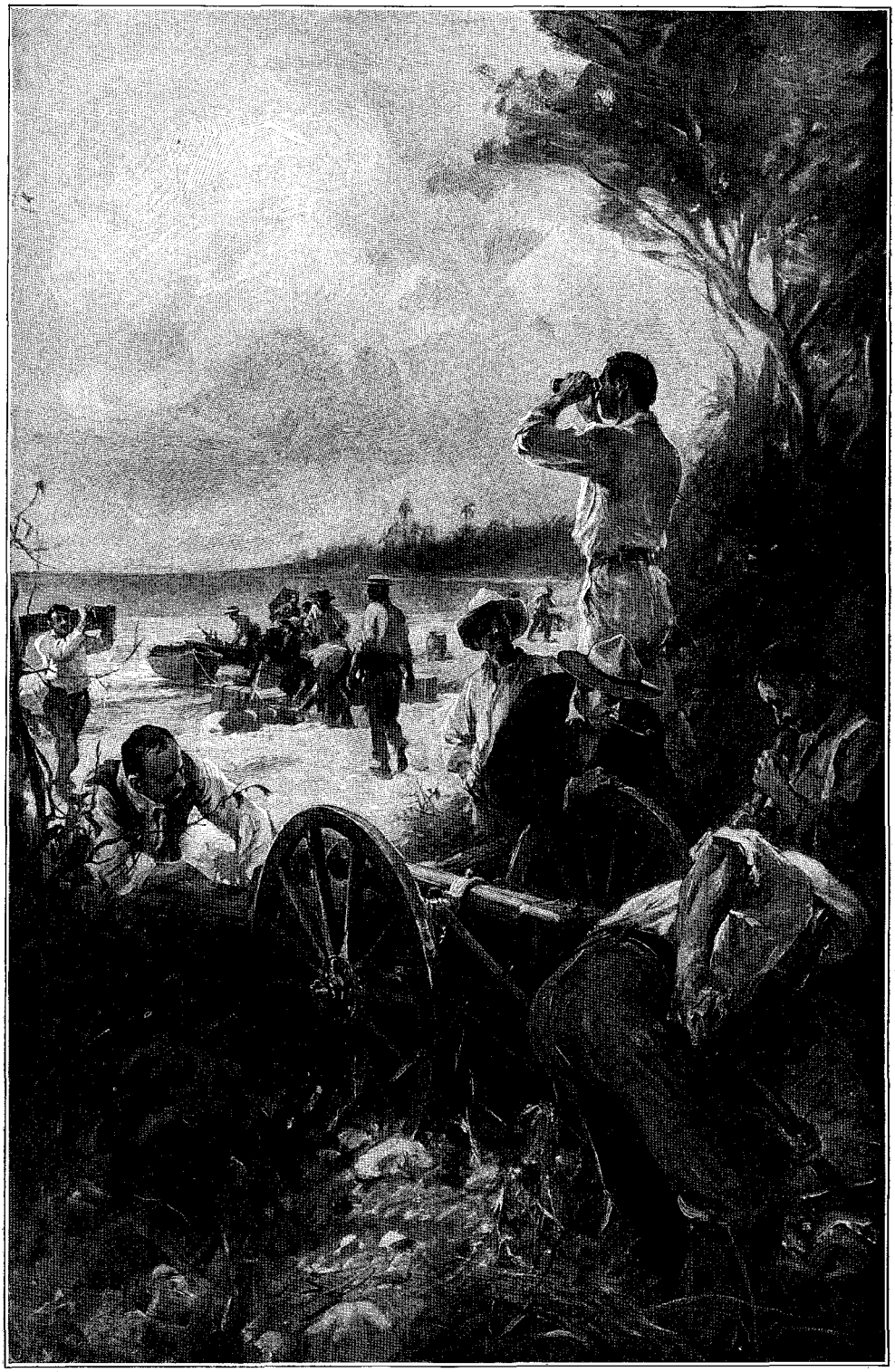

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

An almost ideal natural gun-pit was found near the beach.—Page 316.

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Just after sunrise we came to a stop at a little station in a region of pine woods. There was a small station building and possibly one or two other houses, and a good-sized sluggish river crossed by the railway bridge, under which lay a big tug, the *Dauntless*, soon to become famous as the most successful filibuster in the Cuban service, now making her first essay in the exciting work of dodging American revenue-cutters and outrunning Spanish gun-boats. On a siding near the river bank were three large freight cars, supposed to contain saw-mill machinery, arrived two days before from New York. There was no longer any occasion for secrecy, and we were informed that the station was Woodbine, on the extreme south-eastern coast of Georgia, the river was the Satilla, the freight cars were laden with arms and ammunition, and the panting tug in the river was to carry us to Cuba. We alighted from the cars, stretched our cramped limbs, and looked over our surroundings with no little interest. Our engine and car pulled out, and the engineer, who evidently suspected that he was helping to make history, called out, "Good-by and good luck, don't let them Spanions git you." We were served with a hasty breakfast of strong coffee and hard bread from the *Dauntless*, the freight cars were opened, we took off our coats and went to work, and work it was. The forenoon was sultry and the boxes heavy, but fortunately the carry was down hill and we returned up the river empty-handed. There were many among the thirty-five of us who had never done a stroke of manual labor in their lives, but we five were not in that class. Nevertheless, we were heartily glad when the task was over, and all felt that we had qualified for membership in the freight handlers' union. In five hours there had been transferred to the hold of the *Dauntless* the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder, with its pack-saddles and other gear, and 800 shells, 1,300 Mauser and Remington rifles, 100 revolvers, 1,000 cavalry machetes, 800 pounds of dynamite, several hundred saddles, half a ton of medical stores, and 460,000 rounds of small arms-ammunition. In truth, the Madison Square Garden fair for the raising of funds for the purchase of "hospital supplies" had evidently been a howling success. I can testify that the cargo of the *Dauntless* put many a man in the hospital for every one it took out.

It was about noon when we were ready to cast off, and the *Dauntless*, giving several defiant toots, as if in exultation, slipped down the river toward the sea. On the bridge was her master, Capt. John O'Brien, a noted filibuster, usually known by the honorary title of "Dynamite" O'Brien, from some incident connected with one of the Central American or West Indian revolutions that he had been mixed up in. Blockade running was an old story with him, even before the Cuban insurrection, and during that war he had safely conducted a number of expeditions to the Cuban coast. He was an ideal man for the perilous business, cool and resourceful, and a splendid seaman. And all of these qualifications were needed for filibustering in this particular war, for if there was one thing well understood it was that every member of one of these expeditions if captured by the Spaniards would get the shortest shrift possible to give him. The Spaniards do not fight revolutions with rose-water, and maybe they are right. Consequently, filibustering in those days was grim and terrible business, fit occupation for lion-hearted men. Insurrections with their attendant blockade running are not so frequent as in the good times gone by. The industry is in the "dumps," and Captain O'Brien is now chief harbor pilot of Havana, the mild-mannered, thick-set man with iron-gray moustache who has conducted many a one of you on a passenger steamer through the narrow entrance past Morro Castle. I saw him ten years later, when he came out to bring in the vessel on which I was a passenger at the time of the second intervention, and we had a good embrace in Cuban style in memory of our hazardous voyage of former years. His present occupation must seem to him as tame as raising chickens.

Pagluchi had long before turned over his five members of the expedition to General Cabrera, doubtless glad to be rid of us, and was now in charge of the engines of the *Dauntless*. The crew consisted of just crew, and they look alike the world over. It seemed rather a shame to run these men, who probably did not know what they were doing, up against the chance of being blown out of the water by a Spanish gun-

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boat or of being lined up against that famous wall at the Cabanas fortress, the scene of so many pitiful tragedies. In a short time we were out of the river and on the Atlantic. A sharp lookout was kept before getting well out to sea, but not a wisp of smoke was in sight. As a part of the game to give us a clear field, the *Commodore* had left Charleston the evening before and steamed north, followed by the revenue-cutter, finally putting into Hampton Roads. So there was no danger to be apprehended from that particular vessel. Now followed four days of rolling and pitching on the broad swells of the Atlantic. How small and inconsequential the little *Dauntless* seemed on that wild waste of waters. She could have made the passage in two days but for the necessity of economizing her supply of coal for the return trip to some United States port, and to have enough fuel to enable her to speed up and make a run for life if the occasion arose. Always a victim to seasickness, even under the most favorable circumstances, I can never forget those four days of suffering as the little steamer labored through the sea, rolling and pitching, our only home, the deck, swept from time to time by clouds of spray, with an occasional wave for good measure. We lay about day after day in our water-soaked blankets, getting such snatches of sleep as we could, and now and then staggering to the rail to make the required contribution to Neptune. We certainly were as unhappy and as unheroic-looking a lot of adventurers as ever trusted themselves to the sea.

On the afternoon of August 16 we were told that we were approaching the northeast coast of Cuba. The wind and sea now moderated somewhat, and the worn and harassed filibusters began to come to life. All realized that this was the most critical period in our voyage, as the coast was patrolled by gun-boats and armed launches, and capture meant death, swift and inevitable. We five had among ourselves talked over such a possibility, and it was pretty well understood that if worst came to worst we were to take Kipling's advice,

> "Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains,
> And go to your God like a soldier."

But not without making a fight for it, for the Hotchkiss twelve-pounder, the same gun at which I had drilled for the perspiring patriots in New York, was now unpacked and mounted on the deck forward, and several boxes of ammunition opened. This was a task of great difficulty, a gun on a field carriage mounted on the deck of a rolling vessel being about as dangerous to those serving it as to any possible target. But the brake ropes were adjusted, and the piece anchored as securely as possible by means of other ropes, the wheels being also blocked by timbers. The muzzle pointed over the port bow, and if a necessity had arisen to train the gun in any other direction it was intended to accomplish the purpose by turning the vessel accordingly. As I was the only one on board who understood this weapon, General Cabrera placed it in my charge, and I had my four companions to assist in setting it up and in serving it in case of need. There were known to be two classes of vessels patrolling the Cuban coast, several gun-boats of rather low speed, and a considerable number of fast, large launches, each carrying a crew of about a dozen men, and armed with a Nordenfelt rapid fire gun of small calibre. It was intended, in case we encountered a gun-boat, to depend entirely on the speed of the *Dauntless* to escape, but if our antagonist was a launch we were to let her get as close as possible and then open on her. We had no doubt that we could drive off any launch, and even hoped that we might frighten the crew into surrender. A tarpaulin had been placed over the gun as soon as mounted, in order that it could not be seen until needed for action. It is interesting to know that some months later, while attempting an expedition on the south coast of Cuba, the *Dauntless* had a gun mounted in this fashion and was pursued by an armed launch, whereupon she fired one shot, missing the target about half a mile, but the launch could hardly be seen for the spray she tore up in getting out of the way. This incident created much amusement, being spoken of as the first and only "naval battle" of the war.

We made out in time the low mangrove-covered coast, and could see far away the dim outline of the hills of the interior. We stood on deck with beating hearts and tense faces as the little steamer drew near the inlet known as Las Nuevas Grandes, a short distance east of the entrance to Nuevitas harbor, on the coast of the province of

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Puerto Principe or Camaguey. No vessel was in sight, but we were troubled by the appearance from time to time of a bit of smoke along the shore line far to the eastward. All who were supplied with glasses kept them trained on that part of the horizon. It was plain to be seen that Captain O'Brien and Generals Nunez and Cabrera were anxious, as they held several whispered consultations on the bridge. The smoke might be from a fire on shore or from a vessel bound eastward, the latter supposition being in favor from the fact that it was not seen for the last half hour before darkness settled down over land and sea. As night came on we could plainly see the flashes of the Maternillos light to the westward. And so, minute by minute, we drew nearer to our goal. A man was now taking soundings, and his voice and the throbbing of the engines were the only sounds that broke an oppressive silence. We five would-be Lafayettes and Von Steubens were grouped about the gun on the bow; the weapon had been loaded and the primer inserted, and the only thing that remained to be done, in case a necessity arose, was to remove the tarpaulin, get her pointed in the general direction, and pull the lanyard. We were taking no chances on nervousness and confusion at a critical moment cheating us out of one shot, at least, in case an inquisitive launch should poke her nose around the point that we had now passed. If I must tell all, our teeth were chattering, and not from cold, but from the terrific strain and from trying to force ourselves to be calm and cool.

Las Nuevas Grandes is merely an indentation in the coast and in no sense a harbor, and when we were about half a mile from the surf the engines were stopped. The *Dauntless* carried two regular sea boats, but these were not used in landing our cargo. Instead, she had brought, piled up on her deck, eight broad, flat-bottomed skiffs, each with two pairs of oars and a steering oar. A seaman would scorn to be seen in such a craft, but they were quite well suited to an aggregation of land crabs like ourselves, and owing to their flat bottoms could easily be hauled through a moderate surf. Each of us five "Americans," as we were called, to distinguish us from the Cubans, was put in charge of a boat, while the others were intrusted to three of our Cuban fellow-voyagers. The boats were lowered by hand over the rail without difficulty, but once in the water pounded about in a way that was most disconcerting. The crew of the steamer went below deck and passed up the cargo, which was tossed into the boats with feverish haste, no attempt being made to stow it properly. As no one was now left on board to serve the gun, it was dismounted and the various parts lowered, after much difficulty, into my boat. I was able to get away first, and with a crew of four at the oars pushed toward the surf, which, owing to the darkness, could not be seen, but was distinctly audible. About half-way to the shore we could dimly make out the line of breakers. Years before, I had had some pretty stiff surf work in Indian canoes on the Alaskan coast and thought I knew something on that subject, but the prospect before us was not alluring. The greatest drawback was the darkness, which made it impossible to see whatever rocks there might be, as well as to estimate the height or violence of the surf. But it was too late to turn back, and in we went. There was a lot of pitching and bucking, and a wave or two broke over us, but as soon as we struck, oars were dropped and overboard we went, up to our waists, caught the boat by its sides, and ran up onto the beach with it on the next wave. Fortunately, it was a perfectly clean, shelving, sandy beach, and we got through with nothing worse than a superb ducking and a boat half full of water. The gun with its wheels and carriage was carried beyond reach of the tide and thrown down in the grass, and the boat overturned to get out the water it had shipped. Just as we were preparing to launch, in order to go for our next load, we heard excited voices near us, and knew that the second boat was coming in. We ran down the beach to assist, but arrived too late to be of service. The boat was caught on one quarter, turned broadside on, and hurled onto the beach. The air was literally full of *Jesus Marias* interspersed with the impressive type of English cuss words, in the use of which one of my companions was no mean artist But the boat was dragged out, and the next day at low tide its cargo was recovered. Both boats were now launched and started on their return to the *Dauntless*. On the way we met several others, and gave them the

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information that the beach was a good one, but the surf troublesome. All lights on the steamer had, of course, been screened or extinguished, but a lighted lantern had been hung over the shore side for the purpose of guiding returning boats.

As it was deemed inadvisable to build a fire on shore, there was no guide in that direction, with the result that our cargo was scattered along about seven hundred yards of beach. So the work went on far into the night, an occasional boat upsetting, but without loss of life. Luckily, the excitement kept away all feeling of fatigue or hunger. The wind was rising and the sky had become overcast, and there were occasional squalls of rain. My boat was nearing the *Dauntless* for its sixth load, when we heard an excited exclamation from the bridge, and saw to the northward, over the mangrove bushes on the point, a peculiar white light sweeping the horizon. The steamer had not anchored, but was keeping her approximate position by means of her screw, and had had on a full head of steam ever since approaching the coast, ready to do her best in case she had to run for it. At this time two boats were loading alongside, but their crews piled into them and pulled clear, under some sulphurous orders yelled down from the bridge. There were a few tense moments in which we lay on our oars and awaited developments. Nearer and nearer came that cursed light, but the vessel itself could not yet be located owing to intervening land. But there was no time to lose, as to be caught in this little pocket of a bay meant disaster. The engine bell rang viciously, a black column of smoke poured from the funnel of the *Dauntless*, and the race for life began. It was known that this could be no launch, as launches, at least those at that time in the Spanish navy, do not carry search-lights, but must be a cruiser or a gun-boat of some size.

The *Dauntless* plunged through the water, and for a couple of miles we could trace her by the smoke and sparks from her funnel. In order to clear the point she had to run straight out to sea, at first in the direction of the enemy. The search-light wavered here and there on the shore line and over the surface of the water, and finally fell on the *Dauntless*. There was a painful moment for those of us watching, and then came the distant booming of the guns; but finally these sounds died away and both pursuer and pursued faded from sight. With heavy hearts we rowed ashore, and the members of the expedition gathered about the piles of cartridge boxes and bundles of rifles on the beach, shivered in their wet clothing, and in subdued tones, discussed the situation. All were present, but only about three-fourths of our cargo had been landed. Our position was not an enviable one, as we felt morally certain that the Spaniard would return after daylight and deal with us. We could, of course, escape into the bush, but all our war material would be captured. The hours dragged along, but finally morning came and ushered in a windy and sodden day, the trees and grass dripping moisture, and everything seemingly conspiring to depress our spirits and harass our worn bodies. On the supposition that the gun-boat would honor us with a visit during the day, search was made as soon as it was light for a suitable position for the gun, with the intention of doing our best to beat her off. An almost ideal natural gun-pit was found near the beach. In some violent storm a large log had been hurled beyond the ordinary high-tide mark, and had fallen across the mouth of a little gully, where sand to the thickness of several feet had been blown up against it. The gun was set up in the gully, its muzzle pointing over the log which served as a revetment for the sand. The position was most satisfactory, so far as protection was concerned, but had the disadvantage that the muzzle could not be depressed sufficiently to use the piece at short range. From fearing that the gun-boat would come in, we now began to worry lest it should not. We reasoned that the advantage was all on our side, as we had good protection and a steady platform, which the gun-boat could not have, the *Dauntless* having demonstrated how a small vessel could roll on that shallow and exposed coast. We would have a good clear target, while to harm us the gun-boat must make hit on the muzzle of the gun, the only portion of it exposed. We knew that she must be an unarmored vessel, and that our shells would reach her vitals if our marksmanship was equal to the occasion. We even chuckled as we thought of the possibility of a lucky shot disabling her machinery, after which we could delib-

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erately bombard her into a surrender and then go out to her in our small boats, thus beautifully turning the tables on our pursuer.

In the meantime a fire had been built and coffee made and bacon broiled, and this with some hard bread refreshed all greatly. It was thought best to carry our tons of military stores, piled helter-skelter along the beach, to some place concealed from view, and this slavish task consumed the greater part of the forenoon. Advantage was taken of low tide to recover those articles lost from the boats overturned in the surf on the previous night. Fortunately, boxes of cartridges and bundles of rifles are not easily swept out to sea, so that eventually the only shortage was one bundle of ten Remington rifles. The small arms-ammunition was not injured by its immersion, the boxes being tin-lined, but several cases of cartridges for the twelve-pounder were practically ruined, as we were to learn to our cost at Cascorra a few weeks later.

While carrying out these tasks many anxious glances were cast seaward, and about eleven o'clock a film of smoke was noticed far to the north. Closer and closer it came, until we could make out the hull of the vessel, but we were kept in a fever of uncertainty as to its identity. If we could have had a broadside view our doubts would have been dispelled. It was considered unlikely that the *Dauntless* would return, and if not that vessel it must be a gun-boat. The Cubans, armed with Mausers, were scattered in groups along the beach to resist a landing party, and we five went to our gun-pit, loaded the piece, and made all preparations to open the ball. Considering our excitement when in danger the night before, all were remarkably cool and self-possessed, which probably arose from our conviction that if the gun-boat came close enough to open fire with effect she was "our meat." I was already sighting the gun and estimating the distance for a trial shot, when the vessel suddenly swung her broadside to, and we recognized the *Dauntless*. Captain O'Brien, fearing that we might use him as a target, had swung around purposely in order that we might identify the vessel. There was a wild run for the boats by all except a small guard left on shore, and we were soon out to the steamer. No time was lost in landing the remainder of the cargo, a task of a couple of hours. As to the adventures of the past night, we were told that the *Dauntless* had led the gun-boat a straight chase to the north for several hours, and out-distancing her pursuer had finally made a wide circuit and come back to get rid of the remainder of her cargo, being aided in her escape by the thick and squally weather. Months afterward we were informed, and I presume correctly, that the vessel that had given us such a close call was the torpedo gun-boat *Galicia*. It is almost certain that it was either the *Galicia* or the *Jorge Juan*, as they were said to be the only naval vessels, other than launches, on that portion of the coast at the time of our landing.

As the last boat load pulled away, the *Dauntless*, brave as her name, gave three defiant blasts from her whistle as a parting salute and steamed away, leaving us to our own devices on a strange and inhospitable coast. As we silently watched her fade from sight we realized that we had burned our bridges behind us and were in for the war. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, keeping a lookout for any gun-boats that might drop in on us. It has always been a mystery to me why the Spaniards at Nuevitas were not informed as to our landing by the gun-boat that discovered us. An expedition could have been sent against us with success at any time within the next four days. Although we could have kept a vessel off with our gun, fifty men landing out of its reach could have captured all our material, though we could have escaped into the jungle. It was, of course, impossible for thirty-five men to attempt to move our tons of impedimenta for any distance from the beach, and immediately after the final departure of the *Dauntless*, four men had been sent into the interior to get in touch with the rebel forces. Four anxious days passed, but finally a man was sighted coming along the beach, and two of our party went out to meet him. We heard them, when within calling distance, give the insurgent challenge, "*Alto. Quien va?*" and the reply, "Cuba," and knew that the new arrival was a friend. The man was one of the scouts of the advance guard of General Capote's portion of Maximo Gomez's command. He was a ragged, unwashed individual, armed with a Reming-

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ton rifle and machete, and was so glad to see us that he insisted on bestowing on each one of us the *abrazo*, a form of embrace much in vogue in Cuba. I took my medicine along with the rest, but not with noticeable enthusiasm. Soon came the advance guard, and then the main body, in all six hundred men, with a large number of pack-animals. It was too late in the day to begin the march into the interior, but the next morning all were on the move, every horse and man loaded to the limit. By nightfall we had covered thirty miles, and we new arrivals, being "soft," were about done for. We went into camp along a beautiful *potrero*, or pasture, with about a thousand men under General Maximo Gomez, who had marched thither to meet us. Before morning I had found in this force four fellow-countrymen, Walter M. Jones, a native of New York State, who had lived in Cuba for ten years, and who died after the war as chief of the harbor police of Havana; Arthur Royal Joyce, of South Egremont, Mass., who, a few weeks later, was to be terribly wounded in the grim work at Cascorra; William Smith, second in command of Gomez's personal escort, and James Pennie, of Washington, D. C., who afterward had the doubtful pleasure of contributing a leg to the cause of Free Cuba. We sat late around the camp fire that night, exchanging experiences with these already seasoned campaigners. The next morning I was presented by General Cabrera to the grizzled and silent old chieftain, Maximo Gomez, veteran of the Ten Years' War, and had a good opportunity to see something of my future comrade in arms. It was a rather impressive-looking force, the men though very, very ragged, being well armed and well mounted. Much to my surprise, fully nine-tenths of them were white men, which was accounted for by the fact that these troops were raised in Camaguey, which has a smaller percentage of Negroes than any other province in Cuba. Later I was to see organizations from the southern part of Santiago province consisting almost entirely of Negroes, but take it through and through, there were many more whites than blacks in the insurgent forces. The next morning we were on the march, and in due time we new arrivals had our first taste of war, but that is another story.

[The second of General Funston's papers, "The Siege of Cascorra," will appear in the October Number.]

CONSTANCY

By Minor Watson

"DEAR as remembered kisses after death"—
We read and pause, toying the pliant page
With absent fingers while we question slow,
By whom remembered? Not by those that live,
And love again, and wed, and know fresh joys,
Forgetting the pale past. Ah, no! for them,
The sudden stirring of such long-whelmed thought
Means shock and pain, and swift reburial.
But it may be, that with the dreaming dead,
Who sank away quick pierced by despair,
It may be that their stillness is aglow
Through soft recalling of each loved caress.
Perchance it is of them the poet saith
"Dear as remembered kisses after death."

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REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK V

OF THE NATURE OF AN EPILOGUE, DEALING WITH DESPOINA

I

HER spirits on the rebound, her courage waving in her face, like the flag on a citadel, she hesitated at nothing. On Chevenix's suggestion that they must "play the game with Nevile," she told her betrothed what she proposed to do. He had raised his eyebrows, but said, "Why not?"

"I thought you didn't love each other," had been her answer, and he had responded:

"Well, I have no reason to dislike him. In fact, he gave you to me, if you remember." He chuckled over the memory himself. "When the thing between us was at its reddest heat, your man came pelting up to me. He had seen you, it appears, and nothing would stop him. I never told you this tale, but you may as well have it now. The man's a lunatic, you know. What do you think he wanted? How do you think he put it? As thus: 'I loathe you, my dear man.' I'm giving you the substance. 'You stand for everything I'm vowed to destroy; but I hope you'll marry her, and tie her to you for life.' That was his little plan. As you know, I couldn't oblige him. He thought I could!"

She had been staring out of the window while he harangued from the hearth-rug, his favorite post in a room. At this time she had no eyes but for the Open Country, or what of it could be seen over the chimney-pots. But at those last words, she did turn and look at him. "Why did he think you could?"

It was for Ingram then to stare. "Why did he think so? My dear, I'll tell you why no sane man would have thought so, if you insist. He thought that as I had lived alone ever since Claire bolted, I could get a divorce. That's what *he* thought."

Sanchia pondered his reply, facing the window again. Ingram fidgeted, with his hands in his pockets. "Men don't live like that," he said. Sanchia did not move. More as if it were to satisfy herself than to credit him, she said, to the window and street beyond it, "I wonder that he didn't remember that you would never drag any one into notoriety whom you had once—loved." Ingram grinned.

"As your man Glyde tried to drag you, my dear! Well, that's one way of accounting for old Senhouse, certainly. I don't know that *that* would have stood in the light, after the way she behaved. Notoriety! She managed that for herself."

"Then—" she began, but did not finish. She stopped, looked sharply about her, out of window, across the room, seemed to be listening to something, or for something. Then she said, "I see." For the rest of the evening she was very quiet, burning in a hidden fire.

Here was Saturday, and to-morrow she should see him again—the man who had loved her so much that he had never kissed her. Love such as that, rendered in kisses, was unthinkable. She knew that she must not think of it, though she could not help her dreams. But there was no fear. The man who had not dared to kiss her when he might should find that she was worthy of such high honor.

Through the strings blew the wind from the southwest. "I love him—I shall see him to-morrow—I shall never tell him so—

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but he will read it in my eyes. He never kissed me when he might—he will not do it now, when he must not. I am a fool, a fool, a fool! Thank God, I am a fool again!"

II

"I FANCY," said Chevenix, as they breasted the down, "that to the candid observer we present a very pretty sight. He's not here, but I wish he were. A free-moving young lady—this is my idea—a Diana of the Uplands—wasn't there a picture of the name?—going to see an emancipated party of the Open Road—with a chain round her heart, in the custody of a gentleman friend."

She took him on his own terms. "Explain your idea. What, for instance, is in the gentleman friend's custody? The chain or the heart? Because, I assure you——"

"A truce," said Chevenix, "to your assurances. What I mean is this. It's jolly decent of Nevile to let you off. I don't know how he can bear you out of his sight after the way he's behaved."

She was in high spirits. She laughed at the vision of Nevile, deeply contrite and afraid that she would find him out. "I don't think Nevile cares much, whatever I may do." But Chevenix shook his head.

"You never know where to have Nevile. What says the primer? *Timeo Danaos*—don't you know?"

She pleaded, Might they not forget Nevile out here in the open? "Do you know," she asked him, "that I haven't been out like this——"

"On the loose, eh?" he interposed. She nodded.

"Yes, like this—free to do as I like—the world before me—" She fronted the blue valley for a moment, and then turned to the wind—"and the wind in my face—ever since I left Wanless?" Then she reflected with wide and wondering eyes. "And before that—long before. I haven't been free, you know, ever since I knew Nevile. Oh!" and she inhaled the spirit of the hour. "Oh, I could fall down and hug the earth. Don't you love the thymy smell? I don't know why, but it always makes me think of poetry—and *that*." She lifted her rapt face to where, like a fountain of sound, a lark flooded the blue. "To lift up, and up, and up, to be so lovely because one was so glad! Nobody could do that!"—"Except Jack," she added half in a whisper.

"That old chap's not a man," said Chevenix; "he's a spirit."

"They used to call him the Faun, at Bill Hill, where I first met him," she said. "I fancy now that I never knew him at all. But he knew all about me. That's why I'm so happy. Nobody has ever known me since—and it's such a bore to have to explain yourself. Other people seem to think I'm extraordinary. I'm not at all—I'm the most ordinary person in the world—But he liked me like that."

Chevenix, watching her, said, "He'll like you like this, I expect. May I tell you that you're a heady compound? Do be quiet. Remember that I'm holding the chain. I won't swear to every link." She laughed, and pressed forward, the wind kissing her eyes.

They reached the race-course and had, behind them and before, two valleys. Their road lay now due west, keeping the ridge—a broad grass track belted rarely by woods on the north, but open on the south to hill and vale in diversity of sun and shade, a billowy sea of grass where no sign of man was to be seen. Sanchia's heart was so light she scarcely touched the ground. She swam the air, not flew. Chevenix pounded in her wake.

"You know," he told her by and by, "he's alone here? A solitary figure? Doing the hermit? Crying in the Wilderness?"

She had guessed, but not known that. Caution set a guard upon her eyes and tongue. "Do you mean—that he's always alone?"

"Bless you, yes. His lady couldn't stick it. She fled. But she's quite fond of him—in her way. I found out his address from her. She was quite glad I was going to see him. But she never goes herself, I believe. She's married. Other views altogether, she has. Or *he* has—her husband, you know. It was a rum business altogether, her taking up with old Senhouse. I could have told her what would come of that, if she'd asked me. No malice, you know—now. They're good friends. Write to each other. As a fact, she's married. She was a widow. She's married a man I know, a chap in the House, name of Duplessis. Sulky chap, but able. Keeps her in order. Old Sen-

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house will speak about it—you see if he don't."

She was full of thought over these sayings. What had he been about when he mated with a woman of that sort? "A man don't live like that," had been Neville's explanation of part of his own history. Was this the meaning of her friend's vagary? Would he tell her? She would never ask him, but would give worlds to know.

Presently, and quite suddenly, as they pushed their way, now in silence broken only by Chevenix's cheerful whistling, upon that backbone of a broad hill-country—quite suddenly her heart leaped, and then stood fast. "Look, look!" she said softly. "There's Jack, close to us!" In a sheltered hollow some hundred feet below the level at which they were, a hooded figure in pure white was startlingly splashed upon the gray-brown of the dry hills. The peak of a cowl shot straight above his head, and the curtains of it covered his face. He sat, squatting upon the turf, with a lifted hand admonishing. About him, with cocked ears and quick side-glances, were some six or seven hares, some reared upon their haunches, some, with sleek heads, intent upon the herbage, one lopping here and there in quest, but none out of range of a quick hand. Above his head, high in the blue, birds were wheeling, now up, now down. Peewits tumbling heavily, pigeons with beating wings, sailing jackdaws—higher yet, serene in rarity, a brown kestrel oared the sky.

Sanchia's soft eyes gleamed with wet. "Saint Francis—and the hares! Oh, dearest, have I never known you?"

"What a chance for a rifleman!" said Chevenix. "That beats the cocks."

They stood intent for a while, not daring to disturb the mystery enacting. Chevenix whispered, "He's giving 'em church, to-day being Sunday," while Sanchia, breathless, said, "Hush! hush!" and felt the tears fret a way down her cheeks. Presently she put both hands to her breast and fell upon her knees. Chevenix, not insensible to her emotion, lit a pipe. Thus he broke the spell.

"Go to him, please. Tell him that I'm here," she bade him, and then turned away and sat waiting upon a clump of heather. She sat, as not daring to look up, until she heard his soft tread on the turf. Then she lifted to him her wet and rueful eyes.

His long strides brought him close in a second. He was changed. Leaner, browner, older than she had known him. And he wore a strange Eastern garment, a hooded white robe, short-sleeved and buttonless, made of coarse woollen cloth. He had thrown the hood back, and it sat upon his shoulders like a huge rolling collar. Yes, he was changed; there was mystery upon him, which sat broodingly on his brows. But his eyes were the same—bright as a bird's, frosty-kind as a spring morning, which stings while it kisses you. "Queen Mab!" he said. "You!" and held out both his hands. It was evident that neither of them could speak. She rose; but there was no touching of the hands.

"And Peachblossom, attendant sprite," cried the resourceful Chevenix, following him up. "Don't forget him."

"Puck, I think," said Senhouse. "Robin Goodfellow." He had recovered himself in that breathing-space. "How splendid of you both. Come and see my ship. I'm in moorings now, you know. I've cut piracy."

"And preach to the hares," said Chevenix. "We saw you at it. What does his lordship say?"

"His lordship, who, in spite of that, is an excellent man, likes it. His lordship was pleased to catch me, as you did, at it, and to suggest that he should bring out a party of her ladyship's friends to see me perform. I told him that I was his hireling, no doubt, but that my friends here were amateurs who didn't care to say their prayers in public. His lordship begged pardon, and I bet you he's a gentleman. Nearly everybody is, when you come to know him."

Chevenix revelled in him. "Still the complete moralist, old Jack!" he cheered. "I'll back you for a bushel of nuts to have it out with Charon as you ferry across. And here, for want of *us*, you turn to the hares! Sancie, you and I must get season tickets to Sarum, or he'll forget his tongue."

Sanchia, overcome by shyness, had nothing to do with this brisk interchange. She walked between the contestants like a child out with her betters. Senhouse led them down the scarped side of a hill into his own valley; rounding a bluff, they suddenly

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came upon his terraces and creeper-covered hut. The place was a blaze of field flowers, each terrace a thick carpet of color. In front of them the valley wound softly to the south, and melted into the folds of the hills; to the right, upon a wooded slope, in glades between the trees, goats were at pasture.

"Goats! Robinson Crusoe!" Chevenix pointed them out. "'*Dic mihi, Damœta, cujum pecus? an Meliboei?*' Are they yours, Senhouse?"

"I drink them, and make cheese. I learned how to do it at Udine ages ago. You shall have some."

Sanchia saw them. The sun gleamed upon fawn and white, and made black shine like jet. Deep in the thickets they heard the bell of one, cropping musically.

Senhouse led them to his veranda, which was shadowed from the heat, made them sit on mats, and served them with milk and bread in wooden bowls and trenchers. He was barefooted, which Sanchia must by all means be—for the day: divining her, as he only could, he knelt without invitation and untied her shoes. "Stockings too, I'll bet you!" was what Chevenix thought; but he was wrong. Senhouse went into his cabin, and returned with sandals. Sanchia had taken off her own stockings. They were sandals to fit her. "I made them for Mary," he explained; "but she preferred boots." "Most of 'em do," Chevenix said, "in their hearts," and Senhouse quietly rejoined, "So I've found out."

Chevenix the tactful withdrew himself after a civil interval. He said that he should go goat-stalking, and, instead, went for a ramble, well out of sight. Then he found a place after his mind, smoked a pipe, and had a nap.

The pair, left to themselves, resumed with hardly an effort their ancient footing.

He said, after looking long upon her, "You are changed, Queen Mab; you are graver and quieter—but you are yourself, I see."

"I am not changed really," she said. "I love all the things I did. But sometimes one doesn't know it."

He did not appear to heed her, occupied in his gentle scanning of her. "You are, I suppose, more beautiful than you were. I was prepared for that. You have been very much with me of late."

Her excitement grew. "Have I? It's very odd, but——"

"It's not at all odd," he said. "Nothing is. I will tell you what happens. After I go to bed—which is always latish—I feel you come down the slope. I am not surprised—I wasn't the first time. You come in a blue gown, with bare feet. I can't see anything of you as you come but gleaming ivory—an oval: your face; two bars: your arms; two shafts—and your feet. Your hair is loose all about your shoulders, and close about your face. It makes the oval longer and narrower than I see it now; your face is fuller by day than by night. You come to me out here where I wait for you, and hold out your hand. I rise, and take it—and out we go. I realize now that I am in the conduct of a fairy. I was inspired when I hailed you—how long ago?—as Queen Mab. You show me wonderful things. Do you know that you come?"

"No, but—" She stopped, and bent her head. Her experience had not been so simple—"I have thought sometimes—" She could not finish—broke off abruptly. There was a beating pause, during which neither of them dared look at the other. She broke it. She asked him what he did out here alone. "I live," he said, "very much as I did. I read—in three tongues; I paint rarely; I do a great deal of work. At night I write my book. And then—you come."

"And what is your book?"

"It began as Memoirs—in three volumes, but those have stopped. There was plenty to say, but after certain experiences which came to me here—singular enough experiences—nothing in it seemed worth while. Now I call it Despoina, after the principal character."

"Who is Despoina?"

He looked at her, smiling with his eyes. "You are Despoina."

"Oh," said she, "I thought I was Queen Mab."

"It is the same thing. Despoina means the Lady—the Lady of the Country. She is a great fairy. The greatest."

It was now for her to smile at him, which she did a little wistfully. "Your Despoina is either too much fairy, or not enough. She does very humdrum things. She has

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done mischief—now she is going to repair it. She is going to be married."

He was watching her quietly, and took her news quietly.

"Yes, so I learned. There was a youth here who told me."

She stopped him, flushing wildly. "A youth! Struan was here? Then it's true—it's true?"

He was quite calm under this outcry. "Yes, your champion Glyde was here. A good fellow in the main, but Lord! what a donkey! I think I did him good. He left me a week ago. He had told me about you—found out where you lived, and what was happening." She sat with her face between her hands, dared not let him see it.

Senhouse resumed the question of her marriage. "It doesn't matter what you do. You are you. So Ingram has forgiven Master Glyde, and now——"

She lifted her pale face at this word of duty.

"His wife died a year ago; rather more. He wants me to marry him, and I think I must."

"You don't want to?" She shook her head, watching her fingers tear the grass.

"No," she said, "not in the least. But I shall do it. Don't you think that I should?"

He thought, then threw his arms out. "God knows what I am to say! If the world held only you and me and him—here—fast in this valley—I tell you fairly, I should stop it." She looked up quickly, and their eyes met. Hers were haunted with longing. He had to turn his head. "But it doesn't. To me what you intend to do seems quite horrible—because I am flesh, and cannot see that you are spirit. That is a perfectly honorable reading of the Law, which says, What I did as a child I must abide as a woman. It's a law of Nature, after all's said; and yet it can be contradicted in a breath. It's one of those everlasting propositions which are true both ways, positively and negatively; for Nature says, That is my rule, and immediately after, Break it if you're strong enough. Now, you are, but I am not."

Once more they looked at each other, these two who had but one desire between them—and who knew it each of each. And again it was he who broke away.

"I'm a coward, I'm false to my own belief. It's love that makes me so. Oh! Heaven, I see so well what it would be, And it would be right, mind you. These laws of Society are nothing, absolutely nothing. But you are pleased, for reasons, to submit. You are deliberate, you are strong. It's the old thing over again. Hideous, vile, abominable servitude! But you are pleased to do it. You say it is Destiny, and you may be right. I tell you once more, I dare not say a word against it."

"No, no," she said hastily; "don't say anything to stop me. I must go on with it. I have promised. He knows I don't love him, and he doesn't care."

Senhouse pricked up his head. "Does he love you, do you suppose? Do you believe it?"

She shrugged half-heartedly. "He says so. He—he seemed to when I told him that I was going away."

"When was that?" he asked her. She told him the whole story as the reader knows it. Senhouse heard her, his head between his hands.

At the end of it, he looked out over the valley.

"Would to God," he said, "you and I had never met, Sanchia."

Tears filled her eyes. "Oh, why do you say that?"

He took her hands. "You know why." There was no faltering in the look that passed between them now. They were face to face indeed. He got up, and stood apart from her. She waited miserably where she was.

"We may be friends now, I believe," he said. "You'll let me write to you? You'll trust me?"

"I shall live in your letters," she said. "I read nothing else but those I have. They are all the help I have." Then with a cry she broke out. "Oh, Jack, what a mess we've made of our affairs!"

He laughed bitterly. "Do you know my tale?"

"I guess it," she said.

"I played the rogue," he told her, "to a good girl, who was as far from my understanding as I was from hers. God bless her, she's happy now. I swear to you that I meant to do her honor—and directly I found out what she really wanted, I would have given it her. You'll not believe that I was such a fool as to suppose she could

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feel happy with my ideas of wedded life—but I did. Oh, Heavens! Poor, dear, affectionate, simple soul, she felt naked! She shivered at her own plight, and wondered why I'd been so unkind to her, seeing I was by ordinary so kind. I shudder to think what she must have gone through."

"But," she said, anxious to save him, "but she knew what your beliefs were—and accepted them. You told me so."

"Queen Mab," he said gravely, "she was a woman, not a fairy. And please to observe the difference. She, poor dear, felt as if she was stripped until she was married. You will feel stripped when you are. Yet you both do it for the same reason. She obeys the law because she dare not break it; you because you choose to keep it. Despoina! Despoina!"

She laughed, a little awry. "You used to call me Artemis. I'm not she any more."

"You are all the goddesses. You do what you please. Your mind is of Artemis, you have the form of Demeter, the grave-eyed spirit of the corn—and your gown, I observe, is blue, as hers was. I see Hera in you, too, the peering, proud lady of intolerant eyelids, and Kore, the pale, sad wife—which makes you your own daughter, my dear—and Gaia, by whom the Athenians swore when they were serious—Gaia, the Heart of the Earth. All these you are in turns—but to me Despoina, the Lady of the Country, whose secrets no man knows but me."

She was now by his side, very pale and pure in her distress. She put her hand on his shoulder as she leaned to him. "Dearest, there is one of my secrets you have not learned. May I tell it you?"

He listened sideways, not able to look at her. She felt him tremble. "I think not—I think not. You will tell Ingram first—then do as you please. Don't ask me to listen. Haven't I told you that I see you every night?"

"And I tell you nothing of my secret?"

"I never ask you."

"But do I not tell you? Can I keep it?"

"You don't speak to me. You never speak. You look. Fairies don't speak with the tongue. They have better ways."

"What do you do with me?"

"I follow you, over the hills."

"And then?"

"At dawn you leave me."

"I am a ghost?"

"I don't know. You are Despoina. You go at dawn."

A power was upon her, and within her. She put both hands on his shoulders. "One night I shall come—and not leave you. And after that you will not follow me any more. I shall follow you." Perfectly master of himself, his eyes met hers and held them.

"It shall be as you will."

She smiled confidently. "I shall come. I know that. But I shan't speak."

"What need of speech between you and me?"

She saw Chevenix upon the high ground above. He stood on the grass dykes of Hirlebury, and waved his hat.

"I must go now," she said. "Good-by, my dear one."

"Good-by, Despoina. In seven hours you will be here again." . . .

"It is to be observed," says a gifted author, "that the laws of human conduct are precisely made for the conduct of this world of Men in which we live and breed and pay rent. They do not affect the Kingdom of the Dogs, nor that of the Fishes; by a parity of reasoning they should not be supposed to obtain in the Kingdom of Heaven, in which the Schoolmen discovered the citizens dwelling in nine spheres, apart from the blessed Immigrants, whose privileges did not extend so near to the Heart of the Presence. How many realms there may be between mankind's and that ultimate object of Pure Desire cannot at present be known, but it may be affirmed with confidence that any denizen of any one of them, brought into relation with human beings, would act, and lawfully act, in ways which to men would seem harsh, unconscionable, without sanction or convenience. Such a being might murder one of the ratepayers of London, compound a felony, or enter into conspiracy to depose the King himself, and, being detected, very properly be put under restraint, or visited with chastisement either deterrent or vindictive, or both. But the true inference from the premises would be that although duress or banishment from the kingdom might be essential, yet punishment, so called, ought not to be visited upon the

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offender. For he or she could not be *nostri juris*, and that which was abominable to us might well be reasonable to him or her, and, indeed, a fulfilment of the law of his being. Punishment, therefore, could not be exemplary, since the person punished exemplified nothing to Mankind; and if vindictive, then would be shocking, since that which it vindicated, in the mind of the victim either did not exist, or ought not. The ancient Greek who withheld from the sacrifices to Showery Zeus because a thunderbolt destroyed his hay-rick, or the Egyptian who manumitted his slaves because a god took the life of his eldest son, was neither a pious nor a reasonable person.

"Beyond question," he continues, "there are such beings upon the earth, visitors or sojourners by chance, whose true commerce is elsewhere, in a state not visible to us, nor to be apprehended by most of us; whose relation with mankind is temporary. The spheres which govern us govern not them, and their conduct is dictated by their good pleasure, where ours goes after the good pleasure of our betters. *Thus a man may, if he can, take a goddess or fairy to wife, but should not be disconcerted with what she may elect to do.*"

Sanchia returned silently to London by the 6.50 from Salisbury, and arrived at Charles Street by half-past eight, which was Lady Maria's usual hour. She changed her dress hurriedly and came into the drawing-room. Ingram was waiting there, his hands behind his back. He looked at her as she entered, but did not greet her. Perhaps he saw his doom in her eyes.

"Had a good day, Sancie?" he asked, after a while of gazing.

"Very good," she said.

"Saw your man?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Mad as ever?"

"Ah," she said, "who is mad?"

"Well, my dear, if he's not, we are. That's certain. What have you done with Bill Chevenix?"

"He's gone home to dress. He will be here directly."

"I hope," said Ingram, "he played the perfect squire." She stood by the window looking out toward the west. Luminous orange mist flared up behind the chimney-stacks in streamers. Above that, in a sky faintly blue, crimson clouds, like plumes of feather, floated without motion.

Ingram called her to him. "Sancie, come here a minute. I want you." She turned her head and looked at him, then slowly crossed the room. She kept her eyes upon him, but did not seem to see him. They were haunted eyes. She came in front of him, and stood, questing his face, as if she was trying to see him within it.

He continued to smile jauntily, but his lips twitched with the strain. He put his arm round her shoulder and drew her toward him. "This day month, my girl," he said, and kissed her. She stiffened at his touch. Her lips were cold, and made him shiver. His arm fell back—"Pooh! what do you care?" She stood in her place before him without speaking. If she had looked at him, she might have stricken him blind. When Lady Maria came in, she moved away, and returned to the window. The glow had almost gone; nothing remained but wan blue, white toward the horizon. It was the color of death; but a single star shone out in it.

Chevenix came in briskly, fastening his sleeve-links. "Here is the Perfect Chaperon, here is he!" he said, and bowed to Lady Maria. "My dear Aunt Wenman, you've no notion how hungry I am. We saw Senhouse teaching the hares their catechism. Afterwards we lunched on conversation and water. Ah, and salad. Excellent salad. Then I went goat-stalking, and had a nap. Sancie and the Seer conversed. A great day."

Lady Maria took Ingram's arm, Sanchia that of Chevenix, and they went downstairs. Half-way down she stopped. Chevenix looked at her. She was white; she could hardly breathe. "Good God, Sancie, what's the matter?"

She stared, gasped, moved her head about. "I can't go on—I can't—I can't. It's horrible—it's awful. I'm afraid. Hush—don't make a fuss. I'm going away. This isn't possible."

The other couple were in the dining-room by now. Chevenix didn't know what to do.

"There's dinner, you know, Sancie," he said. "That's an institution, eh? You'll feel better, I expect. Keep your pecker up. I'll have a go at Nevile for you. I swear I will. Now, where's your pluck, my dear?"

She shook her head, struggling all the time to get her breath. "It's gone—clean gone."

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"You want food, Sancie; that's what you want. Come. Don't let's have a commotion. You leave all this to me."

She leaned against the wall, and brushed her hand across her face. Chevenix was in despair. Nevile, from below, called up, "What are you two conspiring about?" Sanchia shivered, and stood up.

"Go down alone," she said. "I can't."

IV

She dragged herself upstairs, and locked herself in her room, stumbled to the window, caught at it by the sill and leaned out. Her skin burned, her blood beat at her temples, and her breath came panting from her. Her white breasts ached with the burden of her strife. "I was born to live, not die. Air! or I shall fall."

It was mellow dusk by now, the lamps below her lighted, and above the chimneys and broken roof-line, above the trembling glare which meant London, there were stars in a violet sky. The stars which looked on London, looked also on the dim grass wolds, on hills rolling like waves, on muffled woods, rivers swift under their banks, on cornlands stiff and silent in the calm, on pastures and drowsy sheep. But the hills stretched out on either side of a valley, fold upon fold, everlastingly the same. There Despoina walked, at the deepest hour of the night. Even now she was looked for by one who sat in the valley and watched the east—intent, hooded, white, his chin upon his knees. A knock sounded at her door. She turned and ran to open. "Her ladyship has sent to know if you would have something sent up, miss." Nothing, nothing. She sped back to the window.

At midnight, Despoina should be there. At midnight! In three hours! It was time to get ready; there wasn't a moment to lose. She watched the night as if she were listening to it, counting its pulse. Then, kneeling where she was, she began to unfasten her hair, running her hands through it as each clinging coil loosened and grew light. So presently she was curtained in her hair.

It drooped about her burning cheeks and veiled her bosom. She looked like the Magdalen in the desert, facing, wide-eyed, the secret. There she knelt on, in a trance, waiting for the hour.

It struck ten—eleven.

She changed her dress and put on again the blue cotton gown of the day's wearing—but she left her hair loose about her face and shoulders, and her feet were bare. She looked at herself in the glass. Her face was white, her eyes were wide and strange. She did not know herself, smiling so sharply—like a goddess wild with a rapture not known by men and women. Fierier delights than theirs, the joy of power and knowledge mated with its equal, coping fellow to fellow; consciousness of immortal bliss dawned upon her wise lips, and flickered in their curve.

"Despoina is here," she said, and blew out the light.

V

It was intensely dark in the cup of the hills, but by the difference of a tone it was just possible to make out where the sky began. Looking closer yet, you could guess at a film of light, as if the rim of down absorbed and reflected a caught radiance from the stars.

On a quiet night the stars seem to burn more fiercely, and on this night you might have believed they gave you heat. There was no moon; but the sky was illuminated by stars. Jupiter had rays like a sun, and Sirius lay low down and glowed, now fiery, now green. A winged creature, coursing up the valley, would pass unnoticed; but if it struck suddenly upward for a higher flight, above the hills, into the upper air, you would see the light upon its pinions, and even the glitter of its watchful eye.

There was no wind; the silence could be felt, throbbing about you. It was past the hour when the creatures go hunting; the time when every breathing thing submits to the same power. Men and women forgot each other and their loves; foxes lay coiled in their earths. The shriek of the field-mouse startled you no more, nor the swift dry rustle of the grass-snake. Presently, very far away across the hills, in some valley not to be known, a dog barked; but the sound just marked the silence, and died down.

The hooded figure down there sat like a Buddha on his rock, motionless, unwinking, breathing deep and slow. His hands clasped his shins, his chin was on his knees; he pored into the dark. He sat facing the ridgeway where it came from

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the east, and watched the courses of the stars.

Through the window of the hidden hut a faint light glimmered, and within the open door there was to be discerned a pale diffusion of light. In the beam of this he sat, cowled in white, but his face was shadowed. He was like the shell of a man who had died in his thought, and stiffened in the act of meditation. No relation between him and the rest of the world could be discerned. He was as far from the sleepers as the dead are.

Yet within him was the patience which comes of wild expectancy. His mind was as couched as his body for the moment. He had not fasted for years in the wilderness, and communed with the spirits of the hidden creatures, without learning the secret of their immobility. To him who could speak with plants and beasts, with hills and trees, the Night itself could converse. So surely as the crystal fluid which is the air streams in circles of waves about our sphere, so surely ranged his sense.

At a certain moment of time, without stirring, he changed. Intensity of search gathered in his empty eyes, and filled them with power. He remained for a little time longer in a state of tension, so extreme, so strung to an act, that there might have streamed a music from him, as from the Memnon in the sands when light and heat thrill the fibres of the stone. His look was concentrated upon a point above him where, look as one might, one could have seen nothing to break the translucent veil of dark.

Yet, after a time, looking just there, one might feel rather than know a something coming. The watcher certainly did. Deep within the shadow of the cowl his eyes dilated and narrowed, his lips parted, his breath came quick and sharp. But he did not move.

The sense of a presence heightened; one knew it much nearer. By and by, one could have seen pale forms wavering in the fluid violet of the night, like marsh-fires going and coming—and could guess them one and the same. Bodily substance could only be inferred. But he who waited, tense for the hour, knew that the hour had come.

Her white face, made narrow by the streaming curtain of her hair, her white arms and feet, were luminous in that dark place, and revealed the semblance of her body. His cowl was thrown back; he had bowed his head to his knees. She stood over him, looking down upon him, not moving. Her eyes were clear and wide, and her parted lips smiled. The rise and fall of her breasts could be heard as they stirred her gown.

She put out her hand and laid it on his head; she stooped to him as he looked fearfully up, and, meeting his face, kissed him. No word passed between them, but he rose and stood by her, and she took his hand.

Together, hand in hand, they went deep into the valley, and the night hid them under the stars, and the silence swallowed up the sounds of their bare footfalls.

VI

THE philosopher, now in broad daylight, sat barefoot in the hollow of his valley, and wrote diligently in a book. He paused, pen in hand, and looked over the folds of the hills where the haze of heat hung, blue, and brown at the edges. It lay upon the hill-tops like a mist. The sky was gray, and the land was pale, burned to the bone. Heavy masses of trees in the hanging wood showed lifeless and black. No bird sang; but there were crickets in the bents, shrilling inconceivably. The swoon of midsummer was over all—and Sanchia was coming.

He knew that she was coming before he saw her. She came along the edge of the plain above him, springing barefoot. He saw her legs gleam under her swirling skirt. He strained to see her, but could not get her face for the mist over his eyes. He waited for her, watching, feeling her approach. She began the descent of the scarp, timidly, as if she was playing with the thought of his bliss, which she held daintily in her hands. "Dangerously beautiful, my Beautiful One, art thou. Heedless always of thyself. Now a wind blows from thee to me. Thy herald, O Thou that shrillest on the wind!"

He heard her gay and confident voice. "Jack! Jack! Where are you?" He rose and went to meet her: she saw him, and suddenly faltered in her stoop. She stopped, poised as if for flight; he saw her wings fold behind her, and lie quivering where they touched each other.

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Her heart urged her. "Go to him."

She looked at him. "I can't see him perfectly, and can't trust myself."

Her heart cried, "I have brought you so far. I daren't stop." Still she stood and flickered.

Senhouse mounted to meet her. Blushful and bashful she stood; but her eyes, deeply watchful, never left him.

He, too, had lost his tongue. "Queen Mab! I knew that you were coming."

Her eyes were timid and her tongue tied. She was like a rueful child.

"How did you come, my dear?"

"I don't know."

"You came last night?"

"Ah, you knew me?"

"Well, Queen Mab?"

She had nothing to say.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he asked her, "why are you come?"

"I can't tell you, if you don't know." She looked at him, and he knew.

"You came to me—not because I love you?"

"No, no! Not for that!"

"You are beautiful beyond belief, Queen Mab. And you are the soul of truth. My dear one, do you love me?"

She hung her head, and looked up from under her long lashes. He saw, not heard, her answer.

He encircled her with his arm, and felt her trembling at his side. "My dear," he said, "I was writing my Memoirs. Now we'll burn the book; for I see that I am now going to be born."

She looked up at him laughing. She was the color of a flushed rose. "My bride," he said, and kissed her lips. She turned in his arm and clung to him. The storm swept surging over her; passion long pent made her shiver like a blown fire. They took their wild joy. . . .

He led her by her hand to the shade of the valley, where the deep turf is hardly ever dry. She was barefoot now, as he was, and bare-headed. In her bosom was a spray of dogrose.

"You are blue-gowned, like Despoina," he told her, "and indeed that is your name. I am to have a fairy wife."

"Artemis no more," she laughed.

"You fulfil all the goddesses. Artemis was your childhood. But let's be practical. What is to be done?" She faltered her answer.

"I have found out by myself what to do," she said. And then she kissed him. "It's done now."

They picked up their lives where they had dropped them. They were content to wait for the fulness of their joy. He busied himself with food for her; he cooked, and she helped him; they talked of his affairs as if they had always been hers.

Something stirred the practical side of him. She was to see him as near a man of the world as it was possible for him to be. It might have been a shock to her, but its simplicity was all his own.

"I must see one person, and you must see one. I'll go to your father, and you shall tell Ingram what's going to happen. We don't owe him much—but there's that, I think. I've a great idea of treating the world with civility. The one thing it has worth having is its sense of manners. Let us have manners, then. Don't you think so?" He held her close as he spoke, and with a strange discrepancy between sight and sound, looked at her with dim eyes of love, before which she had to close down her own. To his "Don't you think so?" she could only murmur without breath, "You mustn't love me so much—not yet, *not yet!*" but he pressed her the nearer and laughed his joy of her. "What! After eight years! And if I don't hold her very close, Mab, the tricksy sprite, may slip me."

Then he returned to his moralizings. "You'll see Ingram, my blessed one, don't you think?"

She said gravely, with hard outlook upon the distant wold, "Yes, I must see him—" and then, with a sudden turn to him and a wondrous veil of tenderness upon her eyes, "You know that I think what you think—from now onward." Their lips sealed the pact.

He broke away at last. "Practice! Practice! Do let's be practical. Think of this. My house is yours until we marry—that can't be for a week." A week! Thus was Senhouse practical. She blushed her answer.

"What will you do? I mustn't turn you out." He opened his arms wide to the airs of the down.

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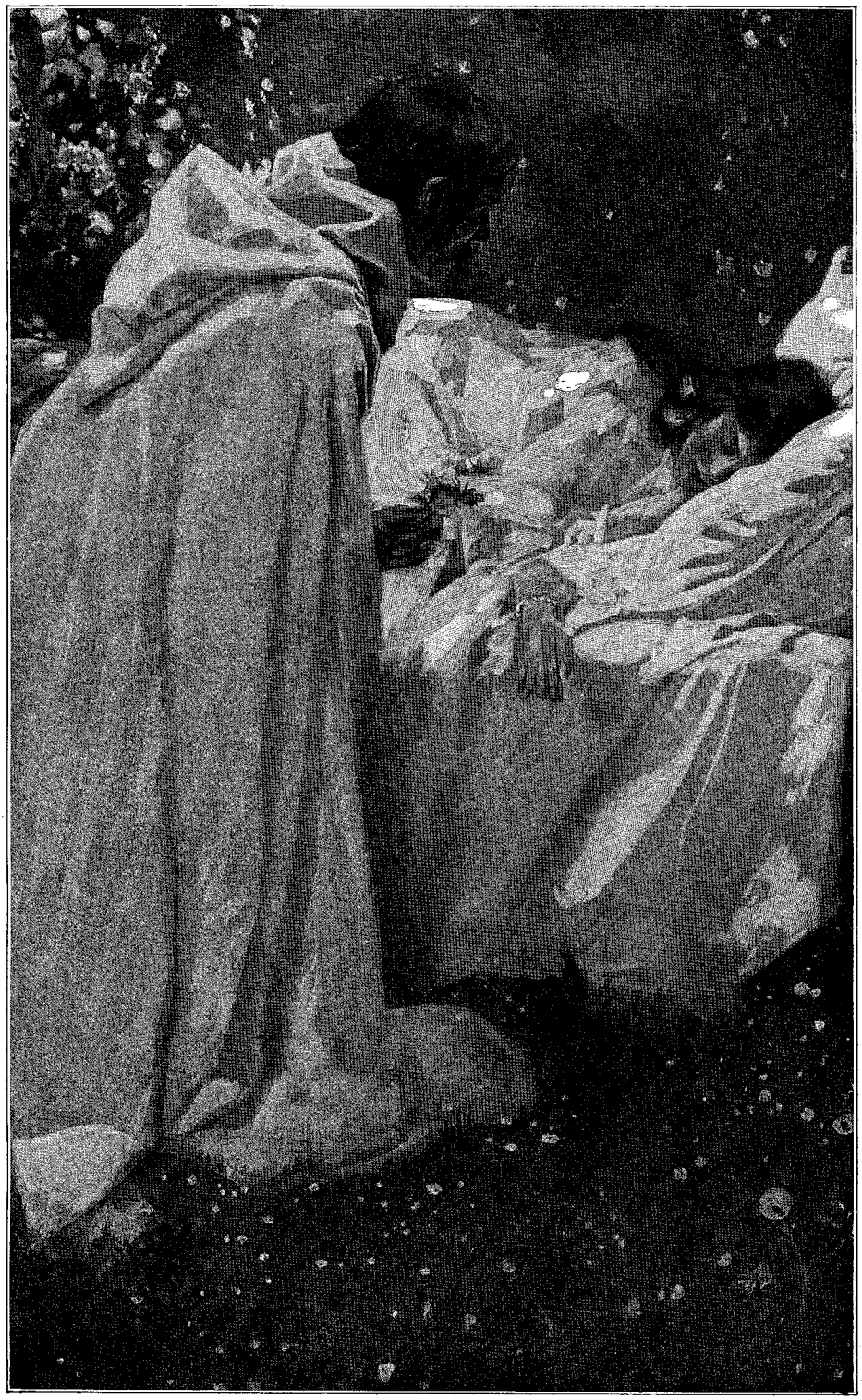

Drawn by Frank Craig.

Senhouse came back to her bedside and put a little flower into her hand.—Page 330.

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"I sleep in the open. The stars for me. They shall see you wedded. Meanwhile, I shall wait upon you. But do let us be practical. We wait a week: we marry—but then what shall we do? Shall we reform the world? I think we shall do that in spite of ourselves; for if two people dare to be simple, there's no reason why two million shouldn't." She lay at peace, considering—her blue eyes, searching wonderfully into his, saw peace like a crown of stars.

"I'll tell you what I should like to do," she said. "I've thought about it this minute. It never occurred to me before, but I should like to teach, better than anything in the world."

He looked far out to the white rim of horizon. He took her very seriously. "It's the highest profession of all, of course. Let's think. I've begun on it already—oddly enough. And yet, you know, it's not odd. Nothing is—after our experiences. . . . We will teach. Woodcraft, weather-craft, husbandry, beast-craft, sky-craft. I can do that much for them. Lit. hum., Greek, Latin, English, Dante. History, shadowy; geography, practical. Tinkering, carpentering, planting. No mathematics—I can't add two to two."

"But I can," she told him. "I'll teach the babies—for we must have babies."

His eyes flashed upon hers, for one beating second of full interchange. Then he turned them away, and scanned again the hazy hills. But hers remained on their watch, charged with their wistful dream.

"Our school," he presently resumed, "I see it. We teach first of all Nature's face, and the love of it. We lead their hungry mouths to Nature's breast. No books! No books for them to glue their eyes upon. They shall learn by ear: their eyes have a better book to read in. Classics by ear and by heart, eh?"

She glowed at a memory. "You wrote to me about that. You said that, before the printing-press, people used to get poetry by heart."

He looked down at her where she lay at ease. "'As I have got you,' I said." She dreamed beneath her flickering eyelids.

"You had me then. I didn't know it—but you had. And you have me still. That's wonderful. But now I have got you!" She lay awhile under the spell of him and the thought, and glowed and blossomed under them until at last, flowering like a rose, she turned and hid her face in his arm. Senhouse, grave and strong, let her lie where she was; but he felt the throbbing of her bosom, and was moved to utterance. Nothing in the eyes he bent down to her beauty, and nothing in his words, betrayed the passion of his heart.

"The loveliest thing in all the world to me," he said, "is a beautiful thing bent in humility, stooping to serve. I shall see you teaching your children. They will be at your knees, on your knees; you will kiss them, and I shall go mad with joy. Flowers and you! Yes, we'll have our school. We'll teach people the beauty of their own business by means of the most beautiful things. Flowers and you!"

They talked long and late, walking down the valley to the farmstead for bread. On this, with milk and fruit, they supped, after Sanchia had bathed and clad herself in one of his Moorish robes. Hooded and folded in this, she sat at meat, and Senhouse, filled with the Holy Ghost, discoursed at large. The past they took for granted: the present was but a golden frame for the throbbing blue of the days to come.

Very early on the morning after the night when, as had been foretold, she was made a wife under the stars, Senhouse came back to her bedside and put a little flower into her hand. It woke her out of her dreams; glozed and dewy from them, she looked at it, and smiled at him through it. In gray-green leafage lay a little blossom of delicate pink, chalice-shaped, with a lip of flushed white. Watching him, she laid it to her lips. "My flower—our flower," she said, and watching him still, put it deep within her bosom. "My dear one, we have earned it."

"'Rest-Harrow,'" said Senhouse, in a sententious mood, "'grows in any soil. . . . The seed may be sown as soon as ripe, in warm, sheltered spots out of doors. . . . It is a British plant.' So says Weathers, the learned botanist. I praise Weathers. And I like his name." Then he kissed her.

THE END

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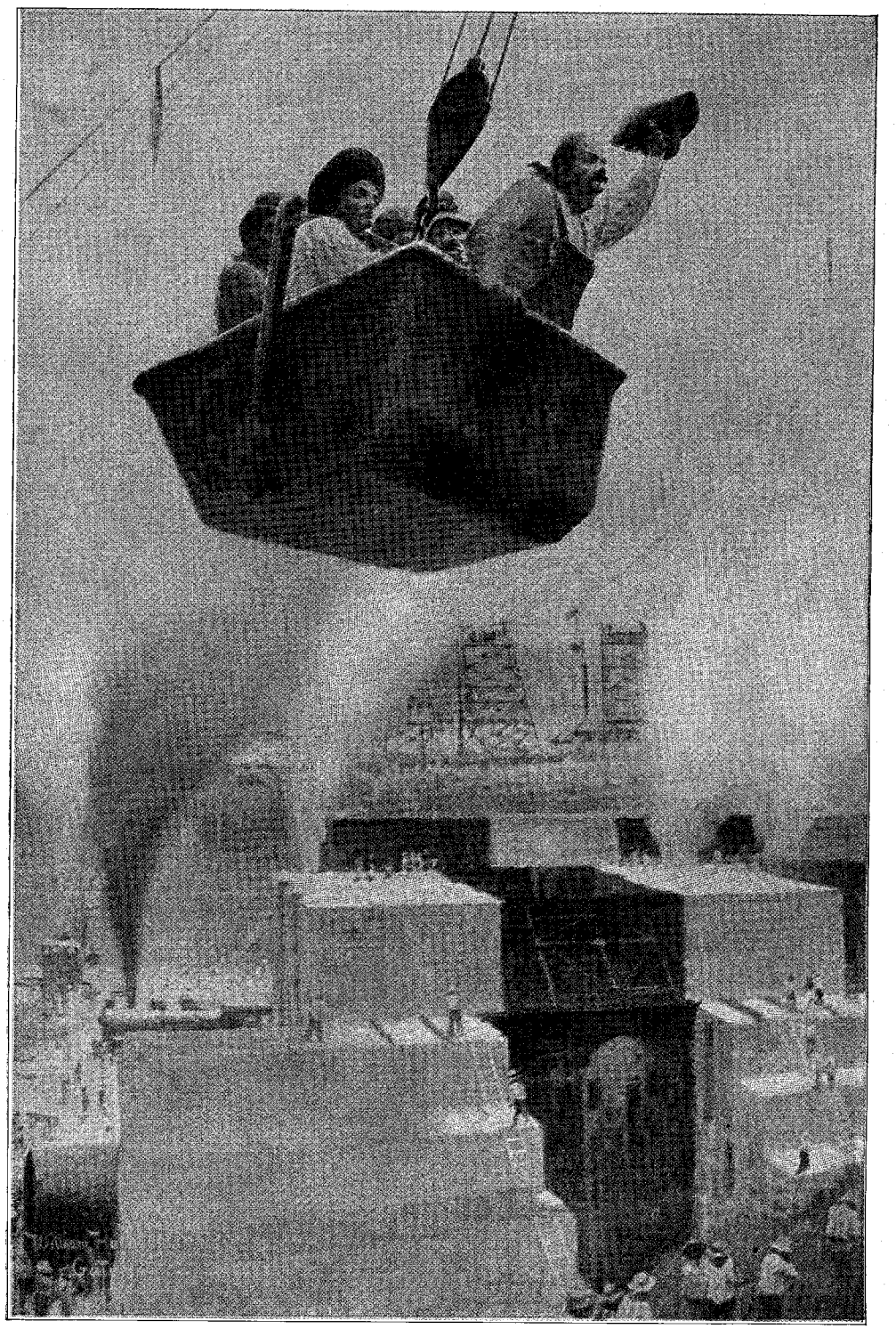

Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

Some of the men from the west bank came sailing over in a cement-bucket, a hundred feet in the air.—Page 332.

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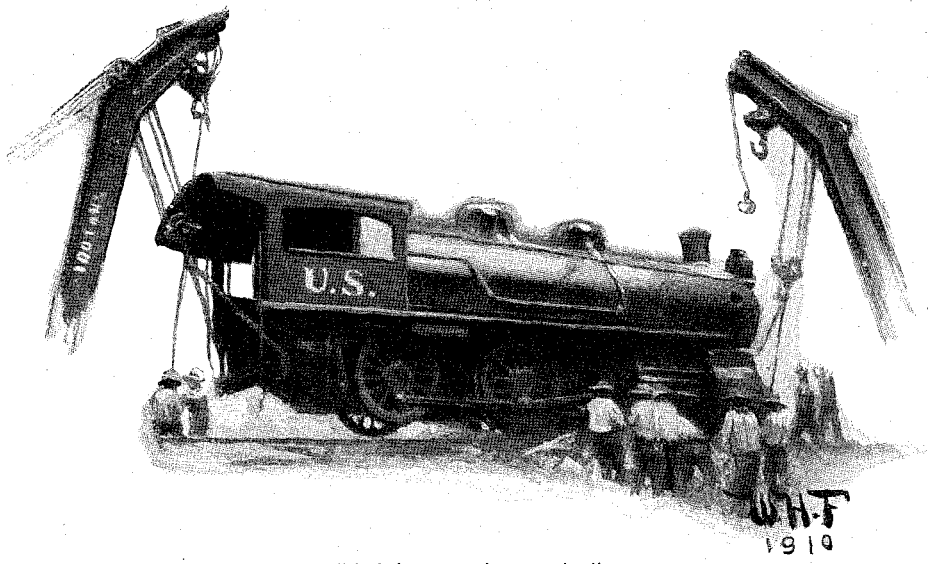

"And that was only an engine."

THE CANAL BUILDERS

By William Harnden Foster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

NOW you're sailing up the Panama Canal. It won't be long now before the shipping of the world will be sailing up here too, I suppose. That's the Gatun locks up ahead where you see those towers. I made a trip a day from Porto Bello to Gatun with sand for the concrete-mixers. Guess I've navigated the Panama Canal about as much as anybody has so far."

The short, grizzled, Down-East tug-boat captain leaned from the pilot-house window and watched the brown waters ripple before the blunt bow of the little tug.

"We tie up right there at the sand-cranes," he said. "Just go over on the west bank, and from there you can see the locks, the dam, the spillway, the Chagres, and all."

I made my way by the big, noisy concrete-mixers, where dusty negroes toiled with their heads bound in red handkerchiefs, and along the "scenic railway" that conveys the concrete from the mixers to the cable-ways on the west bank. There, laid out below, was a vast maze of construction work. Concrete lock-walls rose within red iron framework. Semicircular lock-sills took shape between barricades of wooden frames. Cranes, locomotives, and men, like so many different varieties of insects, kept the picture in motion, while overhead the buckets of concrete sailed out on the cable-way, and dropped to the signal of a man with a white flag, to a group of West Indians, waiting, up to their knees in wet concrete, at the bottom of the form.

Oh, the magnitude of it all—the intricate system and the incomprehensible detail! Who of us can comprehend it? We know what we have to do and when it is done, but again I ask, Who can measure the magnitude of it? Not until we marvel at some almost trivial detail—that donkey-engine perched on the face of yonder hill, for instance. Then we ask ourselves how on earth they got it up there, and as we turn to gaze at a whole landscape converted into a labyrinth of just such problems, and think

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of the fifty miles of it, we grasp for an instant a vague idea of the proportions of the enterprise.

A small, sunburned man under a broad felt hat came and stood beside me.

"We dump nearly three thousand cubic yards of concrete in there every day," he said. "No; it doesn't fill up very fast; the cable-ways waste a lot of time. No; the cables never break, but sometimes a tower-man will pull in on a bucket before he gets it raised high enough; of course, there's trouble then; usually gets a darky, and smashes up things generally."

The shadow of a buzzard skimmed across the ground before us, and my companion, with squinted eyes, watched the bird for a moment in its graceful flight; then he continued:

The dirt-train conductor.

"It is remarkable that the people in the States can't make up their minds that this canal is really going to be completed. Now everything is in a perfect, systematic running order, and it's only a matter of time. There, that's the head man of this division, over on the dam. They're mostly army men in charge. They are all right, only they usually have to get some technical men to do the dirty work.

"That's a queer character down there cussing out that gang of niggers."

He pointed out a figure on a plank, over a gang of negroes, whose wildly waving arms suggested a ruffled temper.

"He is the boss of that gang," continued my companion, "and the other day he got down in the form himself, just as they fired a big 'dobey-blast over on the dam. A rock, about the size of a barrel, splashed in right beside him. It nearly drowned him with wet concrete, which dried on him so quickly that they had to carry him over to the nearest locomotive and wash him off. If he looks mad now, you should have seen him while they had the hose turned on him.

"Now, if you want to get over the line to-day, you had better go over there on South toe and get that train of Western dumps. They have just come over with a load of rock from Culebra, and will be going back as soon as they are unloaded."

Just as I was picking my way across the lock-bed, the eleven o'clock whistles began to blow on everything that carried steam. It was like the noon hour in a young manufacturing city, and up the wooden stairs filed an army of mud-spattered negroes, army colonels, Irish bosses, engineers, and Spaniards. Some of the men from the west bank came sailing over in a cement-bucket, a hundred feet in the air. Dinner-time at Gatun, and for two hours the operations are abandoned to the simmering heat of the noonday.

Over on the South toe, I climbed up into the last car of the dump-train, and found the conductor and the flagman dangling their heels over the side and reading a three-weeks'-old newspaper.

"Yes, we'll be going as soon as No. 4 clears the main line," said the conductor.

A moment later the engineer pulled two short blasts on the whistle, released the air, and the train slid slowly down the toe, around a long curve, and out on the main line.

"Not much to see between here and Tabernilla," said the conductor; "canal's about down to grade here naturally—just have to chop down the trees and flood the lake."

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Then, as his eyes wandered up the train, he noticed that the negro brakeman was absent from his position, half-way to the engine.

"Say, Oak," said he, "where'd the shine go to? He was there a minute ago. Don't suppose he went under, do you?"

"Guess not," said the disinterested flagman, who was busy making a cigarette; "didn't see nothing of him back here on the track."

"I got to find him, anyway," said the conductor; and he started up over the swaying train.

When about half-way to the engine he stopped, climbed over the end of the car, and was lost to view. Soon, however, he reappeared, followed by the missing brakeman. Following gesticulations hinted at rebuke and advice, and then the conductor came back and resumed his seat on the last car.

"Asleep on the frame," was his comment. "They certainly ain't very brilliant. Why, at noon they'll crawl under a train of Lidgerwoods in the 'cut,' and go to sleep with the rail for a pillow. "O you can't tell them anything," put in the flagman. "Why, even the darky engineers on those stem-winding, monkey-motioned, spiggoty freight-engines will stop a train anywhere along the line to chase guanas. Didn't I see a whole crew pile off with boards and shovels and everything to chase a pair of 'em just this side of La Boca last Sunday? No flagman out either; he was hunting guanas too."

The dynamite-man.

And then he went on to tell how a few days before a big Panamanian section boss had sent one of his gang back to flag all the trains while the rest tore up a little track to put in a switch. A few minutes later a locomotive rounded the curve, running backward, jumped, and tipped over. After the first excitement had subsided, the flagman was asked why he did not hold the locomotive. He replied that they had told him to flag all the trains and that was only an engine.

"Most as dumb as the little Indians you see around here," said the conductor. "I had a passenger run for a while, and one day a little Indian about four feet high didn't have his fare. I told him I'd have to put him off—at the next stop, I meant. I looked around a minute later, just in time to see him walk off the platform into the jungle. They do it quite often; don't mind it a bit."

"That's the Chagres again, there," said the flagman, as we came in sight of the crooked, muddy river, through a gap in the jungle. "Harmless-looking enough now, isn't it? I've often wondered if there was going to be water enough to flood that lake. A hundred and sixty-five square miles is some puddle, I'm here to tell you."

"Well," said the conductor, "she's harmless enough now, all right; but she's a terrible stream in her anger Then there's plenty of water—nasty, brown, swirling water that eats away banks and washes out

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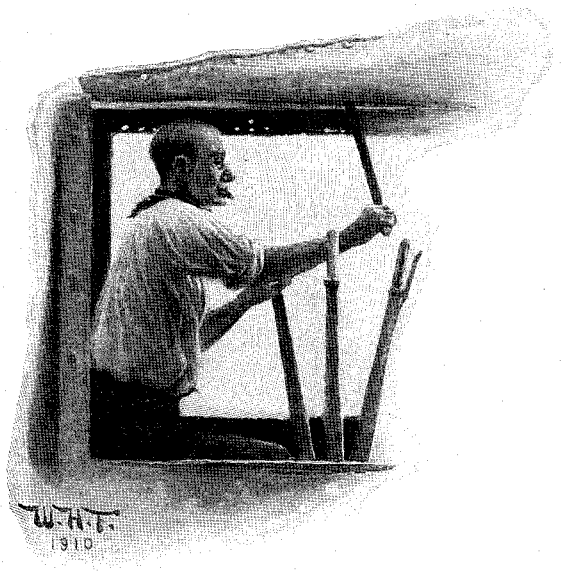

Baldy.

bridges. Why, I've seen the track right here with four feet of water on it. Just the other night they had a shower up in the hills somewhere, and the old crick rose ten feet, washed out the dam at Point One, and put six shovels out of business."

"There's more work for some one," said the flagman; "two months' work gone in two hours. Still, if it wasn't for the washouts and the slides, it would be a shame to take the money. Hello! here comes a shower; let's beat it for the mill."

We made our way over the jolting train, and slid down through the coal into the cab, just as the rain came pelting down.

"Tabernilla's got a board against you, Bill," shouted the conductor across the cab to the engineer, who was hanging from the window with a little stream of water running off the point of his chin.

"What is it? Back into the dump and get a string of Lidgerwoods?"

The shower went as quickly as it came, and while the engineer was changing the train of Western dumps for eighteen Lidgerwoods, the conductor and I waited in the shade of the despatcher's tower.

"No more Gatun for us," he said; "Las Cascadas to the dump here after this. Let's get over to the engine. Bill will be ready to go in a minute, and here comes old Mac. If he sees us, he'll take an hour telling about the improvements that he made on the track-shifter and the spreader. Why, they wouldn't be able to build this canal if it wasn't for the new-fangled coupler he invented. There's a bunch of 'em down here just like Mac."

A few minutes later Bill had the big mogul merrily bending the string of Lidgerwoods along the crooked track that follows up the Chagres. The canal-bed lay to the west until we crossed the Gamboa bridge and slowed down for Gorgona.

"That's where all the repair-shops are," explained the conductor, "and they've got some men there who know their business, too. Before they got ahead on stock it had them guessing, though. Why, when they first put the air-compressors in to run the drills in the cut, the boilers hadn't come from the States. So one feller goes out into the jungle and scrapes up four old, rusty, French marine boilers and puts 'em to work. He told me that every night when he went to bed he used to thank the good Lord that they'd stayed together for another day."

Just then the flagman joined us. "What do the people up in the States think of this job?" he asked. "When I first used to go home, people seemed interested, and used to ask a lot of questions; now they only say, 'When are you going to get the blamed thing done?' Don't blame the colonel for getting blue. Senate asking foolish questions, and then some bum newspaper man comes down here, stays two days, and says the colonel's methods are all wrong. Course the public believes it. Fine! Lots of kickers right on the job, too. It's usually the ones that have been up on the carpet for something, though, that make the worst row. Colonel keeps open house every Sunday morning just to listen to 'em, and if a feller's in the right he usually gets a square deal."

As the train rolled into Matachin we got signals to leave the main line and enter the cut.

About a mile up a tower-man held us up, and the train came to a grinding stop. On every side, steam-shovels and drills filled the air with their clamor, which was punctuated by an occasional blast.

"Better drop off here and go along with

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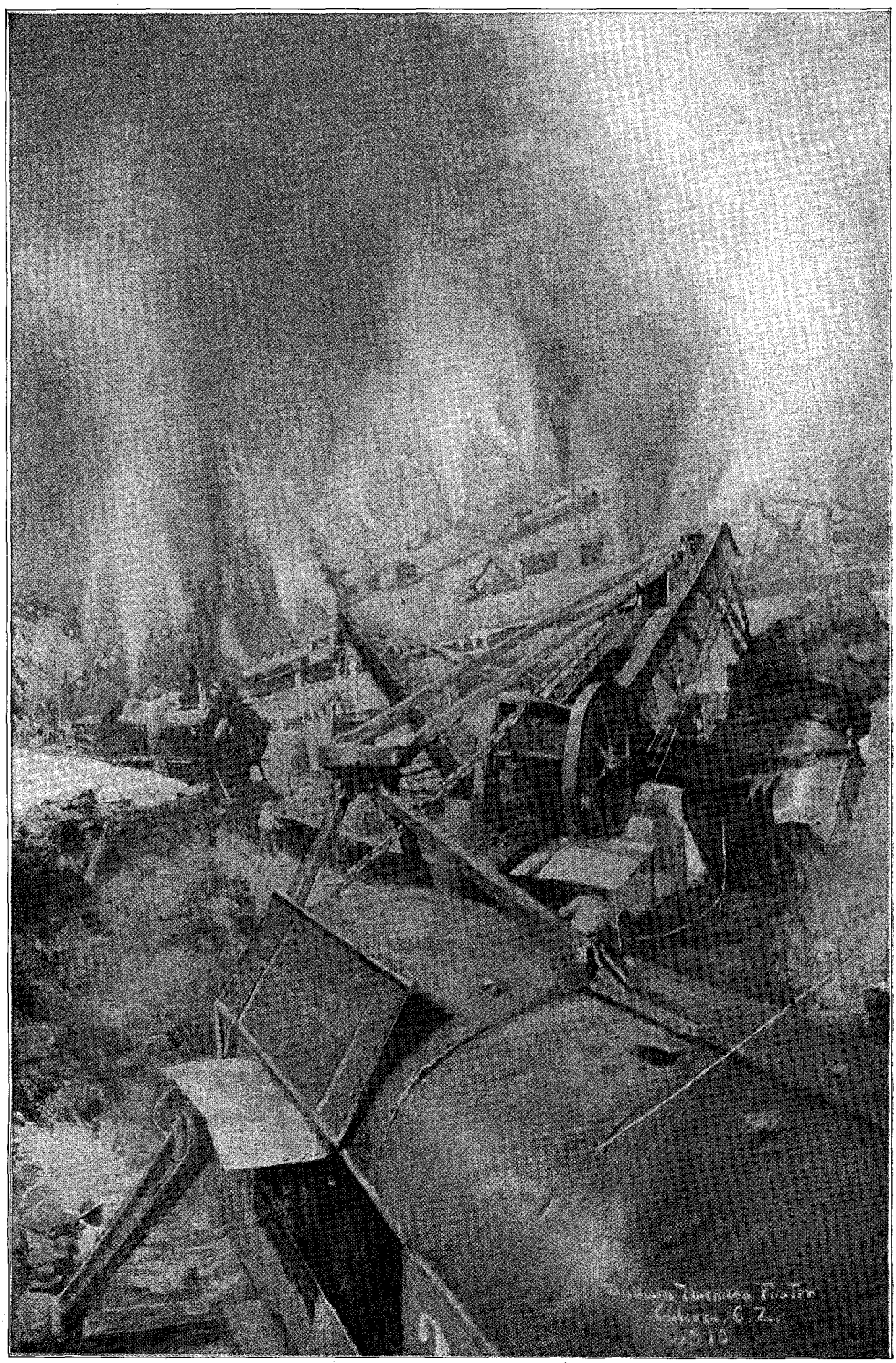

Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

In the wake of their disturbance came the devouring, clamoring, wedge-formation of steam shovels.—Page 336.

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that feller there," said the conductor; "he's the best dynamite-man on the job. Why, that feller peels oranges for lunch and then picks his teeth with little 'dobeys. Get him to tell you about Bas Obispo."

"Seeing the sights?" piped the hulk of a man in an unexpectedly squeaky voice. "Well, you'll see one in a minute. Just going to lift about seventy-five thousand cubic yards off the top of that hill back there. Accidents? Well, yes, one or two. See that ledge there? That's Bas Obispo. Put twenty-six men into clear there at one shot, and winged some sixty more."

His left hand involuntarily went to his empty right sleeve, and I knew that he had a vivid recollection of the disaster.

"Never knew what fired it," he said. "Some thought it was a high-temperature layer of limestone about thirty feet down. Some said short-circuit. All I know is that she blew about four hours too soon, and 'twas something wicked."

"Now, dynamite is very weird stuff," he continued. "You don't know just what it will do, and we have accidents right along—can't seem to help it. The more I know about dynamite, the more I find I don't know. The worst scare I ever got, though, outside of being blown up myself, was when the President came through here on an inspection-car. Orders had been given to have all switches spiked, all loaded holes fired, and no more to be loaded. All powder was to be put back in the magazines and locked up.

"All was fine as frog's hair as far as Empire, when I happened to look up, and there was a fool nigger sliding down into the cut right in front of the car with a fifty-pound box of dynamite on his head. He didn't even know where he got it, but anyway he dropped it. Well, sir, I expected to see that inspection-car and the high-and-mighties and the President of the United States just disappear—but they didn't. I've known dynamite to go off, though, with less excuse than that had."

"Those steam-shovels are great things, aren't they?" he asked, after a lengthy scanning up and down the animated lines of operation between the walls of greenish-gray stone and red gravel.

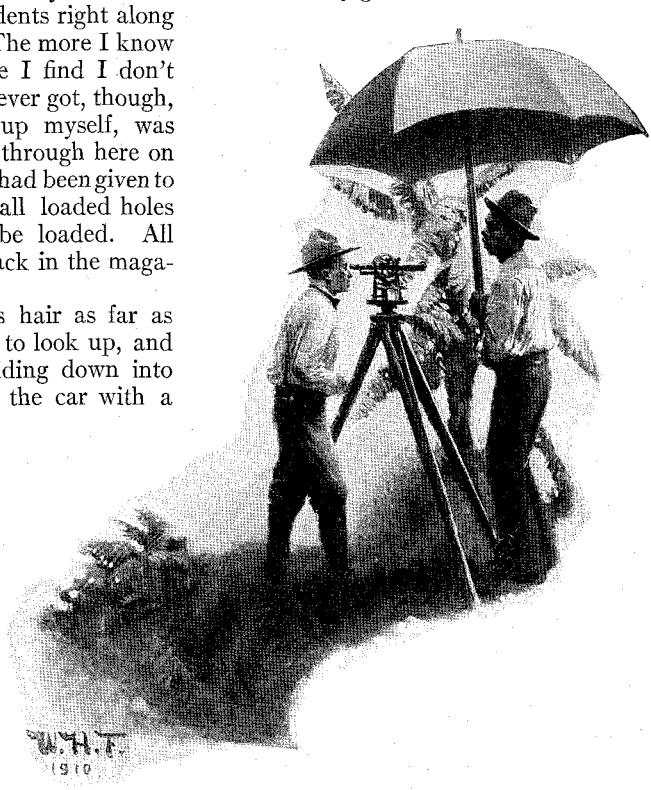
"Just like big, patient elephants," he went on, "that do just whatever the puny little man tells 'em to. Let's go over and see 'Baldy.' He is the best shovel engineer on the job when he is sober."

We made our way over the pilot-cut and neared 'Baldy's' shovel, which was groaning under the weight of a twenty-ton bowlder. This it laid on a car with motherly care, and with a final caress swung back to look, in a near-sighted way, for another dipperful.

"Hi, there, Baldy!" shouted my companion.

"Baldy" saluted with a grimy hand, and then sought the whistle-rope to call the 'dobey man to blow up a rock that was too big to pick up. Then he swung the crane away, whistled a series of warning "toots," and sauntered over.

"Been blowing up any more Spiggotys?" he asked of my guide.



"I was out in the bush doing some surveying."—Page 337.

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"Sure; got two yesterday," was the answer; "can't seem to teach them to get to cover. Let's get back of this car or they'll pot us."

We found shelter between the trucks of a Lidgerwood car while "Baldy" started to back in under the shelf. The space, already inhabited, would not admit him, so his head and shoulders remained exposed.

"Say, Baldy," jeered the dynamite-man, "you're bad as an ostrich—most as bad as Craney, here. He raced a Spaniard to cover behind a tool-box the other day. Dago beat him out, though—went by him the way the pay-car goes by a tramp. Craney ain't much of a trotter. The live wires went across right over the box, and while Craney was kicking the Spiggoty out he got mixed up in the wires somehow. Got such a jolt it knocked him about twenty feet. When he got his bearings, the dago was back of the box again."

Craney.

Just then the 'dobey went off, and after the subsequent shower of rocks we all emerged.

"What do you hear up in the States about Mr. Roosevelt's coming down here and taking charge?" asked Baldy. "He's sure got the proper enthusiasm, and that's what they need. We fellers can build this canal all right now, only it takes a mighty big man to keep us doing it."

After Baldy and Craney had gone back to their shovel, the dynamite-man told me that they had been together for eight years, and had become so expert with a big five-yard shovel that "they could catch red-bugs with it," as he expressed it.

As we walked on toward Culebra we met a flock of churn-drills chugging away contentedly. Behind them, with their checked flag, came the powder crew, loading two tons of dynamite at a charge. In the wake of their disturbance came the devouring, clamoring, wedge-formation of steam-shovels. Everywhere snakes of dirt-trains wound back and forth with screeching flanges.

"Better step back a bit," my companion warned. "Ever since I saw a rock fly off one of those cars and take a nigger's head clean off, I get awful embarrassed every time I find myself too near the off side of a train. Rocks sure fly sometimes on the curves."

"Now I've got to go up there in that top berm and see how the tripods are making it. They had another premature explosion up there yesterday. That train there is going down through the cut. Go get on the engine and you'll find a good feller there. He used to run the Dixie Flyer in the States till he saw this job."

I found a small, stooped man, with a calm gray eye, and minus one ear. He must have seen my look of inquiry, for he passed his hand over his head.

"Loose freight-car door on the Rock Island—dark night and I didn't see it coming." "Yes," he continued, "these are good engines for this job. Biggest moguls ever been built. 'Tis remarkable, too, how they stick on this bad iron. Some of it would give a boa-constrictor nervous prostration trying to follow it; seldom get off, though, and very seldom lay down."

He smiled as he froze the train with the emergency, as the conductor's red flag dropped.

"Good engines, and we've got some good

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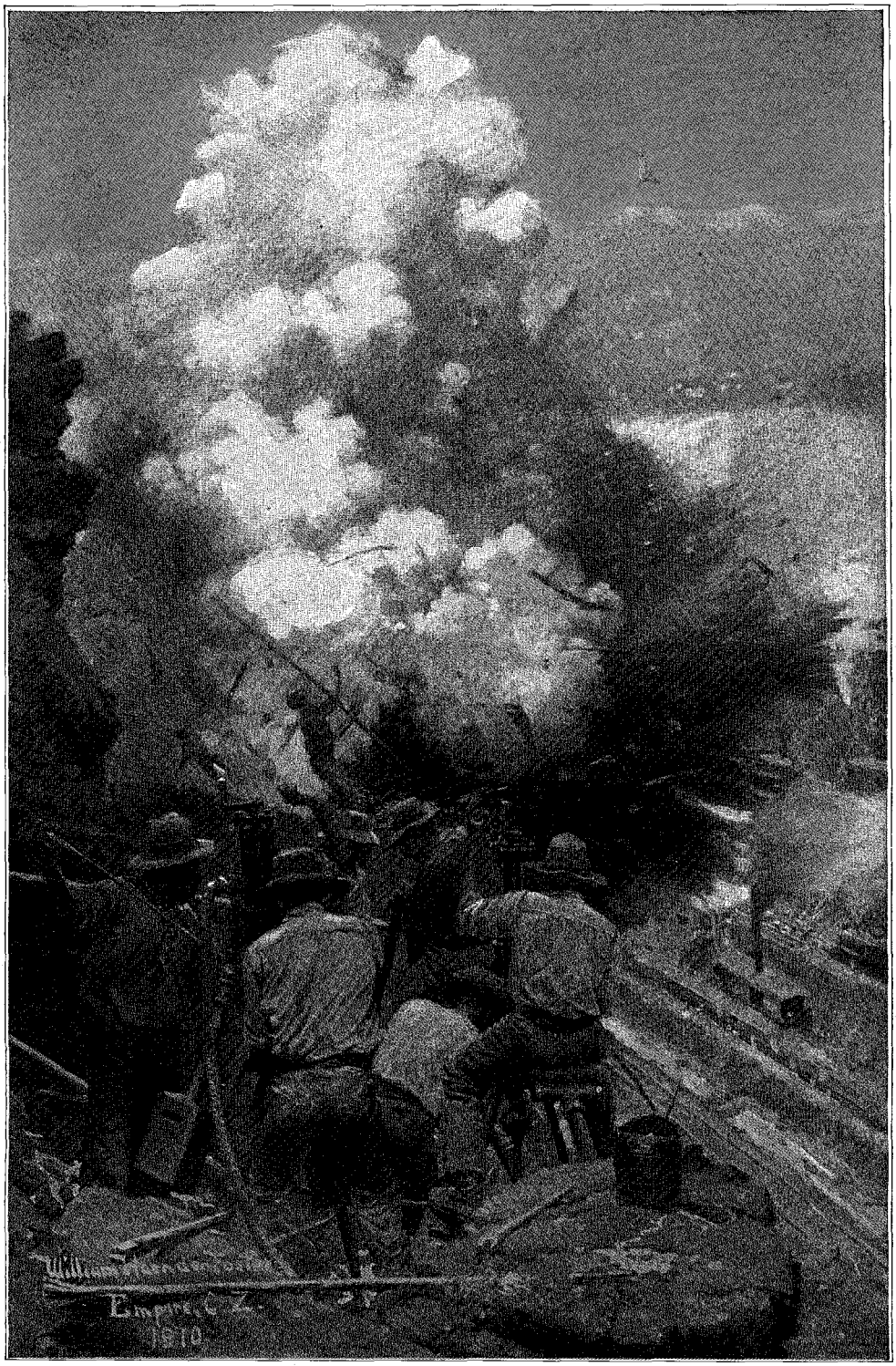

Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

"They had another prematture explosion up there yesterday."—Page 336.

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boys runnin' 'em," he said, "as good as there be."

"See that shovel right there under the end of the Empire bridge." He pointed with a greasy finger. "That outfit has been on a vacation up to Gorgona. Struck some unexploded 'dobeys right there where he is now, only on this berm above. Blew the dipper cover clear across the cut. Cleaned the crane off and everything else clean down to the boiler. Your job don't look very good to you for a day or so after an accident like that or Bas Obispo. But then again, it's the money. As for me, I've been here four years now. Getting good pay, and, by George, I'm going to swing levers now until the old ditch is done—that is, if they'll let me. This is an American job right through, and I believe it is a good chance for the American people to show their patriotism."

This must have been an unusual declamation for the ex-engineer of the Dixie Flyer, for he mopped his brow and then his hands with a bunch of dirty cotton-waste and took a long drink of ice-water. Just as he resumed his seat the shovel blew the "go-ahead" signal.

"Hello!" said the engineer, as he reached for the throttle, "better drop down; I've got to move back to the shovel in the pilot-cut and let that next fellow in here. Go over and ask that civil engineer under the umbrella there about the time he staked out the relocation."

The young West-Pointer in khaki suit and puttees grinned and shook his fist back at the slowly retreating engineer, who was hanging from the cab window and smiling approvingly.

"Oh," said he, turning to his work, "he wants me to tell you about the time when I was first here and was out in the bush doing some surveying. I didn't know much about the trees and things, so of course the first thing I did was to fall into a black palm. It took them three hours up at the hospital to pick the thorns out of me. I've known that engineer there ever since New York was a flag-station, as he says. He used to live in my town, and used to let me ride on his engine when I was a kid and he was switching down in the west yard.

"Yes, that French junk is a pathetic sight," he went on, as his gaze rested on the old rusty cranes and engines lined up in solemn file along the bank of the cut. "Well-made stuff it was," he said, "but entirely inadequate. Can't say too much for De Lesseps and his crowd. Why, we're using most of their original figures now. The graft was all on the other side. When they wanted a Spiggoty engine here some one over there would order a dozen and get a big rake-off from the manufacturers.

"Of course, they put up a few more statues than was absolutely necessary, and so managed to keep broke most of the time. Wise crowd, though. Once when they got stuck for coin they got a small steamer up here from La Boca, flooded the cut till she floated, and then took some photos of her and sent them to Paris—'Panama Canal at last open to navigation.'"

Then he continued: "That's Cucaracha slide there, just beyond Gold Hill, and here's Culebra slide over here. It is the slides and the floods that give the most trouble. That is just where the uncertainty of the time for completion lies. That shovel there at the bottom of Cucaracha has been there for six months. It's been just dig, dig, dig, and it comes down about as fast as they take it out. Oh, yes; it's only a matter of getting to a natural level; but when that is going to be is hard to tell."

Just then, up and down the cut, the shovels began to whistle for five o'clock, and the army of workers came swarming, like so many ants, up the banks. Back toward Las Cascadas heavy blasts began to shake the earth like so many small earthquakes.

"You'll find that your watch won't keep very good time here," said the West-Pointer with a laugh. "You see, they arrange the time so that they can have the best eight hours for work. Did you say you were going down through to Balboa? Better hurry up and get that first engine. They all put up down at Pedro Miguel, and it is time they were getting out."

I got up in the first locomotive, and soon we became one of a procession of locomotives which, like so many weary beasts of burden after a hard day of toil, filed out of the cut, over the uncertain track, to the round-house at Pedro Miguel. From the despatchers' towers, perched at intervals against the western sky, the tower-man waved the procession along with a white

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flag. Then he slid down the bank and joined the group perched on the tank of the last engine.

"Another day's work done," said the engineer, as he looked back into the now almost deserted cut. "I'm glad we didn't get hung up at Balboa to-night. Haven't been able to get home for two nights. You see, they won't give us overtime to come home on, and they say it isn't fair for us to come home on our own. Why, there isn't a fellow with a family on the job but what would take two hours of his own time to get home if he could; but it's the same old story. The engineers have to be the first out and the last to get through. Still, that's what we're paid for."

As we came up onto the main line below Paraiso, we found the chief-engineer's big yellow motor car side-tracked to let the La Boca sand-train by.

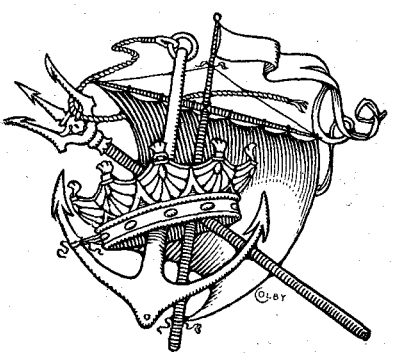
"Hello, there's the colonel," said the engineer; "looks queer to see him waiting for a dirt-train, doesn't it? Yes, colonel says we're building a canal now and not running a railroad. He'll side-track a passenger-train any day if there's a dirt-train in a hurry."

We were just going by the yard-master's office at Pedro Miguel to take the switch for the round-house at the lower end of the yard, when the yard-master himself came out and handed the engineer an order.

"Huh!" said that unfortunate; "might have known it was too good to be true. Now I've got to go to Balboa breakwater and get a pile-driver and bring it back to Mira Flores. I see where it's ten o'clock before I get home after all. Well, here's a clear line, so the sooner we get started the sooner we'll get back."

We rolled along at a thirty-mile clip, under elevated trestles and around long curves, by the Mira Flores power-house, and down through the swamp of Corozal. All day long, dirt-trains from Culebra had trod that same path, transforming Gold Hill into a breakwater. It was quite dark when we picked up the train at La Boca. Out in the channel the dredges clanked and splashed in the moonlight. Mud-laden scows moved silently up and down the stream like dark phantoms. Beyond, the Pacific lay silvery and peaceful, broken by hump-backed islands.

The man on the opposite side of the cab left his seat and, standing in the gangway, contemplated the scene. "And the mountains shall be moved into the midst of the sea," he soliloquized finally. An American state shall be planted in the heart of a Central American republic. With that as a foundation, shall be undertaken the greatest work of the kind the world has ever seen. And Americans are doing it.



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THE CARROLLS' FORTUNE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATION BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

I

JUST when the affairs of that unbusiness-like branch of the distinguished Carroll family known as "the Freds" were approaching a crisis, a sordid financial crisis, the enormously wealthy Mr. Sterling recurred in their orbit, like a comet, to brighten their horizon.

Mr. Sterling had helped to avert financial panics in Wall Street, but to the Carrolls he was better known as the man who had once rented their house during horse-show week at the near-by country club, and liked it so well that he afterward sent his secretary out to buy it one afternoon when not too busy with other things. As it turned out the Freds had cruelly refused to sell at any price because they liked it so well themselves and because Mr. Sterling was hardly worthy of such a charming place as theirs. They were painters, and he was a mere millionaire.

Now, some men might have been dismayed by this rebuff. Not so Mr. Sterling. He consoled himself by secretly securing options upon the greater part of the adjoining township. Then he let it leak out that he proposed to establish a country-seat upon the most commanding site, thus making a market for the rest of the land which he did not want at prices which reimbursed him for the entire operation. So he was now engaged upon the amiable pastime of crowning an unsuspecting American hill with an Italian villa whose south façade was almost as extensive as the home hole at the golf links.

"As exuberant and spectacular as the Villa Caprarola," said Molly Carroll contemptuously.

"More so," said Fred, sniffing at the many wide-spreading terraces, the flamboyant Barocco redundancy. "That man Peters must be having the time of his life. He's going to beat Vignola at his own game.

Peters had been the Carrolls' architect. He had since risen in the world. He was now the Sterlings' architect.

It is possible that Mr. Sterling had never heard of Caprarola or its designer. At any rate the Carrolls derived a certain satisfaction from thinking so. But Mr. Sterling would not have cared a hang about that. Why talk about such things when you have the money to buy them. Money talks. The Sterling place when finished could be seen from miles around to be more expensive than any of the estates in that part of the country, and it was also clear that he would have spent even more upon it if any one had told him how. True architecture should always be an expression of the individuality of the builder.

Well, having erected one of the showplaces in America, he now desired to decorate its apartments in such a way that those Americans and visiting foreigners who were privileged to penetrate the interior would admire the owner's noble art of sparing no expense from the inside point of view. And that is how the painter and the billionaire met again upon a business basis.

For Mr. Sterling had decided to have "a symposium of leading American artists" represented upon his walls, instead of importing foreign labor for the purpose, as others of our aristocracy have done on the same principle that they buy foreign titles for their daughters, nothing being too good for them. This Captain of Industry was a patriot, and America was good enough for him, he said. He believed in encouraging home industries. That was how he got his own first step toward the dizzy heights of High Finance.

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Now Frederick Carroll was not so well known as some of the others on Mr. Sterling's type-written list, but experts in such matters had said that he was worthy to be there. Besides, Sterling had been impressed by the young man's independence, and therefore by his pictures; had bought some of them once, he believed; and wanted to help the poor artist along. He was a kind man, and wealth is a sacred trust, and we are here to help one another. After all, we have but one life to lead.

Mrs. Sterling, it may be added, observed that the Carrolls, notwithstanding their lack of outward and visible signs of inward and financial grace, seemed to have an effectual calling list. They were popular among a God-fearing colony of conservative wealth, where Mrs. Sterling proposed to be popular too. Every little thing helps.

Now, the Carrolls, too unworldly to see any such motive, were delighted. They thought it spoke well not only for their position in the world of art, but especially for the Sterlings' taste. It was encouraging to see their fellow-countrymen making progress. The Carrolls, too, were patriots. Besides, they needed the money. The children were growing up, and seemed to expect an education.

All the preliminary overtures were delightful. The Sterlings beamed upon the Carrolls and invited them to dine in the vast, new-smelling house in order to talk the project over. The Carrolls beamed upon the Sterlings and graciously overlooked the fact that the new-comers had not yet been invited to dine at "The Meadows," as the Carroll house was called on their letter-paper but never elsewhere.

Each side politely put the other at ease all through the long, elaborate dinner. "We cannot all have the sacred trust of wealth," was the benign attitude of the hosts, "but let us be kind to those not so blessed."

"We cannot all have birth, breeding, and a sense of the beautiful," was the tactful attitude of their guests; "let us keep them from suspecting it."

But all this was of no avail, as it turned out. For Mr. Sterling wanted a big allegorical presentation of the Search for Truth running clear around the library over the books, fine new books, all of them latest editions.

Fred smiled tactfully and suggested something else. "I used to go in for allegorical stunts when I was young," he said, "but I've lived it down since."

Mr. Sterling smiled too, but seemed to be keen for truth.

Fred stopped smiling and remarked that if he did anything at all it would have to be a representation of life—not a misrepresentation.

Mr. Sterling stopped smiling and suggested that it was his library.

"But it's my work," said the painter, smiling again.

This gave Mr. Sterling pause. Then he smiled again and said: "Twenty thousand dollars."

This gave Fred pause. Then he scowled and said: "You'd better get young De Courcy for the job. He's given to doing searches for truth."

Well, in the end young De Courcy got the commission, and Sterling got his search for truth, and Fred got nothing at all except a disappointment.

So the recurrence of Mr. Sterling in the Carrolls' orbit did not solve their financial difficulties at all. It only explained them.

If no man can serve two masters it goes without saying that two mistresses are still more out of the question, especially when one of them is so jealous as art is acknowledged to be by new students at the League every year, and the other so exacting as domesticity proclaims itself even more eloquently on the first of every month. It was fine to be appreciated by "the chosen few," but that didn't pay the plumber nor any other piper. It is commendable to cling to High Ideals but this did not lower the High Cost of Living. It is noble to be true to a heaven-sent gift, but Carroll also had heaven-sent children, and numerous other expenses entailed by a marriage presumably made in heaven too.

Well, it was bound to come out all right in the end. Aunt Bella said so, and Aunt Bella ought to know. She had a million or two and had never married.

II

When the Fred Carrolls returned at last from abroad, brown and cheerful and serene, they took a house in town for the win-

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ter, and the gossips out in the country—for even the most refined and conservative colonies have been known to include a few—nodded their heads over the teacups and said: "That aunt of theirs must have left them more than we thought!"

Aunt Bella's magnificient bequest for establishing the "Arabella Carroll Memorial Neighborhood House" down on the East Side, though hardly comparable with some of the other princely gifts of this golden age of Organized Charity, was nevertheless meritorious enough in size to get a head-line in the newspapers. The residue of the estate went, according to the will, share and share alike to dear Aunt Bella's beloved nephews and nieces. Now as there were a number of these, a conservative reading between the head-lines had at first made Fred's portion only seventy thousand dollars, though there were others who stated authoritatively that it was at least seven hundred thousand, arguing that the very fact of dear Aunt Bella's being able to give so much to the children of the East Side showed that her estate was "much larger than at first estimated."

Fred had been appointed one of the trustees of the Neighborhood House, and had hurried back to America in time to attend the "ceremonies in connection with" the laying of the corner-stone. He was now sitting upon the platform looking reserved and dignified, hearing what a good woman Aunt Bella had been and realizing how proud he ought to be of his heritage of high ideals and public spirit.

He looked plump and prosperous in his eminently becoming London clothes—"well-groomed" is perhaps a more orthodox phrase, though it must be confessed that he had taken on weight during his residence abroad. It became him well, however. It made him more "distinguished looking."

But it is to be feared that Frederick Carroll did not appreciate his sacred trust nor the distinction of being a useful public citizen, for as soon as the ceremonies were over he stepped into his waiting limousine and dashed up the brilliant avenue as fast as the traffic regulators would allow, delighting in the opalescent twilight, the purple tones, and the pretty girls. So much so that he failed to see the nods of a couple of old pals of his who were walking and who nudged each other and smiled as he passed. He had regained his healthy exuberance during these two years. With rest came objectivity. He could see again. Morbid ingrowing thoughts had vanished and he had reached a period in his artistic career where he could appreciate the charm of New York. He no longer sought for the beauty of the Old World in the streets of the new, as cubs do when just back from Paris with long hair and false ideals. He took and enjoyed what was set before him, asking no questions, and got more stimulation out of it than from a bottle of champagne.

"You missed a great moment," said Fred when he joined Molly over the tea-table, for his wife had refused to go. "There I sat shivering in my last summer's suit, my pockets full of unpaid bills, wasting two good hours of daylight, and trying to look worthy of my heritage of high ideals while I listened to the mayor praise Aunt Bella's public spirit."

"I hate Aunt Bella's public spirit," cried Molly vindictively and she threw the afternoon paper describing the memorial across the room.

Financially speaking, the Carrolls were at the present moment worse off than ever. They merely *seemed* to be better off. But that was not their fault. Indeed they were so guiltless that they never even suspected it. Their pecuniary sensibilities were quite rudimentary. They knew how Aunt Bella had treated them, and assumed that others could guess by the Neighborhood House. There is nothing like having a clean conscience. But again, nothing looks so guilty as innocence. Everything they had done had been in the interest of art or economy. It looked like the evidence of ease and solvency.

When the residuary legatees found that their respective portions would be a scant ten thousand apiece, Archie Carroll, who was one of the executors of the estate, being a good, conservative, business-like fellow invested his legacy and the very considerable executor's fee in Steel Fives. Being also a notably kind elder brother, full of sound advice, he had suggested that the unbusiness-like Fred should follow his example.

But Fred did not see it that way. "That may be wise for you, Archie," said the artist

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broad-mindedly, "but I can't afford such luxuries. It would not be business-like. I believe in putting one's capital into one's business." So he packed up, took the family to Europe, and stayed there until he got his legacy all nicely spent.

He had been bankrupt in health, hope, and ideas. The interest on a few Steel Fives would not have restocked him in these very necessary resources for the pursuit of his trade. The stay abroad did. He also accomplished some very good work over there, sketching with a congenial group of fellow-craftsmen, who knew his work, who liked him, who talked his own language. He got the inspiration of a change of scene. He studied the new schools. He fell into the swing of a new manner of his own. He achieved a new grip on life and a new view of his own life in perspective.

One of the chief advantages of going abroad is what you see at home when you get back. The Carrolls saw a whole row of mistakes, grinning at them from the rear. But they also saw a crowd of opportunities in front. There was a chance to make good after all. "You are still young. You must get back into the city, Fred. If not with the family then without us," said Molly, who could see sometimes better than he could. "Don't think about the family, think about your work. Think what the big men over there told you about it."

It so happened that on the steamer coming home they fell in with an old friend of theirs, an admirer of Fred's work, a gentleman of leisure who classified as "artistic and literary" inasmuch as he possessed a valuable collection of ceramics and went in for old prints and first editions, a flabby soul but a kindly one. He said he hated New York in winter—he was always hating things—and proposed trading houses for a year. To be sure, his town house, very nice and spacious as town houses go, was not so comfortable and complete as the Carrolls' country house, though it would have rented for five or six times as much money. The Carrolls, however, were so lacking in pecuniary consciousness that they never even thought of this sordid, commercial view of the matter. They hesitated only because they knew the house and wondered if they could stand the color of the drawing-room. "But it will only be for one year," as Molly reminded Fred, and "beggars cannot be choosers," as Fred cheerfully reminded Molly. So they graciously accepted, and Fred's friend had the honor of saying to his acquaintances, "I have taken the Fred Carrolls' place for the winter—a simple little cottage, but it's only for a year."

The rest of the illusion of affluence followed as naturally and easily as brother Archie's sweet, smooth-running car. Archie still felt so cut up over Aunt Bella's public spirit that he had taken his family off on a long cruise among the Bahamas and had begged the Freds to use his car during the winter because George was the best chauffeur he had ever had and he did not want to lose him. Fred did not feel like accepting it at first, but Molly reminded him that he had refused to accept anything from Archie for the portrait of the latter's wife; a most interesting portrait showing the frivolous Julia (well known as a mollusc in the Carroll family gossip) posing as a perfect mother with the children entwined about her in a graceful group while she wore an appropriately low-cut evening gown.

"To-day in town," reported a member of the colony, "I saw Fred and Molly Carroll in their brand new limousine. It's a very smart one with an expensive purr and they have put their crest on the door."

Now it may be that the Carrolls considered crests and similar bravery rather unnecessary in the land of the free, especially when so fresh from a very different kind of colony in France, with different aspirations and absurdities. It is good for Americans to go abroad and see some real democracy occasionally. It's so quaint and old-fashioned. However, Fred could not very well paint out the crest, even though he was a painter. Besides, it was only for one year.

Archie's expensive limousine, by the way, was worth Fred's entire legacy. And yet instead of decreasing his capital it only seemed to put the Carrolls' fortune up another peg. It now soared well above the million mark, and they seemed to be getting richer every day.

"That chauffeur of Archie's is a nice fellow," said Fred to Molly with a whimsical smile. "He's lent me one of his fur coats." Why not? George, a clean-cut well-edu-

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cated young American, had three coats and he had nothing against Fred. Even the coat was noted by members of the colony, but Molly's clothes, of course, occasioned more comment. "Doucet, I *think*, so rich and yet so simple—that indescribable something."

The acquisition of Molly's new outfit was characteristic of the Carrolls. "Before we spend all this money," Fred had remarked in a business-like manner at Paris, "you've got to get a lot of new things."

"We can't afford it," protested Molly weakly but with a gleam in her eye.

"We can't afford not to," replied her more practical husband. "Things are so cheap here, if you know where to get them, and the Lord knows when we'll ever be over again." So with the aid of her husband's talented eye for color and design, Mrs. Carroll became the complacent possessor of a brand-new trousseau, which was not only of the latest mode; any other wealthy woman could achieve that; but also of a subtle originality which many even wealthier women coveted. It should be added that Molly only consented to this extravagance upon the express understanding that Fred would get a new outfit for himself while in London. That was the way they usually compromised in the interest of economy. For "if I can afford it then you can," she declared logically. And so they dawned upon New York looking smart and quietly distinguished.

Now in town, of course, the Carrolls and their wealth were not taken so seriously. There were so many other people to think and talk about, and there was hardly enough wealth to make an impression upon our great and glorious metropolis—only two or three millions. The self-centred city hasn't time to go into details or look beneath the surface. It takes you on your face value.

It seems that this well-known painter and his charming wife had been living on the Continent for a great many years, where his pictures had been making all kinds of a hit at the salons. They were now comfortably settled down for the season in New York to "execute a few commissions" and to have as good a time as possible, like every one else, before returning to their "artistic" country place and their beloved garden in the spring. For the rest they had an atmosphere of cheerfulness and success combined with quiet dignity and comfort. We all like cheerfulness better than gloom.

III

THE guests now assembled at Molly Carroll's pretty dinner-table were of this broad elective acquaintanceship, old friends and new, lasting or temporary. Formerly the Carrolls were inclined to limit their circle of social intercourse to the "literary and artistic" crowd who are, of course, the real elect of the earth. But they had outgrown such narrowness. Perhaps they wished to spread the light. Perhaps they wished to sell some pictures.

At any rate their guests of honor this evening were none other than Mr. and Mrs. Sterling—the new Mrs. Sterling, the old one having died. Possibly the new house, which the colony now called Sterling Castle, had proved too much for her, though with a housekeeper and an assistant housekeeper and thirty servants even the Barocco exuberance oughtn't to have troubled her. As a matter of fact she had liked it, poor thing. It made her feel valuable, just as did the liveried servants.

The new Mrs. Sterling had been a successful emotional actress. She was still an actress, playing the star part of the wife of a billionaire, and playing it quite successfully too, though not emotionally so far as one could detect. She made an impressive entrance with her new master, wearing about her neck the dog collar of plump and priceless pearls he had given her as well as a peck or two of diamonds expensively crowded upon the covered and uncovered portions of her beautiful body.

She had not wanted to come here very much. She had known plenty of artists in her brilliant but less affluent past. She had not played her new part long enough to tire of it as yet. She still felt the glamour of rich people, just as some rich men feel the glamour of the greenroom. But she felt more reconciled to her husband's wishes after she had entered the house, which, though not comparable with her own, was surprisingly fine for a mere artist.

The Carrolls had not particularly wanted the Sterlings either, but they had never had a chance before to return the former Mrs. Sterling's invitation of several years ago,

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and they wanted the old man to see that they cherished no animosity against him for that matter of the search for truth. Though as it happened Sterling had borne up very well without a Frederick Carroll decoration on his walls, as could be seen by his genial expansiveness. His country place had proved a great success; the colony had swung around at last, as he had known it would, and he was now a real patron of the arts as you could see by the way he patronized all artists. That was why he had insisted upon accepting this surprising invitation. He was still more surprised to find the artist so comfortably established. "This explains it all," he said to himself, thinking of the search for truth. It was too bad. Painters ought to be poor. For this collector of paintings, railroads, and other bric-à-brac held to the orthodox faith that for those who do the real work of the world, like manipulating the stock-market or jacking up the tariff, money was a good thing, but not for artists. It makes them lazy.

It is just possible that Molly derived a little mischievous delight in showing the Sterlings that a simple dinner could be good and that even better people would come to it than came as yet to Mr. Sterling's enormous house on the avenue. She seated him next to Mrs. Langham.

It was Aline Langham, the distinguished novelist, who not only wrote of the highest society, but belonged to it—a distinction far from common among writers in democratic America. For the most part they have to put up with the company of those who, like themselves, make books and pictures, not those who buy such wares. Mrs. Langham could not only satirize in fascinating detail the expensive entourages of our American aristocracy, but she possessed such things herself as might be seen when she took the air in the park in order to become refreshed for satirizing the vanity of riches. But good Queen Victoria endured a far more complicated domestic ritual every time she "drove out," although she, kind soul, was a simple old lady who could not have written one of Mrs. Langham's books to save her crown. In America all our women are queens. They deserve everything that makes for the dignity and grace of living, and those who jeer at such concomitants of an advanced stage of civilization only show that they are out of touch with the Zeitgeist of our democracy or that they are envious, or else, worst self-revelation of all, that they have not had such things for many, many generations in their own family—an admission no self-respecting American should care to make.

Now the Carrolls, in the innocence of their hearts, had placed Mr. Sterling next to Mrs. Langham, supposing that the novelist would enjoy the opportunity of "studying" him. But that experienced lady knew the Sterling type by heart already. It is quite too common in America nowadays, thanks to a beneficent combination of natural resources and unnatural laws. But it is well known that there aren't nearly so many newly rich painters. Accordingly the authoress was quietly studying her host and hostess instead. Being a psychologist, she was naturally interested in observing the effect of a sudden accession of wealth—not much, to be sure; only five millions—upon a conscientious painter who had not only an eye for color but also for women, and upon his clever young wife who was not only ambitious for him but also for social success. Every woman, of course, was socially ambitious. It was sheer affectation, inverted snobbery, to pretend otherwise. Thus the unsuspecting Carrolls bade fair to be impaled upon Mrs. Langham's pen and held up before the magnifying-glass of her projective imagination to serve as a useful example to the world, Fred meanwhile feeling pleased that this brilliant and delightful woman had fallen under Molly's charm, and Molly that Mrs. Langham was one of those gifted beings who appreciated the genius of Frederick Carroll.

In passing it is worth observing that Mrs. Langham was a little perplexed to account for the meagreness of the Carrolls' menage —only one man servant, and a poor selection at that—for being a true literary artist she always observed servants with the carefulness of a highly paid housekeeper. Home has been woman's only sphere for so long that it seems difficult to break the immemorial habit of the sex. The Carrolls' simplicity appealed to her sense of fitness. It showed a commendable restraint, an artist's scorn of worldly display. It might be a pose, but a very clever one. Nevertheless she prophesied with a mental smile that they would soon grow tired of this oversimplicity. The dinner itself was very

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simple too, and she wondered how this girl new to New York had discovered that simple dinners just then were very smart. The quick adaptability of the American woman is always interesting to novelists.

All this would doubtless have interested the Carrolls if they had only been aware of it. For Fred had run up such a large bar bill at the club purchasing wines for these simple return dinners that his name had been posted for non-payment of house charges. However, he would have been willing to admit that the dinner was good, and, in fact, he complimented Molly upon it after their guests were gone and they were talking it over. "Big, heavy dinners," he said, "are so vulgar, Molly, especially when attempted by poor people like ourselves."

Now there were others among those present who took thought of Molly's dinner and its relation to her husband's wealth. There was Carlton Stillman, the art critic, and his clever wife, who had sharp, black eyes which watched everything. Being in the art-critic business they were both rather critical of artists just as patrons of the arts sometimes patronize them. Mrs. Stillman tried not to be aware of Molly's very successful evening gown; for she feared it was a Paquin; and she sniffed inwardly at the frugal meal. She thought the Carrolls rather stingy, knowing perfectly well that if she and Carlton ever came in for any money—but then they never would; they had no rich aunts to endow them. Some people had all the good luck.

Carlton Stillman was an old friend of Fred's who had known him "when." So as he had failed as a painter himself it was difficult to accept Fred's affluence and his quiet air of having had it all his life as amiably as, for instance, the Sterlings, though they, it should be remembered, had even greater wealth. Nor could he look down upon it with the godlike detachment of a Mrs. Langham who had the novelist's indifference to the vanities and jealousies of poor human nature. When the Stillmans first entered the drawing-room and caught sight of these personages, Carlton and his wife exchanged glances as much as to say, "Dear me! Aren't we flattered?" They were, as a matter of fact, rather pleased but were too much afraid of showing it. So Carlton maintained a satirical smile all evening and confided to the woman he took out, a broker's wife, that all this was going to ruin Fred Carroll as a painter. "He used to be a very good sort, simple and unaffected," said the critic, "but now that he has come in for all this wad of money—well, I see his finish." And Carlton shook his head sadly. It's a critic's business to analyze and understand.

"I wonder what they see in people like the Sterlings?" replied the broker's wife. She had a soul above money, not being the member of the family who had to earn it. She was quite literary and artistic, and devoted not a little of her husband's lucky turns upon these worthy causes.

"Oh, like seeks like," Stillman answered sagely. "Wealth wants to play with greater wealth. I shouldn't be surprised if Molly intended eventually to marry off that innocent little daughter of hers to one of those young Sterling reprobates."

Another friend of early days was there, but he did not take it so hard—the husband of the broker's wife. He had been one of Molly's admirers many years ago, but had got over it enough since his own "ideal marriage" to admire Fred as well as Molly. He was an athletic, generous-minded fellow, and was just glad to see these two delightful friends "so well fixed." Indeed, he thought seriously of buying a picture if the market went up another point, especially as he felt grateful for the opportunity of meeting the famous Mr. Sterling, "one of the biggest men in the street." He appreciated the honor, it seems, somewhat more than his wife did. In fact, he watched the big man all evening, remembered every word he uttered, and told his partners about it the next morning in the office.

Young De Courcey was there too. He who had sought for truth successfully for Mr. Sterling. He sat on Mrs. Langham's right, and, apropos of the propinquity of his patron on her left, he asked her facetiously if she had ever seen his search. "Well, it's worth going miles to see," he went on humorously, "though perhaps," he concluded in a worldly whisper, "Mrs. Sterling's house is a bit too far for you." Then turning brightly to the lady on his other side he told her about it too. She was the art critic's wife, and wives should always be interested in their husband's profession. When the conversation became general he decided to let the rest of the table

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know about it all at once. "But all the same," he remarked, apropos of something his host was saying, in the authoritative manner of hosts at the end of the table, as to the relative advantages of town and country for working—"all the same, when one wants the work of real genius to gladden one's ancestral halls in the country, one comes to town to look for it. Isn't that so, Mr. Sterling?" he added, with a laughing glance at Fred. For he had never heard the truth of Fred's connection with the search.

Now the great man had not been altogether happy either with Mrs. Langham on his right or his hostess on his left. He wanted to talk high art with them, and they insisted upon talking high finance with him. It rather hurt his feelings, and then and there at Molly Carroll's little dinner he decided to give a large, expensive art museum to his native city out West where his mill-hands were dying of typhoid according to the laws of the survival of the fittest. And he did so, too, though Molly never got a word of credit for it. But when this glib young painter turned to him in that assured manner he was thoroughly provoked. In the respectful silence which followed De Courcey's facetious appeal, the great man smiled sardonically and said, "If you want to know the reason you got my library to do it was because my good friend Carroll here recommended you. I offered him twenty-five per cent. more than you got, but he turned the job down."

The hostess laughed quickly to make plain that it was all good-natured chaffing. So did the host and several of the guests, most of all young De Courcey himself. But after that he stared at the centre-piece and remained silent, crushed by the heavy hand of capital. That's the way with these infant industries unless we protect them.

Up to this point in the dinner De Courcey had been genuinely pleased at seeing a nice, quiet fellow like Fred in the lap of luxury. "He's a thoroughbred," he had remarked to Mrs. Langham. "Fits the frame so well." But now discovering himself under obligations to Carroll he disliked him for it. "What does he amount to, anyway?" he said to himself, with a glance at Fred, seated at the head of a brilliant dinner-table looking urbane and serene, and apparently without a care in the world. "Simply because he has money is no reason why he should patronize *me*." Alas, one must pay the price, even for wealth. And after that whenever any one at the club said, "Fred Carroll's money doesn't seem to have changed him," De Courcey always added, "But he takes too much pains to show that it hasn't changed him. He thinks we are thinking about his money all the time, simply because he is."

And yet it is safe to say that, as the dinner-party now arose, nearly every one at the table had given thought to the Carrolls' fortune, liking or disliking them for it, except the Carrolls themselves, who seemed to like every one (including themselves), beaming graciously upon all alike and now glancing at each other by way of mutual congratulation upon the success of the dinner.

Indeed, as Fred gallantly drew back Mrs. Sterling's chair, he felt so elated and expansive that he bestowed upon her a killing glance and said: "How unkind of you to go!" though he was longing manfully for a cigar by this time.

"But I am coming to your studio on Thursday," the emotional actress returned, "to see that painting you were telling me about."

"If you'd only let me paint *you*!" he sighed, though, having a keen eye for color and women as Mrs. Langham surmised, he observed that she was pretty well painted already.

"Ah, we can talk that over when you dine with us next week," said Mrs. Sterling, as he bowed her into the drawing-room beside the apparently unobserving authoress. Then, leading the men away to the library, he held a light for the broker's cigar and hospitably tried to talk about the unsettled condition of the market, though being utterly ignorant of such things he made a mess of it.

"Ah ha," thought the observant art critic, with a satirical smile. "That's what interests him now. Well, he'll probably lose it all. Then he may come to his senses and do some good work." For Stillman loved art for art's sake.

IV

Before the season was over Fred and Molly occasionally touched that effulgent pinnacle of success which brought the illus-

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trious Carroll name among the names of others present who had possessed wealth and social eminence as far back as the memory of the oldest society reporter could reach. Surely this sort of success ought to prove demoralizing to an impressionable young painter, even without the complacent consciousness of wealth: adorable women looking into his eyes and telling him how they adored his work, which they had never seen; teas in his studio so that they could see it and adore it afresh; younger painters asking him to come to *their* studios and kindly criticise *their* work. All this giddy whirl of flattery might reasonably be supposed to turn his head.

But, regrettable as it may seem, it did nothing of the sort. Perhaps the atmosphere of admiration made him gallantly ambitious to prove worthy of the praise of the women. Perhaps the attitude of respect made him conscious of his responsibilities as an adviser of youth. But more likely there was nothing conscious about it. He hadn't time to think about himself, nor inclination; he was too much interested in other people and outside things. It was an unconscious stimulation—the subtle psychic influence of approbation. In short, he was getting an uplift, and such things are quite as necessary as the dull weight of adversity, though Carroll's New England ancestry would have been loath to admit it. As Mrs. Sterling told him one morning in the studio, in the old days—she was beginning to call them the "dear old days"—she could never do her best except when she felt that the audience was loving her. "No wonder you were so successful," said the painter, and he was spurred on to do his best upon the head he was making of her, even more than in his own dreary old days by the prattle of children's voices or the rattle of butchers' wagons.

The head was shown at the mid-winter exhibition of the Academy of Design. It attracted considerable attention. Those who did not like him said that this was because of the interest in the subject rather than the skill of the work. It attracted attention all the same. Moreover, it received an honorable mention in the competition for the Bronson prize. Some of his acquaintances were puzzled. They had hardly expected him to do anything serious.

"I always told you he could do good work—if he only tried," said those who had not lost faith in him.

Mrs. Sterling had a great deal of faith in him. She bought two of the pictures that he was preparing for his own exhibition in the spring, before he had a chance to exhibit them. She, too, had become a patron of the arts. It ran in the family. One of the canvases she bought appealed to her as so divine that she could hardly stand it, so she turned her face away and wept beautifully. She was beginning to bore him dreadfully. That was why he said such nice things to her. She dropped into the studio at all hours, but as she sometimes brought friends and some of them were likely to buy pictures, Fred as the father of a family could not very well put her out.

In May came the "Exhibition of Paintings by Frederick Carroll," at McPherson's.

It could hardly be said that the gallery was crowded, though Mrs. Sterling testified humorously that there was standing room only. At any rate, never before had so many people come to see his pictures, not only the usual sprinkling of those who paint or write or collect, but others who had gone to their country places by this time made special trips to town in high-powered cars. Perhaps their fluttering presence irritated certain of the critics. In the old days they had usually dismissed Frederick Carroll with a brief commendatory notice. Now they discussed him in long condemnatory notices, beginning "After a long silence." Some of them took him seriously and spoke of his "distinction of manner." Fred liked that. Another, a young man with elaborately fashionable clothes, said, "He paints like a gentleman," which offended Fred's professional pride. Carlton Stillman summed it up authoritatively thus: "Leisure should be used for taking pains, not for showing that one is free from the necessity to do so." And he implied a flippant dilettante's scorn of being understood. For Art has to do with things as they seem, not as they are. Thus a work of art can seem so many different things to so many different men.

"You mustn't let a little thing like that bother you," said an older painter to Fred. "It's much better than being dismissed with a light pat on the back and then forgotten."

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Another painter, a man whom Fred had never met, wrote a letter to the newspaper defending Frederick Carroll from the charge of dilettanteism, and paying his respects to critics who didn't know great work when they saw it. All of which drew more attention to the art of Frederick Carroll.

McPherson the art dealer dropped into the studio one day. "We've done very well," he said. "I'll sell the rest of them for you within a year if we work it right." You are getting something of a vogue. We must strike while the iron's hot. Get 'em on the run. We must have another show in the fall. It's the psychological moment.

"That's impossible," said Fred. "I've got to have some rest this summer."

"What have you in these old portfolios?"

"Old stuff, done several years ago, never exhibited. It's rotten."

But when McPherson looked at it he pronounced it "swell." He said: "It's in a different mood, but it's good work." Molly backed up the art dealer. So did an older painter, one of the big ones whose opinion Fred respected. And now a curious thing happened. Fred put his head on one side, squinted his eyes and decided that it was not so bad after all. In fact, he was quite pleased with some of the canvases. "A work of art can seem so many different things to so many different men." Fred was a different man now that success was coquetting with him.

V

But before the exhibition took place in the fall, just when the tide was turning, when articles were being written about the art of Frederick Carroll, when he was receiving honors, such as invitations to lecture before select gatherings of young women, when all life seemed bright with promise and good cheer, and just when Fred and Molly were presumably about to begin another triumphal tour heavenward in New York, the sad but interesting news went out that the Carrolls had lost their money.

"Yes, my dear, they've given up their town house and have moved into one of those co-operative studio apartments. They have rented their own place in the country for three years. They have even given up their car!"

"I suspected that something was the matter all along," said the broker.

"This explains their apparent lack of public spirit when it came to subscribing for charities," said the broker's wife.

"It all goes to prove," said De Courcey to some of the fellows at the club, "that you never can tell by outward appearances what is going on inside."

"I always knew that Fred wasn't a snob at heart," said another, "but I suppose he was worrying a good deal and that affected his manner." This explained it all.

Every one agreed that Fred and Molly were showing a beautiful spirit. They uttered not one word of complaint. To be sure they disliked giving up their house in the country, but they hoped some day to get it back again. Meanwhile the children were old enough to thrive in town and the family must follow the job. Even Molly's made-over Paris clothes did not sanctify her spirit, for she had intended to make them over all along. Paris styles are always a season ahead of New York's.

"Well, I told you he'd lose his money," said Carlton Stillman to his wife. "Now he'll settle down and work. He's got to."

And sure enough he had another exhibition quite early in the fall! This showed how industrious he had been since he lost his fortune. And when Fred's selections from his early work which he had been touching up during the summer were exhibited at McPherson's, Carlton Stillman was the first to sound the praise of Frederick Carroll's "new" manner. It seems that he had struck a fresh note, showing a more matured understanding of the irony and bitterness, the inherent pathos and yet the inherent beauty of this process called life.

"It must be fine to be a critic," said Molly to Fred.

Perhaps the other critics felt the same psychic influence, or else like the other painters they all agreed to stand by good old Fred Carroll in his time of trouble.

"That's the way to make these lazy artists work," thought Mr. Sterling, looking on. And perhaps that was the way the rest of the buying public looked at it, for McPherson sold all of these pictures in the new manner and most of those left over from the heyday of Carroll's affluence. Not

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'I hate Aunt Bella's public spirit," she cried vindictively.—Page 341.

only that, but he asked for more. Fred refused, however, because he had promised Mr. Sterling to take on a big decorative scheme for the foyer of the magnificent museum that great and good man was building in a Western city. "Carry out your own idea," said Sterling. "You're the doctor. Only I'd advise you to let me invest the commission for you. You're not fit to handle money, Fred, my boy."

And yet, strangely enough, it was this very loss of his money that had been the making of him, as every one knew, including Mrs. Langham, who expressed the same idea in a more subtle way in her searching psychological story called "Redemption."

To be sure, Fred had originally planned to be a portrait painter. This worthy ambition was never to be carried out. But what of it? No one ever constructs his career according to plans and specifications. But now the Carroll children would at least have a chance to make the attempt.

"I always told you that you would win out in the end," said Molly, apropos of Fred's election to the Academy. "Sooner or later true merit is always recognized."

"Well," said Fred, with the becoming modesty of a man of achievement, "there's one thing I can honestly say: what little I have accomplished in my life has been without any bluffing."

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ON THE ROAD TO HELL-FER-SARTAIN

By John Fox, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I

FITTINGLY, I thought, the road thereto starts for the Bluegrass Kentuckian from horror-haunted Jackson, the county-seat of Bloody Breathitt; Breathitt—almost the first mountain county in the State to inaugurate the terrible feud, and certainly the last to give it up, beginning one during the war, culminating it only a year or two ago in the death of one leader at the hands of his own son, and keeping it alive to-day. The little town was sitting quietly on the flanks of fourteen baby mountains when I swung from the cars one mid-August noon, and waited with other hungry travellers in the hotel bus until the uniformed autocrat of the train could change into his day-clothes and come along. That same bus, without a slack of speed, had been ferried over the muddy waters of the Kentucky River on a flat-boat when I was last there, but now, it rolled at about the same speed over a suspension bridge, built by the county, let to private individuals, and bringing in, as I was told, a tremendous yearly toll.

"Why doesn't the county reap the harvest?"

Nobody in the bus answered but one man, and he pleasantly gave me the laugh. I might as well have asked why in that county a man still has the cave-dweller's right to take his brother's life with little other risk to his own except from the dweller in another cave. The outside world couldn't very well omit Breathitt when it made law, and Breathitt accepted the gift with gratitude so far at least as it should serve the personal purpose of the man who held the law in the hollow of his hand. Not that there are not bitter complaints of lawlessness in Breathitt, and stern upholders of the law. There are: but I observed that the bitterest and the sternest were not allied with the party that happens just now to be in power.

It was lunch time—dinner-time it is in the mountains—and the little hotel was crowded, mostly with vigorous, active young men. The host was young, smooth-faced, and courteous, and straightway he requested me to "shake hands" with his guests. I shook—with all of them: a mission worker from Berea, a college on the edge of the Bluegrass; a school-teacher, a lawyer, a nervous, fluent Presbyterian minister, and a man from Missouri who was forming a stock company to purchase a high-priced stallion; and clerks, merchants, ex-feudsmen. Perhaps it was the holiday effect of Saturday, or of the coming base-ball game that afternoon, but the air had a wide-awake hustling quality in marked contrast to the slumbrous calm that I had known in that village before. Already I had learned that I could get a horse—a "good horse"—and many people told me as many ways of getting to Hell-fer-Sartain, which ranged according to opinion from forty to sixty miles away. Moreover, everybody told me to stay all night on the way with ex-Sheriff Callahan, and, as I had read in the papers only a few weeks before that he had been ambushed by his enemies as he stood in the door of his store, and was still in bed from his wound, I thought I might hear, see, and learn something of interest. It was nearly two o'clock Saturday afternoon, and I must be back in Jackson Monday morning, so I needed a good horse and a hurried departure. The base-ball team in variegated uniforms was passing when I went out to mount. The horse was there, a gaunt, bony, superannuated, drooping-necked old mare. I was aghast, but everybody in the crowd had ridden the old plug and everybody said she could move, and above all was willing. Just then she turned one sightless eye to me and I shuddered. "I rid her twenty-five years ago," said one bystander.

"For heaven's sake how old is she?"

"Nigh on to thirty," said another. There was nothing to be done and I climbed

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"I rid her twenty-five years ago," said one by-stander.—Page 350.

astride, waved good-by to my friends, crossed the bridge, ambled under a trestle, and was soon winding upward on the road to Hell-fer-Sartain over in Leslie County far away.

II

ALONG a ragged ridge I rode a little way, and then down a narrow creek; a short way through a little valley and up another narrow creek to the toilsome top of another ridge. Most of the time the road was the creek bed, sometimes rocky, and sometimes of solid gray slate into which the wheels of heavily-laden wagons had worn ruts but a trifle wider than their rims, sometimes eighteen inches deep. The old mare was an expert mountaineer. She had but one gait on level ground—a swinging pace. Uphill she would go at a quick walk, and down hill stiff-legged, letting the force of gravity do her work, and making the avoidance of vertebral dislocation my work. When there was a little hollow she would break from this stiff-legged walk just at the right moment and let her own impetus carry her to the top of the next little rise. No mean physicist was that old mare, and assuredly she was willing. She needed no switch, and she was so old, so poor, and so pathetically obliging that I straightway dubbed her "Old Faithful." I was to have a great deal of admiration and no little affection for Old Faithful before that trip was over. As it was Saturday afternoon, I met along the road idlers on foot and on horseback, and there was a group of them at every cross-roads, schoolhouse, and store. In that county, too, the log-cabin was disappearing and the signs of the universal change going on among the hills were plentiful. Once in a creek-ravine an old hag tottered out of a miserable hut, and trembling on a cane, shaded her eyes with a withered hand and hailed me: "Got any tobaccer?" she quavered. "I been so sick I hain't had no chance of gittin' to the store." I knew she wanted smoking-tobacco, and I had only cigarettes, several of which I tossed her.

"Shore they hain't pizen?" she asked, and as I rode away, she was still looking down at them untouched.

The sun was swinging low now, and at last I was approaching the river. Across the creek I could see the store of another Callahan, brother of the ex-sheriff, and on the edge of the little settlement, about it,

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I met two boys, pillion-fashion, on horseback. The one in front had a reckless face, and his eyes were heavy with drink.

"Howdy," he shouted, and I could have heard him had he been a hundred yards away. Hazily his eyes took in the sightless socket of Old Faithful, and then caught my spectacles, and after he had passed he turned to his companion and again shouted:

"Both blind, by God."

No offence was meant and none taken by so naïve a comment and I rode on, laughing, toward the store on the porch of which sat a group of men. Brother Callahan was comfortably fat, humorous of face, and a bit sarcastic of speech, and he eyed me and Old Faithful whimsically. "A meetin'-house pacer," he genially characterized the old mare—his characterization of me being kindly withheld—while the rest of the group, one of whom, a beardless stripling with a huge revolver holstered under one arm "fixed" me (as German students say) as only mountain folks can. Yes, I could telephone back to Jackson, and I could reach Sheriff Callahan's a little after dark, and Brother Callahan would telephone ahead that I was coming. Of course I had to tell my business (book-writing I put it) and I saw plainly that I was not understood, nor was my purpose in going to Hell-fer-Sartain, and I could feel the eyes of suspicion following me out of sight when I rode away. It was beautiful up that river; the dirt road was good, the branches arched overhead, and the slanting sun-rays shot through them and laid bars of gold on the lazy yellow stream. I met men on horses and mules, several of them openly armed, and all showing the holiday moonshine-aided spirit of Saturday afternoon. Dusk had fallen when I turned up the creek, and the first stars were peeping through it, when I saw through the gloom a big white house near a white store close to the road, and I knew I was nearing Sheriff Callahan. A rather gruff young fellow met me at the gate.

"Shore they hain't pizen?"—Page 351.

"I'm afraid I've kept you waiting," I said.

"You have," he said, shortly, but with no ill nature, and he reached for my horse's reins. I went past a spreading shrub and into a comfortable living room where there were a big bed, a bureau, and a wash-stand. My host was not visible, and it was not until I had washed up that he suddenly appeared: a big powerful man with black hair and a short black mustache, shifting watchful black eyes, and in spite of his size, with the lithe swiftness of a wild-cat in his every movement. I had met him before in the court-house at Jackson when a feudsman was on trial for a murder in which the sheriff was supposed to have had a hand, but he did not recollect me: he met so many people, he said, in explanation. He was coatless, without waistcoat, and under the waistline of his black trousers was a tiny hole, and in the rear of those trousers was a similar little hole. To my surprise he asked me no questions whatever but put on a black coat (this black garb I was soon to learn was purposeful) and led the way to the dining-room where a silent dark-eyed girl who I presumed was his daughter served us as good a supper as a hungry man would want anywhere. There was little talk between us until we were seated in the hallway afterward. I observed that my host sat in the corner so that the bushy shrub outside the door shut him off from being seen anywhere from the mountain side, and so that he was visible only from the door of his own store, and that moreover not a patch of white showed about him from head to foot. He had been shot from ambush only a short while before,

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and plainly he was guarding against a similar catastrophe. A week before the papers had reported him in bed nigh death. I cleared my throat:

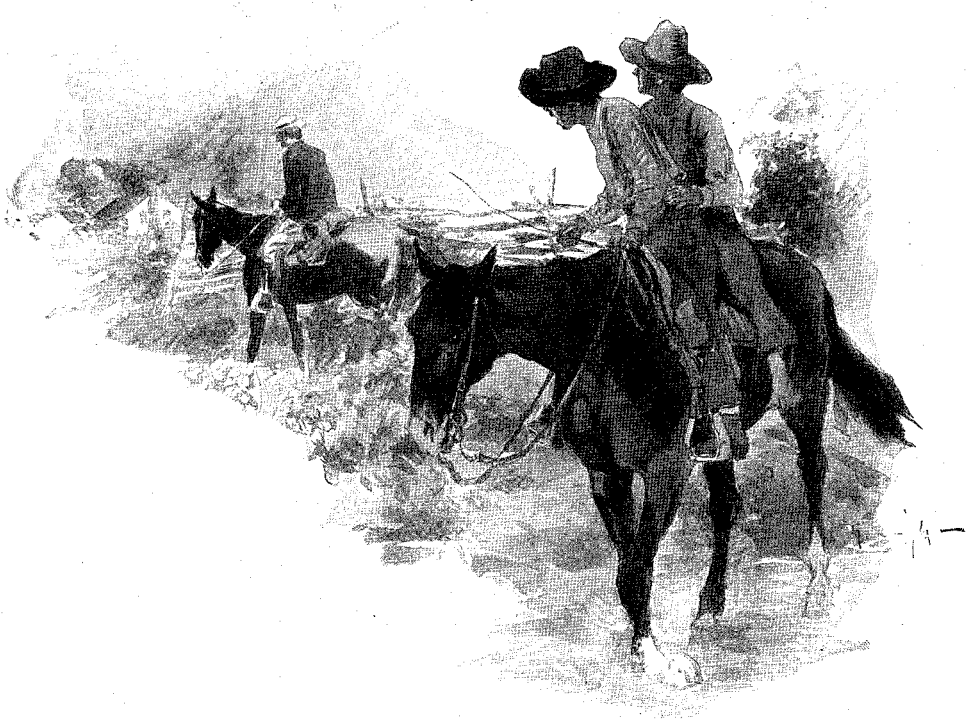
"I am surprised to find you so well," I said, "I thought you were something of an invalid."

"Oh I'm all right."

"Ah, when did the—er—accident occur?"

"I was hurt," he said gravely, "just forty days ago."

Then we dropped formalities and Mr. Callahan rose and showed me the tiny holes in his trousers where the bullet had gone through. It was a narrow shave, and then he told me in detail and with no rancor the story. It had nothing whatever to do with the old Hargis-Cockerill feud at all he declared—it was a little personal matter of his own. Some months before a few men riding past his house had playfully fired into it. Mr. Callahan and his friends had run out and playfully responded, wounding one man and killing a mule. Forty days before Mr. Callahan was standing in the door of his store just after sunset when he felt a sudden sharp pain in the groin, and tumbled to the floor behind the door. He thought at first that it was a sudden stroke of paralysis until the crack of the gun reached his ear, and when another bullet ploughed through the door which was meant to finish the work of the first in case that first had not properly done its work, he knew quite positively just what had happened. The first thing he did was to rise and drag himself to his telephone, so that within ten minutes bloodhounds were ordered from the Bluegrass. His six-year-old son was standing at the gate, and while the assassins were firing over his head, the little fellow saw the puffs of smoke on the hill-side, and heard the assassins running away. Mr. Callahan trailed his assailants with the hounds, got positive proofs, he claims, that they were the guilty ones, and then had them arrested and tried. They were dismissed, because, he further claimed, his enemies were in control of the courts—in answer to which, observers more or less prejudiced say that Mr. Callahan thereby got only a taste of the medicine that he had administered to others when he was the doctor of laws. Be



He turned . . . and again shouted, "Both blind, by God."—Page 352.

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Mr. Callahan and his friends had run out and playfully responded.—Page 353.

that as it may it was hard for me to see while listening to his story how any man could have acted otherwise than he had, and as he may act hereafter—unless his party again gets in power when he will no doubt make his redress legal rather than personal. If he could be assured, he said, that his enemies would rest now, he would gladly take his memento—tapping the wound in his groin—and call it square.

"But they won't and they will try to ambush me again." So there he was with his little body-guard, a prisoner in his own house, with a secret passage between house and store, appearing outside only when he must, and never knowing when a bullet would sing at him from the bushes; never standing in a doorway or before a window with a light behind him, clothed in black to give no aim to a rifle, and when he had to leave home, slipping off at night by some unfrequented way, and always—no matter where he was—in momentary danger of death.

"Why don't you leave?" I asked.

"My business is here and my home," he

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said simply, "and besides they would say I was a coward."

All the time he talked, his little boy was cuddled in his arms and quite such paternal tenderness I had not often seen. "He is crazy about the sea," he said. "He's always asking questions about it, and what he wants most on earth is just to see it. I've told him all I know about the sea, but he keeps on asking questions that I can't answer. I told him it was as deep as these mountains are high."

"Seven or eight times as deep as these mountains," I said, whereat even the father looked incredulous, and then I took a hand and told the boy all I could think of about the ocean and its creatures, and the fishes that carried lights and electric batteries, and the lad drank in the wonders as though they were fairy tales which the father, I am inclined to believe, thought they were. There was a long journey for Old Faithful and me next day, and I must start at four o'clock in the morning. I could get breakfast at his brother-in-law's Callahan said, and so I struck a comfortable bed (two sheets it had), and in the dark, next morning, Old Faithful and I were ascending the bed of the creek. The sunrise was bursting behind us when we reached the top, and far down the ridge I came upon a clearing in which were log-houses with dormer-windows and porches, vine-clad, artistic, and well built. There was a tennis court near the road and I almost gasped. It was Buckhorn College planted there by Presbyterians. I had heard of it but never before knew its whereabouts. I passed Buckhorn reluctantly, hoping that I should have time to stop there coming back, rode down the river, crossed, and drew up before the house of the brother-in-law. My host hesitated half an hour later when I handed him the mite asked for my breakfast as though he wanted to give it back.

"I don't charge preachers nothin'," he said.

I have been taken for a detective—a revenue officer—and for many other things in the mountains, but never before have I been honored with the suspicion of wearing the cloth. But it was Sunday morning, and I had said that I was on my way to church on Hell-fer-Sartain, which was yet three hours away.

He felt a sudden sharp pain.—Page 353.

III

MANY years ago a little story, just seven hundred and fifty words long and called "Hell-fer-Sartain," was published next to the advertisements in a certain American weekly. The author got the munificent sum of six dollars for it. He had sweated out his heart's blood on a book or two before that story appeared, and yet, when he got to New York some six weeks later he found himself known for that little story. Bill Nye had been reading it on the platform, and Colonel Waring had read it before the authors' club—facts that went abroad throughout the land. The author saw a column of criticism about those seven hundred and fifty words and no mention of his name. Later he got the prospectus of some publishing firm's collection of the masterpieces of his country's literature which stated that at an authors' dinner it had been decided that a short story with the queer title of "Hell-fer-Sartain," and by an unknown author, was the best short story written in America! And that the collection would contain this incomparable gem. This story was mine, and for this reason I was on my way to see the scene of the story

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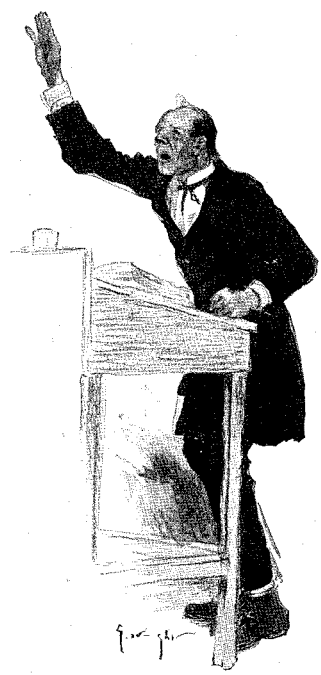
at last. There was a church on Hell-fer-Sartain, and I had heard there was a Sunday-school known officially as the Hell-fer-Sartain Sunday-school; and, moreover, that a philanthropical lady had offered to give this school a library provided she should be permitted to design the book plates. Moreover, I had heard of the preacher of Hell-fer-Sartain, and he fitted the niche in which imagination would place him. About him I had heard these words:

"He's a good man an' there ain't a word agin him"—the speaker paused—"leastwise not for a long time. 'Bout fifteen year ago he got in a fuss with a fat feller an' he an' a friend o' hisn waited for him in the lorrel an' shot him but they didn't kill him. They're good friends now. The preacher paid the feller not to prosecute him, an' atter the thing was over he tol' as how bein' nervous he put a bullet between his teeth when he saw the fat feller comin', an' he was so blame nervous that he bit the bullet in two."



He was still preaching on Hell-fer-Sartain.

"And he kept on preaching?" I asked.

"Oh yes, folks have never held that up agin him." And he was still preaching on Hell-fer-Sartain. Now in the story printed, the creek had gotten its name from the fighting character of the dwellers thereon. As the teller of the story says to the listening stranger:

"Jus' turn up the creek beyond the bend thar an' climb on a stump an' holler about *once*"—that is one mountain method of issuing a challenge—"an' you'll see how the name come. Stranger you'll git hell fer sartain." As I was nearing the waters of the same I asked a mountaineer leaning on the fence about that name and he grinned:

"Folks say an ole bear hunter goin' up the creek met another one coming down. 'Whar'd you come from?' he says. 'I come down a devil of a place,' t'other feller says. 'Well,' says the fust man—'you're goin' into hell fer sartain now.'"

From that point I was to ride up a little creek that trickled past my informant's cabin, and on top of the ridge I would strike Devil's Jump Branch of Hell-fer-Sartain. Then I could ride on down to church. It was a wild ride up that little creek. I lost my way, recovered it, struck the head of Devil's Jump Branch, followed its rocky path, and in less than an hour I emerged at its mouth between massive superimposed boulders to see the placid stream I sought gleaming under more great boulders below. I halted in the road and looked back at those massive, moss-grown rhododendron-tufted boulders—that branch anyhow was well named—and I couldn't help thinking what a perilous leap at that point the old boy would have into his domains. As I rode down I was politely told the name of the creek by a man and by a woman, each without a smile and each correcting my pronunciation to Hell-fer-*Certain*—for the present generation of mountaineers is losing its dialect fast. The church was at the mouth of the stream which was rather large and had deep pools that looked bass-haunted. Twisting down it for several miles, past several rather well-to-do looking cabins, I learned that preaching was going on a hundred yards from the creek in a school-house. There I halted. The bellowing tones of the preacher issued from the little frame school-house, and the windows of it were suddenly filled with curious faces regarding me. Half a score of boys were seated on the roadside and one of them took Old Faithful away to munch on a dozen ears of corn. The rest sat whittling, swearing, gossiping about the small goings-on in the neighborhood, about everything

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but women; for in the mountains the tongue of gossip about women is curiously still.

"I was up to dance on Devil's Jump last night," said one, "an' I didn't git home till daylight. I'm purty tired."

"If you don't watch out, the preacher in thar'll be atter you. He says to Jim Perkins yestiddy, 'You air goin' to hell.' An' Jim says 'I reckon you'll git thar fust.'"

"He *was* atter me a minute ago," said the other. "He got to lookin' straight at me an' a-talkin' hell-fire an' damnation straight at me an' I come out. He better not say nothin' to *me* outside."

Presently I went inside myself. The preacher was tall and lank, his trousers were short, and his Adam's apple as big as Julius Cæsar's. One glance only he gave me. He wasn't well he said, but he would go on a little longer, though heaven knows how long he had been going on and yet would go.

"I believe," he chanted cheerfully, "as sure as I'm a-standin' here that there is a living hell of fire and brimstone into which you sinners here will go as sure as you're a-settin' here ef you don't repent an' be saved by the grace of the Lord." He fixed his eyes on one youth who shifted in his seat, and a moment later, like his predecessor outside, stole out of the house. A little later, pleading, the preacher turned his eyes to another corner of the room where a girl sat with her handkerchief at her quivering mouth, and I saw tears loosening themselves from her downcast eyes. The rest, attentive or not, as their mood was, got up and left when they pleased, while others strolled in as they pleased: so, as I had heard many and many such sermons, I, too, soon followed their example and soon strolled out just as casually, but a little more marked than they.

I had been to Hell-fer-Sartain, and I had heard preaching there. If I went back now the way I had come, I should save six long weary miles. I was tired, as was Old Faithful, but I had not been to the mouth of Hell-fer-Sartain and I had not seen the church there, and while my curiosity was satisfied, my conscience wasn't and so from sheer stubbornness I saddled Old Faithful and rode on down Hell-fer-Sartain through an avenue of cucumber trees. Never had I seen so many cucumber trees in my life as were on that one rocky road and had they only been starred with their great creamy

"You're goin' into hell fer sartain now."—Page 356.

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blossoms they would have been compensation for the whole toilsome trip. Disappointment awaited me at the mouth of the creek. The church there was closed, and above its doors was not the picturesque title of the stream, but some fern-like name that was easily traceable to some shocked feminine taste from the outer world. Half a mile on I got a dinner of cold beans and cold cornbread, and joined by a twenty-year-old school-teacher on a big black mule, turned my face toward Jackson. This young school-teacher was making money in his native mountains in order to study law outside; he had gone to school in the Bluegrass and he knew my books. Just then he was electioneering for his brother, who was running for a county office and he shouted his slogan to some natives playing base-ball up the creek, to the porches of the houses we passed, and when we met a voter in the road he stopped, while I rode discreetly on, and he never failed to overtake me with a wink of success. I'd like to wager that the brother won. Hell-fer-Sartain Creek had once deserved its name, he said, for there had been a "heap of devilment" done up there. There had been several fights in the school-house where I had heard preaching but everything had quieted down there as it was quieting down all through the mountains except over toward Jackson. Yes, the good old times were gone! On the other side of the mountain we parted and I rode on to Sheriff Callahan's where I got supper. As I was telling him good-by I asked him if the men who had shot him were neighbors of his and he smiled.

"You passed their houses, going and coming," he said.

"Why, I must have asked the very men how much further it was to your house. I wonder if they thought I was—er—er" I was about to say a spy of his but his face was not encouraging, for the mountaineer is singularly unsympathetic with curiosity like this on the part of a stranger, and I left him with a fleeting wonder that he might have thought me possibly an emissary of theirs, which would have been humorous indeed as long as I was missing the tragedy that would have been easy in either case.

A girl sat with her handkerchief at her quivering mouth.—Page 357.

It was dark now, there were no stars, and the one good eye of Old Faithful must guide me along the pitch-black road. It was seven or eight miles back to Brother Callahan's store where I could stay all night. The ford was at the mouth of the creek on which he lived, and I was warned to be careful crossing it as the water was deep both above and below. How was I to know when I had gone seven or eight miles? I had no watch, and I could not estimate the probable distance by Old Faithful's

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supposed rate of speed. How was I to know when I reached the ford? The sheriff said I could feel for it, as the Rough Riders tried to catch the Spaniards, I suppose—with my hands. It was a cheerless and delicate problem. At several houses I shouted inquiries, and at each house I got the cheering news that at each I was the same distance away from the ford, so that Old Faithful and I were at least holding our own. But soon, every house was dark, for mountain people go to bed early, and no more information was mine.

Suddenly, however, I got great comfort. However uneasy I was, Old Faithful apparently knew no fear and no uncertainty. On she went as confidently as though she were on the way to her own stable, and it occurred to me that during the twenty-seven blushing summers of her young life she had been over that road before and that she had not perhaps forgotten how to swim. So I let the reins loose on her neck and while I saw, as it seemed, many fords, I let her alone, and we ambled on through the dark for two hours and, it seemed, many more. And I did well to trust her, for without warning she suddenly turned down a steep bank where I could see nothing and boldly entered the river. The swirling yellow struck the middle of my saddle skirts but I had the faith of ages in that old mare now and she was soon climbing the other bank precisely at the mouth of the creek. It was so dark when I reached the little settlement around Brother Callahan's store that I could not find either store or house. But one light was visible, and from its direction came a hymn of praise for blessings that I could not quite appreciate, and I rode across the creek toward it. The singer did not keep people all night; but he pointed the way through the gloom toward Callahan's store. After hallooing myself hoarse at it, a sleepy son of Brother Callahan's came out in none too good a humor, naturally, and showed Old Faithful to corn, and me to the "happy hay." I had been in the saddle just fifteen hours since four o'clock that morning, and I travelled the whole way again that night in my dreams; though it seemed that I had not fallen asleep before I was awakened by the same lad whom I had awakened. He was bringing me a pitcher of water. It was plain from his manner that I had been the subject of discussion that was not altogether flattering.

When we met a voter in the road he stopped, while I rode discreetly on.—Page 358.

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"Comin' over on Hell-fer-Sartain agin?"—Page 361.

"D'd you say you were in the book business?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You sell 'em?"

"I make 'em." He stared incredulously and I thought for a moment he had done me the honor to mistake me for a publisher, but I was wrong, for at breakfast my general credibility seemed in question. There were two gentlemen present who lived on the classic stream of Hell-fer-Sartain, but whether they had come after me and had helped the atmosphere of suspicion or were on their way home, and still helped the wonder as to why I had been there, I didn't learn, but there was a distinct tendency to guy me more or less gently. And when after a few remarks about the world in general during which I had innocently remarked that I had been in Cuba during the Spanish war and in Manchuria during the Japanese war they all but winked at one another openly.

"I heard a young feller tellin' once about all the places he'd been," said one, "an' I kept tab on him. I asked him how old he was an' he said twenty-six; an' I pulled the paper on him an' showed him by his own count that he was sixty-six."

Now, the bough from which this chestnut dropped must have been withered centuries ago, but it was told as a personal experience and brought the usual laugh. It was plainly at my expense but my vanity was so tickled at his overestimate of my youth which made me almost a contemporary of Old Faithful, that the offence of it passed me by and the winks this time were directed at my stupidity.

All were sitting on the porch of the store when I mounted the old "Meetin'-house pacer." One of the Hell-fer-Sartain men

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was physically magnificent—tall, powerful, rugged of face, and smooth shaven.

"Comin' over on Hell-fer-Sartain agin?" he asked.

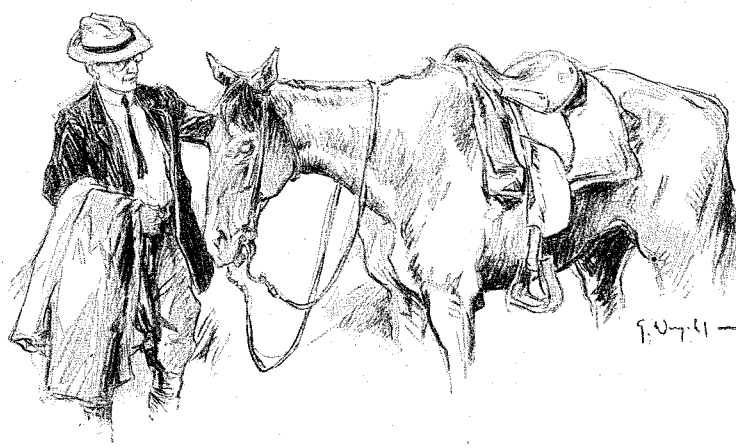
"If I do, I'm coming to see you," I said.

"Come along," he said, with sudden heartiness, and I think there was no more suspicion with him.

Back the way to Jackson I started and not a sound came from the little crowd behind me. Doubtless they watched me out of sight and, until one of them sees or hears of these lines and believes that I was paid for them and convinces the others, they will never understand how a stranger could ride night and day to Hell-fer-Sartain and night and day back. Up and down rocky creeks, over and down ragged ridges, and along narrow little creek valleys Old Faithful ambled me and it was nearly noon before I looked from the last ridge down on the fourteen hills of Jackson. I had been gone forty-six hours, and twenty-seven of these hours I had spent on the back of Old Faithful. All the way she had been willing, and there was never any other remonstrance from her other than a patient sigh of weariness. I left her in front of the hotel with genuine regret and affection. I believe I should have bought her and had her turned out to graze for the rest of her life had I been sure she would have been well taken care of, and anyhow, I concluded I would hire her for a week that she might rest at least that long. But she belonged, the hotel proprietor said, to a boy who would put my money in his pocket, consider himself just that much in, and hire her out right away as soon as I was gone. So I acquiesced as we all do in helplessness when help seems useless and in suffering that we can't assuage.

I had been to Hell-fer-Sartain. If there be for the erring the good old-fashioned place in which the preacher over on that creek had such faith, I may, in spite of myself, get there, but willingly to either place, never!

On the way to the train I saw Old Faithful plodding along the road with a stranger on her back, starting out for another toilsome trip. I wish I had bought freedom for Old Faithful.



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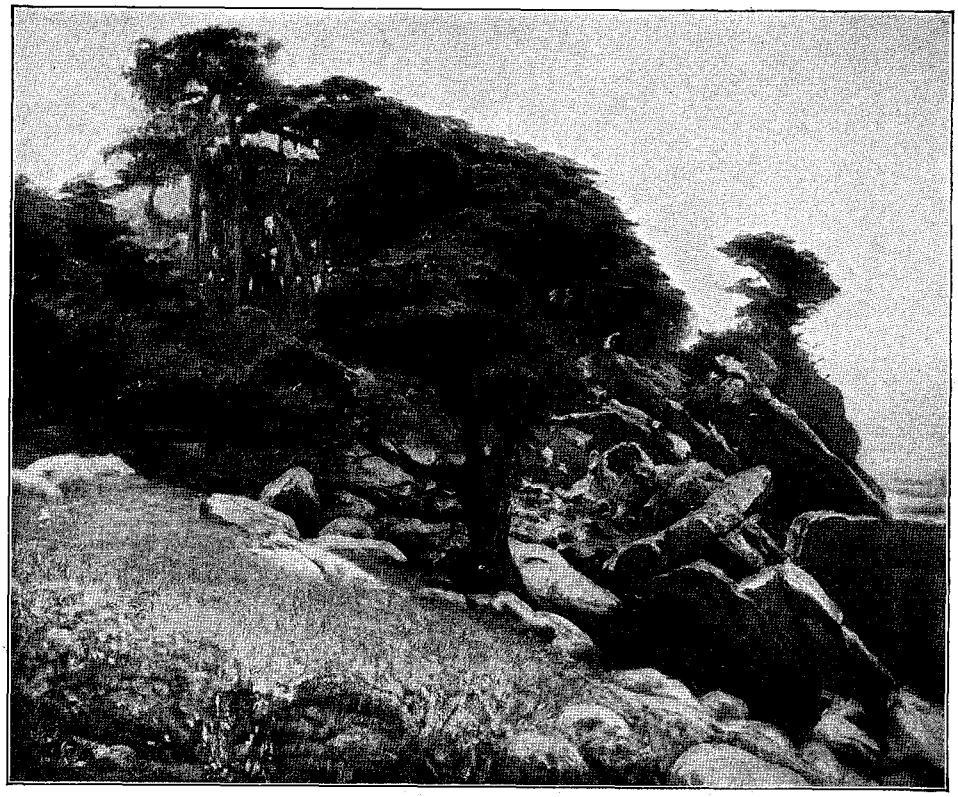

Pescadero Point.

SKETCHING IN THE INFERNO

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR

EVER since I first beheld that bit of California coast, I have wanted to spend some time upon its shores—time enough to know its changing moods, the whims and caprices of its weather, its dunes and rock-bound beaches, its wild solitudes, its unearthly phantom-like trees.

But how was this to be accomplished? One could readily enough drive round it in the daylight hours, but how pass the night? On all its stretches of wilderness no one lives nor is camping even permitted by the company in control.

One day, however, while riding over the tract, I spied a cottage huddled under some pines and found that it belonged to the forester and his family—sole habitants, sole guardians of these woodland solitudes. Upon inquiry, I also found to my chagrin that his wife had no room to spare and was, besides, unwilling to increase her already large family. But there is an open sesame to every door, if one can find the magic word. This time it proved to be my Spanish name that helped me, for she still remained a good Iberian guarding her king's portrait over her mantel-shelf.

The necessary permit from the company was comparatively easy to obtain, and two weeks later one late afternoon saw my tent arrive, with a cot, a trunk, and some canvases. In an hour all was in place, and

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at six o'clock I joined the forester's household at their frugal supper.

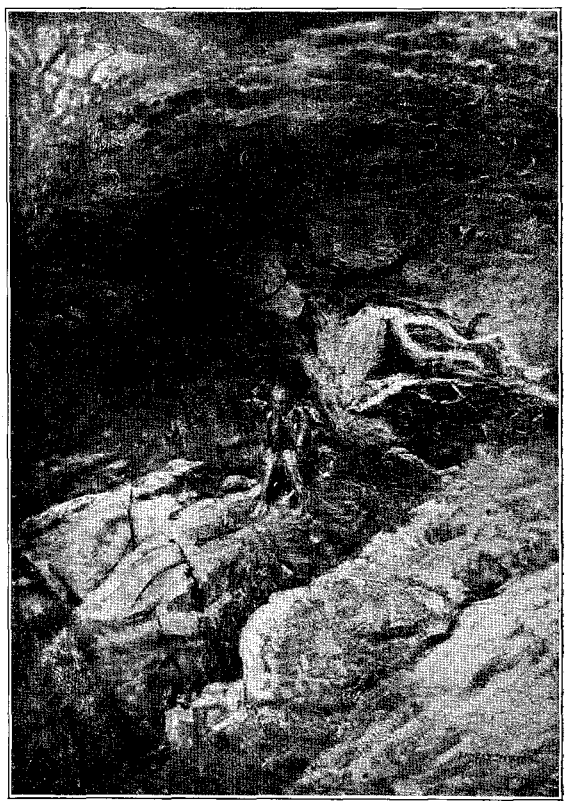
I had of necessity pitched my tent at some distance from the house across a deep gully and had chosen a spot under a clump of live-oaks protected from wind and fog. I spent the first evening stretching canvases, and then turned in. The silence was intense; the breakers made no noise whatever, for I was on the lee side of the hills. Not a rustle in the trees. The chirp of a cricket and the buzzing in my own ears were the only sounds I could detect. Then, just as I was dozing off, I thought I heard a step. First faint, it came nearer and nearer, approaching the tent over the dry oak leaves—leaves on which no moisture had fallen for four mortal months. I listened and the footfall drew ever nearer—in fact was now very close. I lit my lantern cautiously and, raising the flap, saw—a tiny kangaroo-rat, whose hop on the dry oak leaves sounded, in the stillness, like the tread of a deer!

I was up very early in the morning, and, with my sketching traps, was soon out on Pescadero Point.

Weeks of work now ensued until I grew to know the form of every rock, the thrust of every tree, the changing aspects of sea and sky, the cool gray sunrises and the warm ruddy sunsets. In these spots, far from the road, close down by the breakers, not a soul came to intrude, not a voice but the great voice of nature disturbed the eternal solitude.

Near by and below, the western sea, despite its apparent calm, thundered on the jagged rocks and ledges—thundered to the southward against the bleak cliffs of Point Lobos; thundered to the northward as the coast abuts thickly grown with cypress; thundered at my feet against the gigantic foundation of Promontory Point, against its piled up bowlders, round and glistening—such as the Cyclops might have hurled at fleeing Ulysses. By the water's edge little forests of sea palms reared their flexible stems, yielding as the waves drove in, and, as the rushing waters receded, straightening up and shaking their hair like so many mermaids in the surf. Barnacles and mussels hung in great families to the ledges crusted with pink corallines.

Farther out at sea, clusters of bull-kelp bobbed their bulbs upon the waves, glistening, long-haired, like heads of South Sea Islanders. And sometimes a seal, scarcely distinguishable from them, would swim in close to shore, fishing, rolling his big eyes and twisting his head about, first to one side then to the other with that queer, ungraceful movement peculiar to short-necked people. Whales that now and then blew their spouts at sea and schools of porpoises were rarer sights, but rarest of all on that bleak coast was a ship out on the far horizon.



Hobgoblins, stunted creatures of the dark.—Page 365.

After all, the features of the coast, unique of their kind, are those fantastic cypresses that clothe its rocky promontories with their strange growth—strong, durable as

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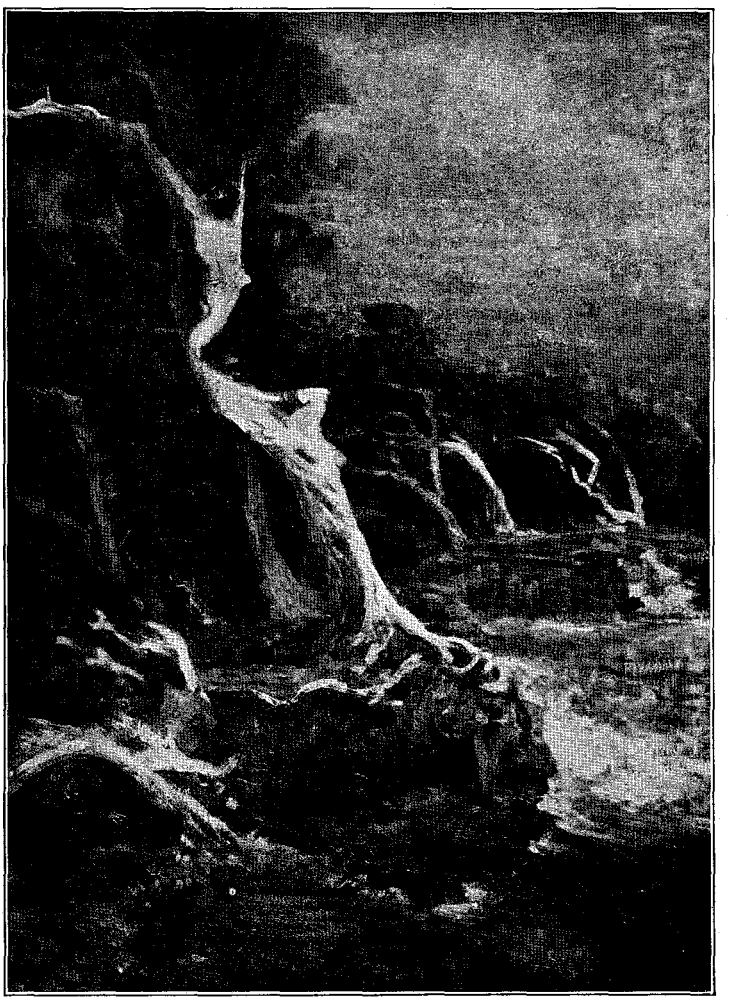

The strange groves of Cypress Point.

the rocks themselves, built to resist the stoutest gale. Away from the shore, they grow more reasonably, spreading their tops like giant umbrellas, full, thick, and resistant and of a rich velvety green. But close to the water, their lives are spent in constant battle with the wind, their young shoots lopped off, killed by the blast on the seaward side, forcing their growth constantly in one direction, driving them landward, and giving them that strange fleeing movement that, to my mind, is their salient characteristic. And in this battle, toppling, struggling with a one-sided weight, their great trunks throw out huge wedge-shaped buttresses, and their branches thicken aloft into queer elbows—flying buttresses as it were, that present a thin edge to the wind, but a broad, flat surface to support the great weight overhead. Their limbs by this process become contorted and twisted into the strangest possible shapes, rendered stranger still by the presence of a ruddy seamoss that clings close to their under side—the trentepohlia—of the color of rusted iron or of clotted blood.

If these trees are weird in the daytime; if their writhing forms stimulate the imagination in the fog; it is toward evening and at night that they become positively unearthly. As darkness falls, the younger ones of more conventional design, whose healthy bark is dark, lose themselves in the general gloom, and only the aged giants,

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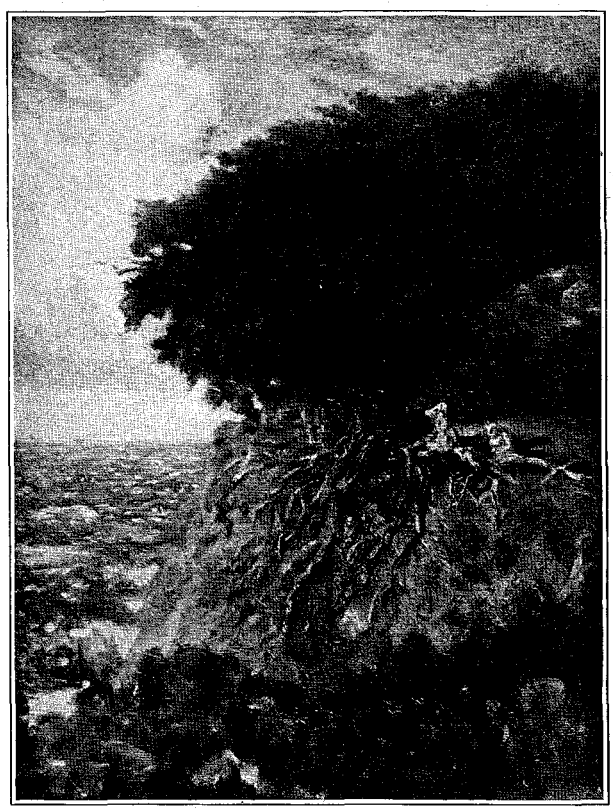
whose trunks are gray and ashen and hoary with moss, retain the reflex of the sun, writhing their maimed and twisted members in the darkness of the forest. Dead branches, lopped off by gales and mouldering at their feet, worm-eaten, moss-grown, become in the uncertain light "the little people," gnomes, dwarfs, hobgoblins, stunted



Shrinking . . . away from the sea.

creatures of the dark, strange freaks of nature, whose limbs stand petrified in the act of running, and whose dead arms and gaunt fingers, prehensile, reach out for the belated wayfarer.

Each evening the fog would drive in from the sea, a thick white blanket that little by little obliterated every object, and every morning the rosy sun would rise to wage a battle royal against its ghostly cohorts, sometimes crowned with success, driving them fleeing seaward, sometimes remaining defeated, hidden, while the gray ghosts held the battle-field all day.

As time wore on, with the aid of one of the forester's horses, I was able to push my field of operations farther and seek subjects at a greater distance, taking a lunch with me so as to spend the day, returning sometimes only after nightfall. Then I grew to know the strange groves of Cypress Point, filled with the mysterious gloom of Hades' kingdom—groves that the wind lashes without mercy, exposed to the full fury of the north-west.

The Point itself has been stripped naked and stands bleak and denuded, the trees, buffeted by constant gales, having fled the shore, shrinking as it were away from the sea, as if upon it they had beheld some nameless horror. And even in the dense groves behind, the trees live in stress and torment. Some, worsted in the struggle, have been hurled to the ground and lie there with roots reaching vainly in the air for sustenance, their trunks half buried in the winter's wash, stiffened, stripped of bark; their branches shattered on one

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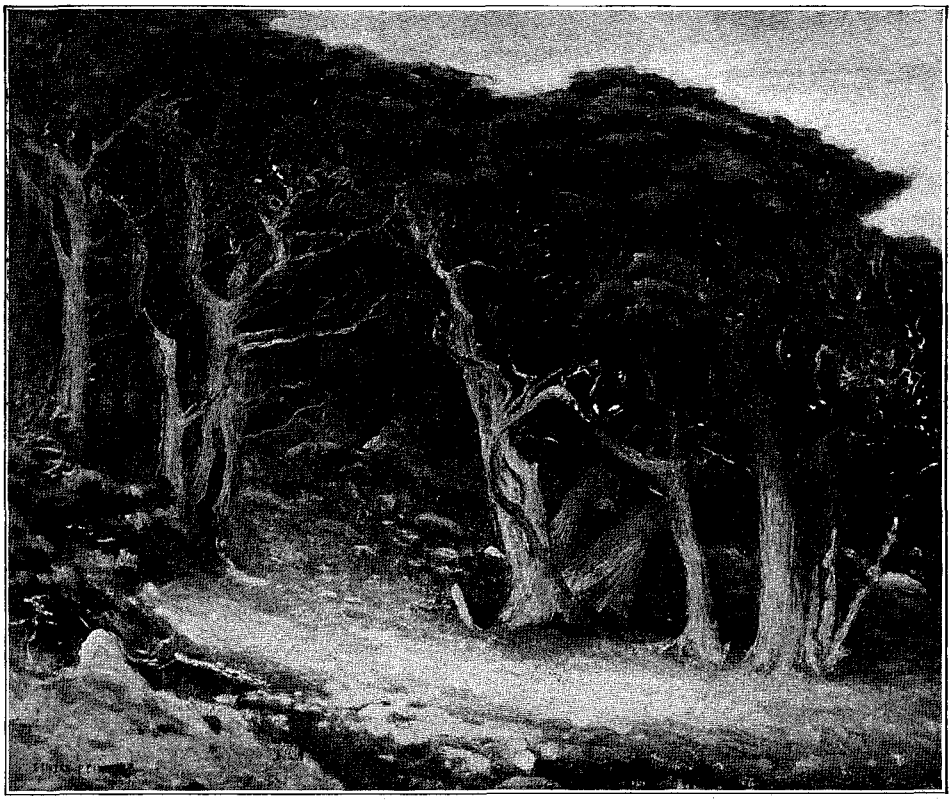

Groves where Dante might have walked.

side, wildly writhing aloft on the other. Others, dead, still stand, gaunt skeletons, half-petrified, eaten by worms and covered with pale green mould, awaiting final dissolution. Yet others, still young and vigorous, tired of the struggle, have spread themselves in despair upon the ground, their vigorous velvety tops forming an immense shrub no higher than a man.

In the sombre groves that lie yet farther inland, Dante might have walked and dreamed his tragedies, and through their solitudes the Erlkönig might dash upon his sable charger.

It was while sketching in these forests near Cypress Point one day that I noted a bluish haze overhanging the dunes that border the Restless Sea, in whose furious, intermingling currents I could make out the masts of a steamer that, like many another, had gone to perdition upon the jagged rocks. This haze was of such unusual occurrence down by the sea that I wondered and later on rode out to investigate.

As I left the last cypresses behind (for the grove ends at this point) and came out upon the dunes, on looking up toward the hills, I was startled to find a dense smoke overhanging the pine forests that hitherto had been hidden by the nearer trees, and to perceive my friend the forester fighting single-handed a vast forest fire. Coatless and hatless I pitched in with him, and we worked together for hours, lighting counter fires, digging trenches, or beating the blazing grass with green pine-boughs until at length relief came from town in the shape of a score of stalwart workmen.

What a sight it makes as the fire, whipped by the wind, scurries over the short dry grass, licking it up in an instant, leaving only blackness behind! Now and then the flames encounter logs covered with underbrush and around them create roaring braziers. Soon the overhanging pine boughs begin to wither and turn brown, and then, of a sudden, a great flame leaps to the very top of a tree, singeing every

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needle. But the pine remains standing and apparently unharmed, for the fire has by now rushed on to further conquests. But if you watch a while, you will note, just above the ground, the tiny flames licking into and around the trunk, sapping the pitch, roaring and curling into the very life of the tree. Then without warning and with a great crash, down comes the giant, prone upon the ground, to be consumed at leisure by its arch-enemy.

It is in these sun-flecked pine forests that the stag makes his home, his coat harmonizing—nature's protection—with the dusty browns and grays of the tree-trunks and with the carpets of needles and cones that lie in great masses upon the ground. In them, too, you may chance upon coveys of quail so unsuspecting that, as long as you make no untoward movement, they unconcernedly go on with their feeding. In sandy spots you will come upon the tracks of the coon—prints that resemble the impress of a baby's bare foot. Coyotes, too, are frequent visitors in the denser woods, and a wild-cat or an occasional mountain lion may yet be encountered, lurking in the deepest solitudes.

When tired of the woods, I went down by the sea.

On the bits of beach lay all sorts of gaudy sea-weeds washed up by the waves; vivid green ulvas intermingled with crimson sea-aprons; brownish feather boas, as if fallen from a lady's neck, entwining the shimmering strands of bladder-kelp or the parti-colored leaves of the iridea, dedicated to Iris, goddess of many colors. Here, too, I discovered empty abalone shells, opalescent and lovely as Pompeian tear-bottles, and, once in a great while, a chiton or sea-slug mailed in plate-armor like a knight of old.

At low tide how delightful the pools, lying in the hollows of the rocks like aquamarines, of the nereid green of Minerva's eyes—γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη—their dark-toned fissures animate with life and mottled with pink corallines edged with silver! Cockle shells, purple and pearl-tipped, crawled by the score among the sea-weeds—the trees of these naiad gardens; owl-limpets and sea-urchins of varied colors clung in the deeper

Which lee coast is gentle in character.—Page 368.

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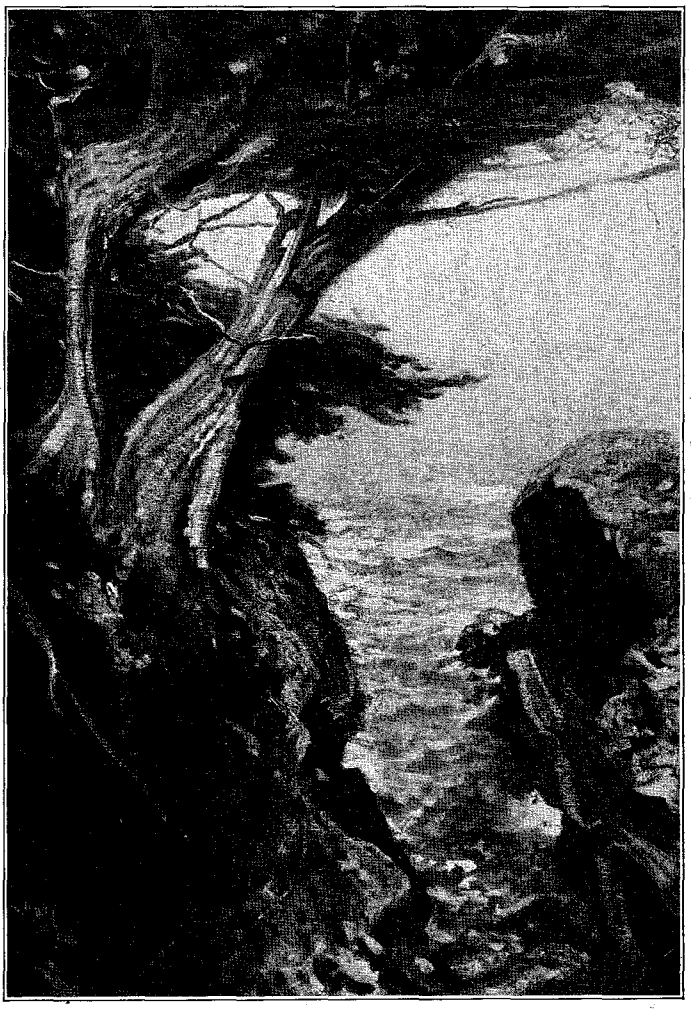
clefts; while hundreds of anemones, mauve, rose, or pale green, carpeted the deepest pools like daisy fields in spring-time.

Lying on the flat rocks, I watched the wonders of these water gardens: their shells and colored rocks, their forests of sea-palms; their big actiniæ, awake, with



Its headlands . . . fall sheer into the ocean.

myriad tentacles afloat, sensitive, awaiting their prey; their star-fish, easily mistaken for mottled rocks, digesting big fat mussels.

Some of the most beautiful of these pools lie in the fissures on the south shore of the peninsula, which lee coast is gentle in character—a pastoral andante after the agitato of the north shore—serene, limpid, suave as the shores of classic lands. Neptune usually stills its waters as

"Along the surface of the tides
His sea-green chariot smoothly glides;
Hushed by his wheels the billows lie;
The storm clouds vanish from the sky."

From out the quiet grottos of Arch Rock old Nereus might issue with his train of lovely daughters, his dolphins, and his tritons, and in its shady archway Proteus might sleep as he tended his flocks of seal. . . .

The surrounding rocks, whitened with guano, are the nesting-place and resting-place of countless sea-fowl, murres and

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gulls for the most part, that sit in solemn conclave, craning their necks and flapping their wings like the Penguin Areopagus on Anatole France's imaginary island.

Toward evening, as the level sun shot amber shafts of light through the combing breakers, I watched the gulls fishing on the beach, standing in line along the strand, running out as each wave receded, digging madly in the sand with their bills until driven shoreward again by the next breaker. In the distance the San Benito Mountains, serene, unfolded their undulating profiles, terminating in the rugged forms of Point Lobos, the land's last stand against the fury of the sea.

Later on, I rode down to this point—perhaps the wildest on the coast, a veritable chaos. Its headlands, higher and steeper than any on Pescadero Point, fall sheer into the ocean. In the causeways between, the sea whirls and eddies, beating itself against the cliffs, undermining them with long fissures or perforating them with cavernous water gates, in which as the waves rush in, the boiling foam mounts higher and higher, then subsides and a myriad tiny cascades flow out. I noticed one—a sort of blowhole, a long perpendicular cleft—where, as each breaker dashed against the north front of the headland, a cloud of spray, like steam, would burst with tremendous force through the south side, the waves patiently cutting their way through the cliff, eventually to form one of those monumental arches that are so common along the coast.

The tides, as they go out, leave great basins of rock-bound water, quiet as mirrors, glazed, reflecting pictures of infinite variety and rarest color until, as a painter might draw his palette knife over a well-painted detail, a breaker bigger than its fellows overtops the rim, pouring a foaming cataract into one corner, rippling the surface and destroying the marvellous reflections.

Around these basins Boecklin's triton families might gather and blow their whelks; or, hidden behind their rocky walls, his sirens lurk to lure their prey, and in the weird trees overhead his harpies roost. Out of reach of the highest tides the tragic cypresses grow again, writhing like lost souls of the Inferno, tortured, scarred, scrambling up the cliffs; clutching madly at the crevices with their roots, as if in mortal fear of being hurled into the boiling flood below.

Yet around their roots gardens bloom, filled with rare plants half aquatic, that derive their sustenance from the salt sea air. The mesembryanthemum, dressed in motley red and green, trails its festoons along the ledges, and the cotyledon stars the fissures with its clusters of pale green roses.

As the season wore on the winds grew fresher. On the lee side of Point Lobos all was quiet, but put your head above the top of the cliff and the wind whipped you like a lash. The trees, resistant as they are, swayed in the wind, their long lace lichens fluttering like old men's beards.

The ghostly fogs had ceased. Uninterrupted sunshine prevailed. At night the moon hung its crescent in the immensity of the sky; the drooping line of the distant hills, big by day, pushed close to the horizon.

Then in September came a day when the south wind blew. The whitecaps gleamed on a leaden sea. Gray clouds, the first in months, appeared in long streaks across the sky. Next morning I awoke to hear the rain pattering on the dry leaves and dripping from the oaks overhead. The long summer drought was broken—the rainy season was at hand.

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MR. ROOSEVELT AND FRANCE

By William Morton Fullerton

DURING the last forty years three foreigners have aroused the imagination of Frenchmen: The Czar Nicholas II, King Edward VII, and Theodore Roosevelt. The Czar and the King of England have exerted an incalculable influence on French history. There are signs that the coming of Mr. Roosevelt may entail consequences which will be no less inextricably woven into the tissue of contemporary French annals.

The gravest exponent of British public opinion, at a moment when the English people were bowed as one nation, a homogeneous throng, round the body of their sovereign, welcomed Mr. Roosevelt's coming in language which it is pertinent to recall. The spectacle of the unfailing enthusiasm excited by Theodore Roosevelt as he passed from country to country was compared to the fervor aroused by Garibaldi, when his romantic exploits were still fresh in men's minds and his red shirt was the symbol of struggling causes. "There has been nothing like it in Europe since the days of Peter the Hermit," said *The Times;* and this great organ of British feeling undertook to account for the mystery of a phenomenon which the mere psychology of crowds is admittedly inadequate to explain. The reason why Mr. Roosevelt's progress in Europe has been such as the greatest monarchs have not always enjoyed was taken to be the fact that the substance of all his speeches has been one needful and welcome. Mr. Roosevelt came to a Europe which was sick and very weary of talk, perpetual talk, about rights; and it listened with avidity and hope to a man who spoke of duties, and spoke of them plainly and emphatically. The opportuneness of Mr. Roosevelt's message for his time is the explanation which was given of the astonishing success of his odyssey. I have no desire to reject this version of the matter. On the contrary, I fully accept this explanation; and in what I have to say concerning Theodore Roosevelt's visit to France I shall merely undertake to point out how particularly opportune, and how especially impressive, was his message to that country. Even if Mr. Roosevelt had not opened his lips in France, his very presence there would have been an object-lesson.

I

IT is a necessary preliminary to my argument to note that the great impression left by Mr. Roosevelt in France could not have been made if he had not arrived there with a singular prestige. He is the convenient symbol for Europe of American world-power; and France, in particular, has had excellent reasons of late for congratulating herself on having greeted Franklin with sympathy a century and a half ago, and for having aided the British colonies beyond the Atlantic to achieve their independence. At Algeciras she reaped the reward for her attitude during the Anglo-American difficulties of the eighteenth century. At Algeciras, the conciliatory intervention of President Roosevelt, by thwarting the German Emperor's efforts to destroy the diplomatic block on which France was able to take a firm stand in the defence of her Moroccan interests, did more than save that country from an humiliation which might have led to a European war. It confirmed again the fact, which Continental Europe had learned during the Spanish-American War, but which, if it had not been for Mr. Roosevelt's conspicuous personality, it might easily have forgotten—the fact that the United States exists, and that the Monroe Doctrine does not necessarily imply that the American Government ignores the presence of other Powers on this planet. Mr. Roosevelt, who had been a soldier in Cuba, and an official of the Navy Department, had also been the foremost promoter of arbitration among the nations. At The Hague, at Algeciras, and at Portsmouth he proved to Europe that America was no mere cartographic figment. For France, as for the rest of the European Continent, Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Roosevelt alone, meant the United States. His coming was the arrival of the magician who had made America to loom over the top of the

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sea, and finally to become visible from Madrid, Paris, Berlin, and London, and even from China and from the islands of the Pacific.

Such was the European point of view. Its correctness or its superficiality need not here be discussed. The fact remains: for France, as for Europe, Mr. Roosevelt personifies an epoch of American history. The curiosity which the ex-president evoked in Paris sprang from a feeling of genuine and disinterested admiration for the man who had made the Republic of the United States more than merely visible to the naked eye, who seemed to have introduced it into the concert of the Powers; and the sympathy with which he was greeted in France was but the natural payment of a debt of gratitude to a man who had done that country signal service at a moment of grave crisis. Moreover, as chance would have it, he came to France "in the nick of time." He was the representative, it is true, of ideals which are not new, some of which, indeed, had been uttered by a foreigner more than twelve years before, but which had fallen then on stony soil. The time was ripe for his visit.

II

During the period in which the United States was materializing for European observers out of the mirage which had seemed for so long a time a mere cloud-bank in the Western Atlantic, the relations of the European States were evolving according to the laws of equilibrium, which, in the language of politics, means that those States were engaged in a struggle for the balance of power. Bismarck did more than create an approximately united Germany: he destroyed Europe. He pitted the Continental nations against one another in a reciprocal enmity which seemed likely to endure. The history of Europe during the last twenty years has been, in its broadest aspect, merely the often blind but consecutive effort to shatter German hegemony, to restore the concert of the Powers, and to establish equilibrium among those Powers. A necessary condition of the restoration of stable equilibrium in Europe was the renascence of France. England was a long time coming to this point of view, but Russia clearly perceived the fact only a few years after the conclusion of the Treaty of Frankfort, and the result of her perspicacity was the Franco-Russian Alliance, and ultimately the Triple Entente between France, Russia, and England, which was a device for counterbalancing the prestige of the Triple Alliance.

No fact is more characteristic of our time than the Franco-Russian Alliance. But no fact was for a long period more misunderstood, even in France. The French Foreign Office left French public opinion in such complete ignorance of the real diplomatic bearings, and of the practical significance, of that alliance—which was interpreted by the nation as an earnest of ultimate recovery of Alsace-Lorraine—that when, in August, 1898, the Czar appealed to Europe in arms to meet for discussion of the problem of disbanding the standing armies, there was a spontaneous protest, a wail of disenchantment, throughout the whole French nation. When the young Czar visited Versailles in the autumn of 1896, he was piloted through the famous Galerie des Glaces, where the German Princes had proclaimed the birth of an empire won by the partial dismemberment of France. The presence in that accursed spot of a more arbitrary potentate than even a Hohenzollern drunk with victory was given almost a lustral importance by certain observers who had no difficulty in convincing the quick French imagination of their perspicacity. Nicholas II was conceived by them as a great and friendly monarch who had hunted the German spectre from that historic hall, and had purified it for French ends. If the French nation as a whole welcomed the Russian Alliance, it was because it felt that France could now hold up her head in Europe, and that one day perhaps she could tear up the Treaty of Frankfort. The burst of enthusiasm which greeted the Russian sovereigns on their several visits to France had no other meaning than this: "You are our friends, and some day you and we together will put Prussia in her place."

Thus, two great peoples, utilizing all the democratic forces of publicity at their disposal in our time, so transformed the arts of diplomacy that the union which they had formed could no longer be defined in the old idioms, and by such oft-used words as "treaty" and "alliance." But there was to be a rude awakening.

In 1898 the *Imperial Russian Gazette* published the appeal of the Czar in favor of dis-

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armament. In France this publication was like an unexpected peal of thunder which seemed to shatter all the hopes of the nation. Was that, then, the meaning of the alliance with Russia? Public opinion in France, dumfounded before the blow, accused her rulers of having been duped by the Russian Foreign Office, which was represented as having acted in the interests of the two autocratic conspirators, the German Emperor and the Czar. An eminent historian, M. Lavisse, Academician and professor at the Sorbonne, expressed on this occasion the feeling not only of the masses but of the nation as a whole: "Never has our government taken care to explain to us the exact meaning of the alliance. It has thus far spoken and acted as if there were an understanding warranting vast hopes. It has encouraged the very natural illusions of a country given to enthusiasms. It has not perceived that we needed the real truths, naked and dry—harsh if necessary."

The "real truth" was that the French statesmen who had extolled an alliance with Russia had done so in the interests of peace, and that they were of the school of Gambetta, whose maxim was that if France could come to an understanding with Russia and England, she could do more than recover her position in Europe; she would be able to destroy German hegemony. In a period when the carking desire for *revanche* still dominated French society, it would have been impossible, in a democratic community like that of France, to undertake to dispel or even to temper "the natural illusions of a country given to enthusiasms," and to substitute for the misconstructions of French opinion as to the Russian Alliance truer conceptions of the European situation, and an exact notion of the scope of the defensive alliance with the Czar. The essential thing for those who were responsible for the destinies of France was to effect the alliance at all costs. Its bearing and significance could be explained later on. The disillusionment caused throughout France, as Frenchmen gradually grew to realize that the alliance implied no active policy of aggression culminating in the *revanche*, but meant the melancholy maintenance of the *status quo* as determined by the Treaty of Frankfort, and that all that subsisted of the "long hopes and the vast thoughts" of the early epoch of enthusiasm was the somewhat mystical faith of Gambetta in an "immanent justice,"—this disillusionment was one of the most tragic experiences that ever befell a generous nation. France rose from the blow a sadder but a wiser nation. The experience tended to cultivate in it as a whole that spirit of positivism and resignation which had previously been characteristic of only a part of the people. It cultivated also the stoic courage to see and to take things as they are, which is the primary condition of practical statesmanship; and France, in seeking to readjust herself to the conditions revealed by her belated perspicacity, fell back upon the resolve to "make the best" of the best bargain which her rulers had been able to arrange in their efforts to restore her to her place in the world.

The Czar's appeal to Europe was examined in this fresh light. On reflection it was seen to be, after all, an utterance and an act inspired by some of the soundest of French traditions. What it really amounted to was the convocation of the Etats-Généraux of the nineteenth century; and it was not that by a figure of speech, but actually that. Only the conditions of our "laic" time, the multiple material conditions, had made such an appeal possible. Europe as a whole to-day is smaller than the France whose woes and *réclamations* were considered in 1789 by Necker and the king. But to-day, as then, there are corresponding "orders" which are interested in preventing the possibility of the reform proposed by the Czar. The National Assembly had decreed "fraternity," had cried *urbi et orbi*: "there shall be no more war." The time was not yet ripe. It was not ripe when the reform was extolled by Napoleon III. But it was all but ripe in 1898, and it is riper still to-day, because of the march of the factors, or rather the multiplication of the peculiar material conditions, which are transforming the very mentality of the race. Bismarck retarded the work of the French Revolution, gagging France and flinging Europe back into the old régime. Louis Napoleon had begun in the revolutionary spirit, but Germany blocked the way. At last France resumed her onward march, and—irony of ironies!—the Czar arrived with his historic appeal to the nations, showing himself thereby the real heir of the Revolution, the continuator of the work of the National Assembly.

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There are two French ideals: that of *les droits de l'homme*, and that of *raison d'état*, and the struggle between them makes French history the most fascinating and human of all histories. The Czar, incarnating the first of these ideals, pointed the way to France, giving voice to her revolutionary spirit, her concern for right and human liberty, her scorn for privilege and *raison d'état*, and her sublime utopian logic. Three years after his famous appeal in favor of disarmament the Czar paid a second visit to France. At Compiègne, on Friday, September 19, 1901, he gave audience to M. Bourgeois, the French plenipotentiary at The Hague conference. This was the morrow of the day spent by the German Emperor on the field of manœuvres of Bétheny, where at luncheon, in the casemates of the Fort of Vitry, the Czar proposed a toast in the following words:

"I drink to the brave French Army, to its glory and to its prosperity, and I like to look upon it as a powerful support for those principles of *equity* on which repose the general order, the peace, and the well-being of the nations." It was impossible to affirm more explicitly that the army of the Franco-Russian Alliance was the army of The Hague. "Equity," on the lips of a Russian emperor, was synonymous with "Justice," in the mouth of a Roosevelt. France had no longer any excuse for not understanding.

She did understand; not merely her rulers, but her people. And yet how many of their sentimental instincts were wounded, how many of their natural impulses arrested, by the certainty that "the principles of equity on which repose the general order, the peace, and the well-being of the nations," must henceforth be their only cult! The Czar had sown, in the teeth of a driving Gallic wind, the germs of pacifism in France. But the seeds had pushed to the light amid a rank undergrowth of aspirations toward "revenge." Was there no way of making a harmonious garden-plot of these blades of corn and of these scarlet poppies? Pacifism and war! Here were two reciprocally contradictory ideals. Could nothing be done to reconcile them?

The problem seems to have been solved by the ex-president of a friendly nation and a "sister republic." The rough-rider of Cuba had been the laureate of the Nobel Peace Prize. Frenchmen awaited Mr. Roosevelt's arrival with anxious expectations, hoping to learn from his lips the formula which the United States had found useful and which might serve as a remedy for their *malaise*. They were not disappointed. Here is what the ex-president said to them at the University of Paris, in a lecture which has been disseminated by the *Temps* among some fifty thousand school-teachers throughout the country:

"The good man should be strong and brave, that is to say capable of fighting, of serving his country as a soldier, should the occasion arise. There are well-intentioned philosophers who declaim as to the iniquity of war. They are right provided that they insist merely on the iniquity. War is a horrible thing, and an unjust war is a crime against humanity. But it is a crime of this sort because it is unjust, not because it is war. The choice should always be in favor of right, whether the alternative is peace or even war. The question should not be simply, Is there going to be peace or war? The question should be, 'Should the cause of right prevail? Are the great laws of justice once more to be observed?' And the reply of a strong and virile people will be: 'Yes, whatever the risk may be.' No honorable effort should ever be neglected in order to avoid war, just as no honorable effort should be neglected by an individual, in private life, to avoid a quarrel, and to keep out of difficulties; but no self-respecting individual and no self-respecting nation should submit to injustice." And dotting the *i's* with a vigorous stroke, in a handwriting which all could read, the speaker concluded with an inspiriting and illuminating definition of patriotism, and of its bearing on international relations. He seemed to be giving a voice to the finer idealism of French foreign policy under the Third Republic. The truly patriotic nation, he said, made the best member of the family of nations. It should stand up for its rights, but it should respect the rights of others. "International law," however, was not private law, and it lacked as yet a recognized sanction. For the present every nation must be the final judge of its own vital interests, and in the last resort must have the will and the strength to withstand the wrong which another

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would inflict upon it. The nations were all for peace and justice, but "if peace and justice were at loggerheads they would despise the man who did not take the side of justice, even though the whole world were to rise up in arms against him."

No lips since Gambetta's had addressed Frenchmen with this lucidity and this authority. And the lips in question were those of the one distinguished foreigner whose sincerity was beyond suspicion. Mr. Roosevelt justified Frenchmen to themselves. He capped the work of the Czar, reconciling the two great principles which had presided over the evolution of French history: the spirit that had informed the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, and from the defeat of Ariovistus to the Treaty of Nimègue had animated the soul of the nation in its long struggle toward unity and *raison d'état*.

III

THE man who had thus eloquently expressed the aspirations and the anxious reflections of the French soul upon problems which concern the very existence of France as a nation, could be permitted to utter certain home truths which would have been tolerated from no one else, and Mr. Roosevelt made the most of his advantage. It was not merely a matter of his reminding a people who had inscribed the word "Egalité" on all their public monuments (not excepting the portals of their cemeteries—perhaps, the only place where it deserves to figure) that "Equality" is an absurdity; that there are degrees of worth, and thus degrees of legitimate superiority, and consequently of desert and social rank; *and that only men who are equal are equal*. It was not merely a matter of his pæan in honor of the man of action and character, which contained passages of withering scorn for the cynic who from his ivory tower watches the fray, fancying that it is vulgar to take part in the battle and "distinguished" to criticise, to count the blows dealt by others—utterances as stinging as those in which the Abbé Coyer castigated the aristocracy of his time for their indifference to the great civic, political, and commercial interests of the community; and utterances, moreover, that were singularly audacious in a society where so small a proportion of the Electorate care to indulge in their right of suffrage. It was not even Mr. Roosevelt's haughty assumption to be speaking to the doctors of the Sorbonne as the Paul of a New Dispensation, and his venturing to assure these Gamaliels that all the science of the schools is as nothing in comparison with common sense and those qualities which, while giving a man self-confidence, give him at the same time a sentiment of his responsibility as a member of society. It was not Mr. Roosevelt fulminating as a kind of Protestant Savonarola, in the downright Anglo-Saxon way, that moved the heart of France. It was the mere fact of his existence as a type; the fact that a man who had been president of a republic should possess ideas of his own, and take himself seriously as a leader of men and a teacher, whereas in their own country the head of the State was a vague personage without known views of any kind, without initiative or authority, and a man who, if he were to venture to enunciate any ideas or to play a rôle, would expose himself, by virtue of the Constitution, to the French form of impeachment, and perhaps eventually be brought up for trial before Parliament sitting as a High Court of Justice.

Now, Mr. Roosevelt's visit to France coincided with the period of the general elections for the Chamber of Deputies. The ex-Minister of Finance, M. Jules Roche, who is a leading Paris editor, stood in those elections, as he had stood for many years, for a constituency in the Department of the Ardêche, and he was elected. In his address to his constituents, in which he thanked them for their confidence, he said:

"At the very moment when the ex-President of the United States was so magnificently expounding in Paris the conditions of a true republic and the rôle of a citizen, you were offering the example of an entire population of free citizens in a false republic, which is at the mercy of arbitrary action and the prey of anarchy. It was in vain that certain so-called republican electors trampled under foot the essential principles of a republic, and acted in a spirit of hostility toward liberty and right. You proclaimed in loud utterances, you as well as Mr. Roosevelt, that there is no republic without citizens, and no citi-

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zens without the love and exercise of liberty, and no liberty without institutions which are its consecration and its guarantee."

M. Roche's electoral rhetoric should be taken *cum grano salis;* but the passage I have cited is significant in connection with what follows it. This is nothing less than the announcement of M. Roche's intention to propose a radical revision of the Constitution of 1875, in addition to the indispensable electoral reform; a revision which would embody two of the essential principles of the American Constitution—and yet the United States is a republic!—to wit: the guarantee of the necessary rights and liberties of the citizen, and a responsible president who would choose his ministers outside of Parliament. M. Jules Roche revives here ideas analogous to those of M. Déroulede. The latter is one of the most honorable and sympathetic of contemporary Frenchmen, and if ever the irony of fortune had lifted him to the Elysée, a long experience of France warrants my believing that he would have been a president of the stamp of Mr. Roosevelt: instead of which, France ostracized him as a danger to the State! But France, as it happens, does not need or want a president of that stamp. Neither a Déroulede nor a Roche is ever likely to rule her; and I have cited them merely because it is interesting to observe that their ideas which in the present state of the republic in France are bound to class them among the reactionaries, and almost to appear subversive, should nevertheless be commonplaces of republicanism in the great democratic community of the West.

Really, this would seem to imply a curious anomaly. It would suggest, at all events, that there are more forms and kinds of republics than are usually supposed to exist, and that there is no obvious reason for using the word in description of two communities governed in ways so radically disparate as are the United States and France.

Of course, M. Jules Roche, for his own political purposes, has put his finger on one of the essential differences between France and the United States. As he has observed with admiration, in the United States a responsible man is placed at the head of the State, whereas in France the fear of a "man" has for forty years been the beginning of political wisdom. The fear of a "man" has been an inevitable state of mind of the French republicans, since the republic in its development has had to fight for its life amid a world of enemies surviving from the old régimes. The Constitution of 1875, under which France is now vegetating, was adopted by a majority of but one vote, and that Constitution was only one step—a moment of repose when the nation seemed to be marking time—in the secular effort, which has by no means as yet been realized, to organize the sovereignty of the people in a free country, with a responsible government that can be controlled by the nation. The spirit of unity, inoculated in the French soul by the monarchy, has above all been imposed by the geographical position of France. In the United States, on the contrary, the political tendencies were all centrifugal, and the natural principle was that of federalism until the unity of the nation was achieved—perhaps provisionally—by the enormous sacrifice of blood during the Civil War. In France the fear of a "man" was the form assumed by dread memories: the two experiments of the monarchy and of the empire, two foreign invasions, 1814–1815 and 1870–1871; and three revolutions, 1789, 1830, and 1848. As the astute historian of the Third Republic, M. Hanotaux, puts it: "*les esprits éclairés qui dirigeaient l'Assemblée Nationale avaient la honte, la haine, l'horreur du pouvoir personnel, du despotisme et de la dictature. Donc la volonté nationale était unitaire, tandis que la prudence nationale etait libertaire.*" The Constitution of 1875, therefore, maintained national unity, and preserved the admirable scaffolding of government known as the administration, but did everything in its power to discourage personal ambition and to enfeeble such ideals of citizenship as were bound to be extolled by Theodore Roosevelt, the most authoritative exponent of the traditionally American political philosophy to whom France was ever likely to listen. "Rarely," says of the Constitution of 1875, M. Hanotaux, "has a more complicated pagoda been constructed to shelter a more diminutive god." And he is right. All that Republican France desired was a visible figurehead at the summit of the monument. The type of *chef d'état* represented by a presi-

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dent of the United States is a monster from the point of view of the Constitution of the parliamentary republic of France. "*Every act of the president of the republic*," says clause 3 of that Constitution, "*must be countersigned by a minister*," and these ministers are responsible not to the head of the State, but to the Chamber of Deputies, upon whom they depend. In the France of the Third Republic superiority of every kind has been damned in the name of *equality*, and suppressed in the name of *raison d'état*. Nothing resembling an organized democracy has ever existed in France, where the ship of state is still sailed by a small crew—the "Government of the ten thousand," to use Bismarck's phrase—who have seized and manned the Napoleonic administration and the political machinery. The rôle of the head of the State, as it has worked out in practice under the Third Republic, has shrunk to an even narrower compass than the delimitation fixed by the Constitution of 1875. Discipline, inter-subordination, beginning with the president, are the marks of French citizenship. There is no recognized place for individual initiative. French youth aspire to become "functionaries," civil servants, a part, however subordinate, of the vast machine; few dream of becoming leaders of men, and of "serving" the body-politic in the American way. All this has produced an automatic civic life in which the Chambers and the administration have directed the acts of committees known as governments. It is a state of things radically the opposite of that resulting from the American Constitution. A career like that of Mr. Roosevelt would be impossible for a public man in France, and were a Frenchman to try to test the elasticity of the French Constitution, and seek to secure the personal authority and prestige of a Roosevelt, he would quickly become the incarnation of all the reactionary aspirations in the country, and might, ultimately, as I have said, be impeached before the *Haute-Cour*.

IV

France, even republican France, suffers from the monotony of the bureaucratic automatism of its civic life, in which the form of ballot known as *scrutin d'arrondissement* prevents the education of the elector on any question of general policy and renders the deputy the creature of the State official. Yet the nation longs for a franker party organization, for the opportunity to discuss great national questions, for the thrill of a really democratic existence. There is no doubt that its citizens are eager to escape from the individual *veulerie* which tends to be the political fate of men who have not even, as under the Second Empire, the compensation of being able to satisfy their liking for a glorious *façade* and of cherishing the sentiment of respect. Now, Mr. Roosevelt, in his categorical way, voiced, with clarion-toned efficiency, the unexpressed longings of the republicans, while still seeming to speak the language of the liberal, even of the reactionary, opposition. The republicans, who one and all agree with him (as even the recent general elections tend to show), but who dared not openly confess it, since such confession would have classed them with the reactionaries, tolerated Mr. Roosevelt's home truths, solely because they came from American and "republican" lips; but from any other personality of his eminence —crowned head or other—many of the ideas to which he gave expression would have been held to verge on impertinence. The conservatives and the reactionaries, on the other hand, are always chiding the republic, and they welcomed Mr. Roosevelt as a timely visitor loaded with unexpected grist for their mills. "We told you so!" they cried to their republican compatriots. "What a lesson!" But the republicans were, in reality, no less delighted, since they, too, recognize the urgent necessity of reform; and the reform is coming in the spirit of Mr. Roosevelt's counsel. They agree that he has spoken "in the nick of time." His "providential" words strike home at just the right moment.

France has entered upon a period of unrest, of administrative and electoral reform, which is bound ultimately to transform the very foundations of her Constitution. It will not have been in vain that in this hour of crisis an ex-president of the "republic" of the United States should have fearlessly lectured the "sister republic" on the duties of citizenship, and that he should have said to modern France such things as these:

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"A good citizen will insist on liberty for himself, and make it his pride that others should have it as well as he. Perhaps the best test of the point reached in any country by the love of liberty is the way in which minorities are treated there. Not only should there be complete liberty in matters of religion and opinion, but there should be complete liberty for each individual to lead the life that suits him, provided that in so doing he does no harm to his neighbor. . . . In a republic it is necessary, in order to avoid failure, to learn how to combine intensity of conviction with a large tolerance for differences of conviction. Vast divergencies of opinion relative to religious, political, and social beliefs will exist necessarily, if the intelligence and the conscience are not to be stifled, but to develop sanely. The bitter fratricidal hatreds based on such divergencies are not a sign of ardent belief, but of that fanaticism which, whether it be religious or anti-religious, democratic or anti-democratic, is itself merely the manifestation of sinister bigotry, which is in turn the primary cause of the downfall of so many nations."

Since Mr. Roosevelt's departure, France has been saying to herself, in the words of Dante when Virgil chided:

"The self-same tongue first wounded and then healed me."

THE POINT OF VIEW

"BE thankful for your successes," wrote Dean Hook to a young friend; "ignore your failures, and always be attempting something new." Clauses one and two gave me a pleasant, platitudinous fillip, superficial as the thirty "claps" the children had applied that morning; but the last part of the dictum was a vigorous one-to-grow-on. I had been ruefully saying to myself that at thirty I had read all the books worth reading, and drunk the cup of my limited diversions; and that now it behooved me to settle down to contented acquiescence in the monotony of village customs and mental habits. Somehow that exhortation of Dean Hook to be always attempting something new, whisked me like a spirited horse around the corner of my inertia into the wide world.

The Need of the New

Perhaps I had been too steadily industrious. The iterated preaching of my house, my garden, my desk, had been, "Stay, be content, keep off the grass, have proper meals, sufficient sleep, save some money for old age"—a prescription to dull the keenest edge of thought. Possibly, to renew body and mind and spirit, I must make some progressive readaptation of my secure and peaceful life; stir into it some ingredient to check the crystallization going on there, and thus keep myself in collodial condition. Possibly, to grow, I must do unhabitual things:

"None but would forego his proper dowry,—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture."

The Dean's maxim sticking like a snag in the stream of my birthday meditations, all sorts of flotsam and jetsam swirled about its sides. Every book I read, every sermon I heard, every least experimenter in the way of life, brought illustrations to my text. In studying *Hermione's* part in the "Winter's Tale," Mary Anderson suddenly determined to take the part of *Perdita* as well. Her chief authority was the strong resemblance between the two. To intrust *Perdita* to a person unlike the queen in looks, voice, or manner, would spoil its continuity. Had doubling the parts necessitated cutting important speeches, the idea would have been abandoned; but as only six of *Perdita's* lines were sacrificed, Mary Anderson did not feel guilty of vandalism in making this radical innovation. It proved her masterpiece. Catherine the Great, of Russia, could imitate anything, the crow of a cock, the purr of a cat, or the imperial dignity with which she ruled. In mastering strange parts she forgot royal

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annoyances. Madame le Brun, delayed in a terrible road by a breakdown to her carriage, gathered up some of the wretched earth and tried to model a head of it. "I really achieved something that looked like a face, and the time flew." Fleeming Jenkin's mother was over forty years old when she lost a beautiful voice. She at once set herself to learn the piano, working eight hours a day, and attained to such proficiency that her collaboration in chamber music was courted by professionals.

Young Lady Burton asked a friend to teach her to fence, declaring that she wished to defend her husband when they were in the wilderness together. She set herself to learn everything which might fit her for a roving life, so that in desert or woods, with or without servants, she might be qualified for any emergency. She went to a farmhouse where she learned all domestic details, how to groom horses, milk cows, and tend poultry. One of the best dairy women in our Middle West, whose butter has taken many prizes, never milked a cow or saw a churn till circumstances made it necessary to take charge of an important dairy. She was over thirty at the time, yet she picked up the whole business almost instantaneously, because in the new work she regained that great motive power of the will, interest.

Dean Buckland tried in vain to induce the farmers of his locality to rejuvenate their fields. Finally, on the turf near his summer home, he sowed the word *guano* in that material, and in due course the brilliant green grass of the letters amply testified to the efficiency of the dressing. Where preaching of the new had failed, illustration won. Sedgwick was allured into geological studies by being appointed professor of geology at Cambridge. The statement sounds incredible; but he said: "Hitherto I have never turned a stone: now I will leave no stone unturned." Murchison, an officer in the dragoons, an excellent hunter and a keen horseman, hardly knew one stone from another. Lady Murchison, however, taking up the study of geology, he himself began that career, which made him the first geologist of his age. A French chemist begged Pasteur to study the silk-worm disease which was making such havoc in French industry. "But consider that I have never handled a silk-worm!" "So much the better; you will then have no ideas other than those which come from your own observation." He succeeded notably. "Fixed ideas are dangerous," he used to say; "try new roads." Chalmers had been abusing German theology, when Tholuck asked him if he had ever read any German theology. "Well, now, I do not think I have; but I will begin German to-morrow;" and he did, declaring that his mind received new tone therefrom, and his spirit new enchantment. La Rochefoucauld lent himself to the play of the Précieuses, writing maxims, without ever suspecting that he would therein find the fame he had vainly sought in politics and war. Leschetizky, wounded in his right arm and unable to use it, composed a number of pieces for the left hand alone. One, a fantasia on "Lucia de Lammermoor," is very popular. Not to multiply illustrations unduly, the career of Watts summarizes them all. No individual of his age possessed so much and so varied information. Aside from chemistry and the arts and all physical sciences, he was curiously learned in antiquity, music, and the law. He was well acquainted with most modern languages and recent literature, and he found life thrilling to the end.

The Tonic of Attempting

WE have all known persons who seemed to glory in their limitations: "I cannot sew; I cannot cook; I cannot read poetry." Possibly he was a clever man who refused to learn to row that he might never have to pull a boat for others. I have even heard that sailors, who would make good swimmers, hold off because overboard in mid-ocean, with no hand to help, and not a spar, they would rather drown end-on, the sooner the better, than fight for it. In such refusal speaks the soul of the deserter. Every occupation learned, every idea gained, is years of slavery remitted. I once fell into the habit of telling a friend who knitted that I too must some time learn it. The remark was repeated once too often for her patience. Instantly strong arms were around me, needles and a piece of plain knitting forced into my hands, and no excuses, no urgent calls elsewhere effected a release. Then and there, amid pouts and laughter, my fingers were put through their paces, sufficient directions sing-songed into my ears; and lo! to knit is now the solace of my dark hours.

Marcel Prévost, the most essentially French of contemporary writers, outlines in "Lettres à Françoise" the system of a woman's education. "Keep your taste for novelty," he tells her; "your trust in to-morrow; your instinctive faith in the world's progress. Be curious about the world in which you live—you will

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have time enough to be reactionary. Experiment courageously in the fashions of the day." Did he forecast the extraordinary coiffures of this year of gracelessness? Yet perchance, since fashion departs before it can fade, it is the only thing in this old world that is perennially fresh. Conceivably, a psyche knot, or a preposterous pompadour, a rampant rat or a bulging bun releases the imprisoned soul of the factory girl, as a sprinkling of sudden perils in the hunting field uplifts the professional man, or as impulses from the vernal woods enlarge the horizon of the house mother. Athletes get muscle bound: we get thought bound, and need an outlet in some exotic action.

To the sorrow-weighted the maxim to be always attempting something new is tonic, medicinal, recuperative. For forty years Marianne North's father had been both her friend and companion, and after his death she had to fill up her hours with other interests and learn new habits of mind and heart. She went straight to Mentone to paint from nature. Specializing on botanical specimens, she travelled all over the world in search of subjects, giving her superb collection of painted flowers finally to Kew Gardens, where it rivals the herbarium in usefulness and interest. After Mr. Delany's death, his wife could never bring herself to her old pleasure of painting flowers, but she invented a method of making paper flowers in mosaic, copying the original marvellously. Beginning thus at the age of seventy-four, in eight years she did one thousand specimens, "with truth unparalleled," botanists coming from afar to use her collection for identification. When old interests have been snatched away, there is nothing like new ideas for creating new interests and soothing grief and loneliness. The study of a foreign language, geology, botany, ornithology, astronomy; or a handicraft, be it only the scraping and repolishing of a piece of old furniture; planting cabbages in orderly rows, cooking fancy desserts, or trifling with some of the hundred kinds of "cat's-cradle" which an industrious ethnologist has collected from many primitive peoples—these all bring relief from depressing routine. One dear old lady I know combats loneliness by concocting rhymes to the names of her friends, people hovering about to hear her jingles like bees about a honey pot; while another old lady who makes exquisite Irish crochet and point-lace asserts that she acquired her deftness by a youthful progression through such atrocities as hair wreaths, wax flowers, putty frames, and perforated air castles. Like Mrs. Gamp, she added so many strings daily to her bow that she made a perfect harp of it. The aging have special need thus to seek new tasks and new impressions, to think outside the present circle of ideas, to pray to be kept from narrow pride in outgrown ways, blind eyes that will not see the good of change.

The crossing of the radical line between man's and woman's work affords unexpected diversion. I knew of a young woman who studied in a Western school of mines at the same time that her brother was taking a course of designing with a Parisian dressmaker. Benjamin Franklin travelled by coach from Philadelphia to New York. The journey took four days, and he knitted stockings to while away the time. Choiseul employed some of his leisure in exile by doing tapestry work in the drawing-room at Chanteloup, recounting delightful tales meanwhile of his long ministry to his distinguished guests. Jean Jacques sat outside his doorway making bobbin lace, and even carried his pillow about with him in the fields.

In the way of friendships wisdom urges that we live "in the stream of novelty as well as in the lakes of loyalty." New friendships are inspiring, and only by making new attachments can we escape threatening solitude. Society is an essential medicine for the shy. Fénelon advised his royal young pupil to gain some daily victory over his reserve: "Go into the world as a penance for your faults, as a duty to your house and name, and rid yourself of that hidden selfishness which pretends to a taste for a quiet, serious life."

Even in the field of ethics one may profitably roam as an adventurer. An excellent piece of roguery, quoth Jowett, "is never to say an unpleasant thing about anybody, no matter what the provocation." One might seek adventure by mastering the fine art of dress; by acquiring a picturesque vocabulary, by practising the golden rule. In Maeterlinck's fairy story, the Soul of Sugar broke off one of his sweet fingers for Mytle to eat. It grew again immediately, whereby his generosity insured him always new clean fingers. It was borne in upon Stevenson that his duty was not to make his neighbor good, but to try to make him happy.

Dr. Johnson sententiously remarked that the poet Gray was dull in a new way, which made people think him great. By the new face slipped over the old fact do the qualified enrich erstwhile commonplaces. Jules Simon's father

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was a Napoleonist. He had in his office portraits of the royal family, but he was not proud of them till by turning them upside down, an ingenious arrangement revealed likenesses of Napoleon, his queen, and his son.

When Dr. Boyd found on his shelves antiquated books on science and theology, he refrained from donating them to the public library, but burned them, which savors of novelty. Young Herbert Spencer, too poor to hire a cab to drive him to a dinner party, took a roll of newspapers, one or two of which he would spread down over each muddy crossing, thereby making a little bridge over which to walk clean soled.

In the intellectual life the need of the new is imperative. The advantages of varied knowledge, in opposition to the idea that it is better to learn one subject thoroughly than to know something of many subjects, was the text of A. R. Wallace's first prize essay. Pres. Woodrow Wilson declares that the university of today should make boys as unlike their fathers as possible; not because their fathers are not excellent men, but because they are too specialized. We must try to generalize the boys again. "If La Bruyère had drunk, if La Rochefoucauld had hunted, if Chamfort had travelled, if Lacy had known foreign languages, if Theophrastus had been in Paris—they would all have written better still," explained the wise old Prince of Ligne. A later diplomatist, Prince Hohenlohe, whose omniscience was remarkable, dwelt upon the wholesome fatality by which he had held posts only long enough to overcome the initial difficulties and habituate himself to the place. "Then the inexorable hand of Providence intervenes and tears me away, and I seem to hear a voice saying that everything is going too easily for me, that my inborn laziness will get the upper hand, and packs me off to something new."

A chief end of literary study is to reveal new interests in life, to multiply the points of contact between the mind and human experience, to open out new ways of thought and feeling. A foreign language puts unfamiliar things in an unaccustomed way so deftly that we feel as though we had gained another sense: the words of our mother tongue, in Lowell's apt phrase, having been worn smooth by so much rubbing against our lips and minds. Moreover the man who learns Spanish to sell to the Spaniards may use it to read Cervantes; and the student of old Homer finds his knowledge helpful in ordering bed and meals in modern Greece. In mere reading the sophisticated will not confine their choice to one kind of literature. Fiction should alternate with "thick books." To read only the best hundred books is to make of the week one perpetual Sabbath.

At a time when Joseph II of Austria wanted to have a finger in every pie, he forbade the reverend fathers of a neighboring monastery to sing through their noses; but a Capuchin soon came imploring permission to revert to nasalism. Like St. Anthony preaching to the fishes:

> "Much delighted were they,
> But preferred the old way."

So up and down the ages the conservatives are crying, "Why cannot you let it alone?" while the young "girt with the priceless robes of inexperience" are pushing against the crusts of the old, responding to the call of every fresh moment, seeking enjoyment in energy, not dalliance, wholesomely exhausting each stage of life as it is lived, and hospitably entertaining conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions. Nor is their attitude one to be apologized for. Rather is it in line with the whole method of the universe. Everywhere, as Dr. Martineau says, in the lower life there is the spirit of routine; but everywhere the higher life is undulatory, in need of variation, developed through change. Variety of work and interests keeps life fresh and steady and sane. "However mistaken Byron and Shelley were," said Tennyson, "they yet gave the world another heart and new pulses, and so we are kept going." Without this impact of the new, the untried, the unhabitual, the most original of us grows stale and languid. Trying to divine, as Wellington put it, what is on the other side of the hill is not enough. Walt Whitman states our need thus:

> "O we can wait no longer,
> We too take ship, O Soul;
> Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas,
> Fearless for unknown shores, on waves of ecstasy to sail,
> Amid the wafting winds . . .
> Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration.
> O my brave Soul!
> O farther, farther sail!
> O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
> O farther, farther sail!

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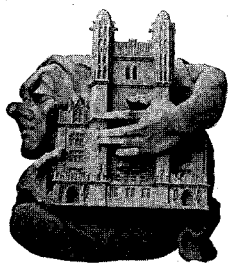
THE FIELD OF ART

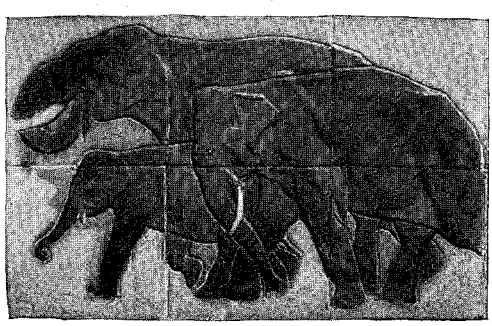
CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURAL SCULPTURE IN COLOR



Grotesque. College of the City of New York.

IN the gradual process of its development, or reconsideration, contemporary architecture in this country seems to be coming to the point of accepting freely the embellishment of colored sculpture. The adoption of the typical steel girder and frame, within the period of less than a quarter of a century, has—it has been suggested—through its insistence upon greater safeguards and higher standards in structural work, led to the adoption of more absolutely fire-proof and frost-proof material, as terra-cotta, and thence, naturally, to the introduction of color with this material, first in the strictly constructive members, then in the ornamental, tiles, medallions, reliefs, and finally in decorative and even monumental sculpture. But, while science is permitted to go on (somewhat haltingly at times) to the exploitation of entirely new fields, one after another, the fire-new presentations in art frequently prove to be either of doubtful value or the revivals of past glories—even when it is question only of the material processes, the technique. "Luca's works in glazed faience," writes a contemporary expert, "have technical qualities which have never been surpassed. In the first place, he used a clay that was well selected, washed and freed from all impurities; secondly, he employed glazes which were pure and beautiful in color, and predominant among these were a magnificent pale blue and a creamy white; thirdly, his works had the glaze evenly distributed over the whole surface and so preserved the beauty of his modelling; fourthly, he was extremely careful in the jointing of different pieces and he always fitted them together and eliminated all ragged edges and coarse joints."* In the more impalpable qualities of the art, also, the contemporary sculptor, working with polychromatic faience and terra-cotta, will probably be content to rival the two great Della Robbias.

In the simpler color schemes adopted, the arrangement of white figures on a blue ground is frequently maintained to-day, as in the pediment of Dr. Parkhurst's church, Madison Square, in this city. In the panels of the Boston Opera House, representing Music, Drama, and Dancing, this blue takes on a greenish tinge. In the large medallions and reliefs on the façade of the new Vanderbilt hotel, in this city, now in process of construction, the color is more delicate, the figures being white and the background a delicate cream color. But for all this work, sculptural and purely architectural, the number of colors, it is claimed, can be indefinitely increased.



From photographs, copyright by F. G. R. Roth.

Panels by F. G. R. Roth.

The use of this material in building has become so extensive that, it is asserted, fifty per cent. of the visible construction of the

*Francis G. Plant, Art Director, Hartford Faience Company.

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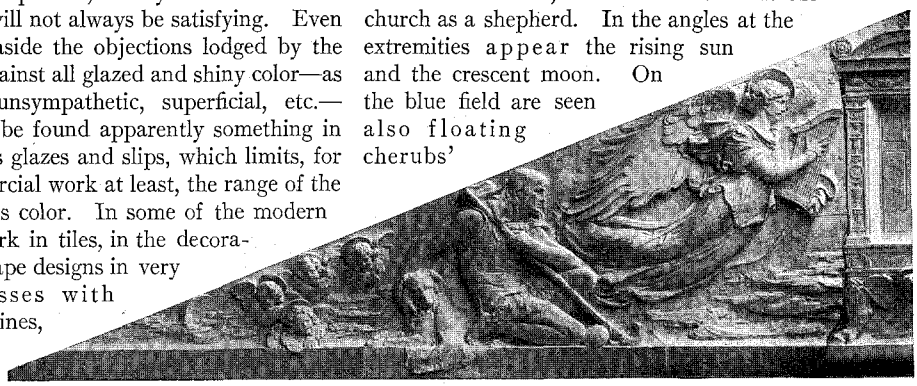
sky line of the "sky-scrapers" on Manhattan Island is of terra-cotta, and only about fifteen per cent. of marble, granite, and other stones. The rest is mostly brick.

If, however, we take for a moment the point of view of a painter, it may be admitted that this color will not always be satisfying. Even in setting aside the objections lodged by the tonalists against all glazed and shiny color—as repellent, unsympathetic, superficial, etc.—there is to be found apparently something in the clay, its glazes and slips, which limits, for the commercial work at least, the range of the charm of its color. In some of the modern interior work in tiles, in the decorative landscape designs in very broad masses with raised outlines, something more like the qualities the painter strives for are obtained—the mellowness, richness, depth, smothered pomp—so to speak, the color living and working in the mass, ready to break out, threatening, to be hoped for. *Color*, in short. And even better results will probably be obtained.



Pediment in Dr.

Dr. Parkhurst's low-domed, Romanesque church facing Madison Square was designed as a colorful edifice, and the sculpture in the pediment was planned by the late Stanford White. The size of the figures, in very high relief, excited some apprehension when it came to their execution, and many devices were employed to insure success—among others, that of mounting a vastly enlarged photograph of the completed model, the size of the original, in the tympanum (forty-four feet on the base line) and inspecting it critically from the park below. From Mr. White's memoranda, H. Siddons Mowbray, painter, executed a careful design, indicating the color, and Adolph A. Weinman, sculptor, carried this out in a relief model of the dimensions required. From this model the Atlantic Terra-cotta Company produced the finished work, in the required colors, and the assembled pieces were carefully set in the brick work of the pediment, the touches of gold, in leaf, being afterward laid on by hand, though the metal, also, could have been applied and fired with the three colors employed. In the centre of the tympanum appears an upright tabernacle or shrine, bearing the cross and ball in gold on an orange panel and with the ornament also picked out in gold; underneath are clouds and a winged head: this represents truth; on either side are graceful floating female figures in adoration, one with a lyre and the other with a scroll, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." Of the two kneeling male figures, that in armor on the right indicates the conquering or militant church, and that on the left the church as a shepherd. In the angles at the extremities appear the rising sun and the crescent moon. On the blue field are seen also floating cherubs' heads and wisps of cloud, and it is spotted with stars. The figures, etc., are of a glazed white, not too cold; the lyre and the lettering on the scroll, the halos of the two angels and of the cherub heads, the knight's sword hilt and the stars, are also gilded. The background is of a luminous blue, somewhat more luminous than is wanted, allowance having been made for the inevitable lowering of tone by dust and exposure to the weather.

The decorative panels over the main entrance of the Boston Opera House, Bela L. Pratt, sculptor, executed by the Atlantic Terra-cotta Company, are smaller in scale, also in high relief, and divided into square panels like gigantic tiles. These panels present in each a central figure or group, about half life size, and larger groups at the two ends.

For the decorations of the first two floors of the façade of the Vanderbilt hotel the scheme is more strictly architectural. In the great semicircular lunette over the central entrance very tall decorative terminal figures, nymphs and satyrs, six feet in height, eight in number, radiate from the centre like the sticks of a fan, separating very shallow arched niches and united by festoons and other light devices; over the light cornice of the second floor, on the three great bays of the building, are spaced large medallions, four feet in extreme diameter, bearing dancing figures in relief, and the cornice itself carries a handsome Paladion motif. In the interior of this building, when completed, it is intended to make still more ex-

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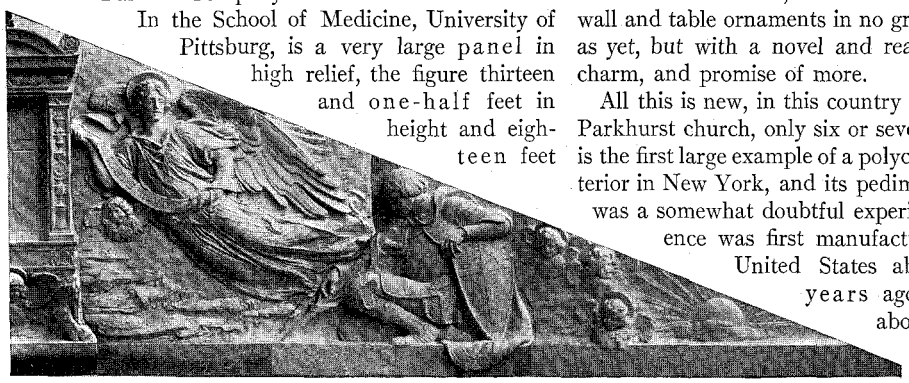
tensive use of this decorative sculpture tricked out with color. All of it will be modelled from the designs of the architects, Warren and Wetmore, and under their supervision by Donelly and Ricci, and executed by the Hartford Faience Company.

In the School of Medicine, University of Pittsburg, is a very large panel in high relief, the figure thirteen and one-half feet in height and eighteen feet



Parkhurst's church.

at base, of Esculapius, with his staff and serpent, gray in color, modelled by the sculptor Charles Keck for the Atlantic Terra-cotta Company. For the more or less Byzantine architecture of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the elaborate color scheme of the relief work of which—in red, green, yellow, cream tones, and sienna—has provoked much comment, this same company has provided nearly a hundred cherubic figures, creamy white against yellow, and other figures in high relief, a colder white against blue. Examples could be multiplied. Among them is a large panel in several colors representing knights tilting, seven feet in length, in Rookwood faience, by the sculptor W. P. McDonald, over a doorway in Westwood School, Cincinnati, Ohio. A very extensive field is opened by the possibility of exact reproduction of any classic work—as a panel of Donatello's children, by this company, in old ivory with touches of sienna.

In the field of smaller work, wall fountains, flower-boxes, vases, tobacco-boxes, panels in relief, etc., etc., the opportunities are innumerable, and the interior work offers certain advantages in permitting the use of soft, porous, and heavily applied mat glazes, not having to fear the assaults of wind and weather which will affect unglazed terra-cotta.

For fountains, the polychromatic exterior glaze decoration is peculiarly well adapted and has been used in a number of important cases.

A very ingenious and interesting diversion of this art has been presented in the little animal figures in faience by the sculptor F. G. R. Roth, both in the round and in panels of various degrees of relief. In these, to a wide range of modelling, realistic and purely decorative, he adds an equally wide range of color, truthful and fantastic, and contrives to produce wall and table ornaments in no great numbers as yet, but with a novel and real decorative charm, and promise of more.

All this is new, in this country at least; the Parkhurst church, only six or seven years old, is the first large example of a polychromatic exterior in New York, and its pediment in color was a somewhat doubtful experiment. Faience was first manufactured in the United States about twenty years ago; and tiles about thirty-five, but the origin of the latter among the Egyptians is traced back by some historians to about 5000 B. C., and their general use to about 1400 B. C. The Alhambra, the beautiful tiles of which have never been excelled, was commenced in 1272 A. D.; Luca della Robbia first employed faience about 1440 A.D., and to him is usually attributed the discovery of the method of producing opaque glazes which could be applied directly upon the body clay without the intervening coating of white clay, or "slip." This latter method, however, is still in use by the terra-cotta manufacturers whose wares, generally, are content with one firing, while those of the faience specialists, like the vases of the potter, enjoy two, before and after glazing. Consequently the latter are usually distinguished by a greater delicacy and beauty of finish, color, and surface texture which permits of their use in association with marble, bronze, and the finer stones. In "the production of glazes having the softness to the eye and touch of the non-reflecting mat surfaces of the faience of to-day, with their richer and more sympathetic qualities of color," the modern makers contend that they rival "the somewhat glassier textures which, even with such masters as the Della Robbias, represented their most advanced technical knowledge." * The possibilities of the non-reflecting mat surface for sculpture are of vital importance for the full development of the art.

In the tiles, which permit of a great variety of broad and decorative effects in landscape and figure design, the modelling is either in

* Sturgis Lawrence, Rookwood Pottery Company.

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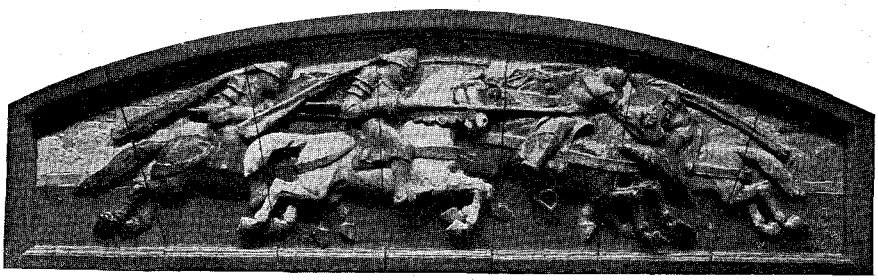

Panel by W. P. McDonald in the Westwood School, Cincinnati.

low relief or limited to raising the outlines, partly for the purpose of confining the color within its proper boundaries.

The clays, of different colors, in which occur sand, flint, and feldspar, are found in various localities. For the terra-cottas, broken pieces of the baked terra-cotta, called "grit," are added. From the model furnished by the sculptor, or from that made by trained workmen in inferior pieces, a cast is made, into the mould of this cast the prepared moist clay, the "body," is forced into every part, and when dry taken out and fired in muffle kilns.

The largest part of the drying takes place after the piece is turned out of the mould, either on the floor or in tunnels where artificial or waste heat is in circulation. In the circular kilns the flames do not touch the clay, but circulate in various directions through the hollow walls and down through the central hollow shaft according to three separate systems of firing, known by their respective names. For the larger pieces of terra-cotta, as those of the Parkhurst church, it is necessary to regulate this firing very carefully, that the moisture contained in them shall be completely expelled before the extreme heat is applied. The steam vent holes, left in the upper part of the kiln, are not closed for two days, then all peep holes and vents are stopped up and the highest temperature developed, frequently 2,250° Fahrenheit.

For the one firing of the terra-cottas, both glazed and unglazed, it is usual to give six days to the firing and six to the cooling; for the faience, about fifty hours to the "bisque" and fifty more when it has been covered with the vitreous glaze. This glaze and the preliminary "slip" are applied by spraying on the principle of the air-brush. The shrinkage in the firing is very nearly fifteen-sixteenths of an inch to the foot in the plain pieces, and one inch to the foot for the glazes, which require a higher temperature, and this shrinkage is allowed for in the original modelling. The kilns are circular, built of fire brick, banded with iron, and frequently repaired; when they are filled, ready for firing, the doors are bricked up with a double wall through which horizontal flues are left for the circulation of the flames. The completed pieces, issued from the kiln, are trimmed by hand and the joints planed smooth to fit neatly, though the architect—unlike the sculptor—frequently insists upon the demonstration of this cement-filled joint.

The colored glazes and slips are made of mineral chemicals and clays, often imported from Germany and England, and frequently very expensive. A nice adjustment is required to make equal the coefficients of expansion and contraction of the glazes and the terra-cotta bodies to which they are applied. Otherwise "crazing" ensues, *i. e.*, the appearance of fine cracks in the glaze.

WILLIAM WALTON.

"The Drama," by Bela L. Pratt, Boston Opera House.

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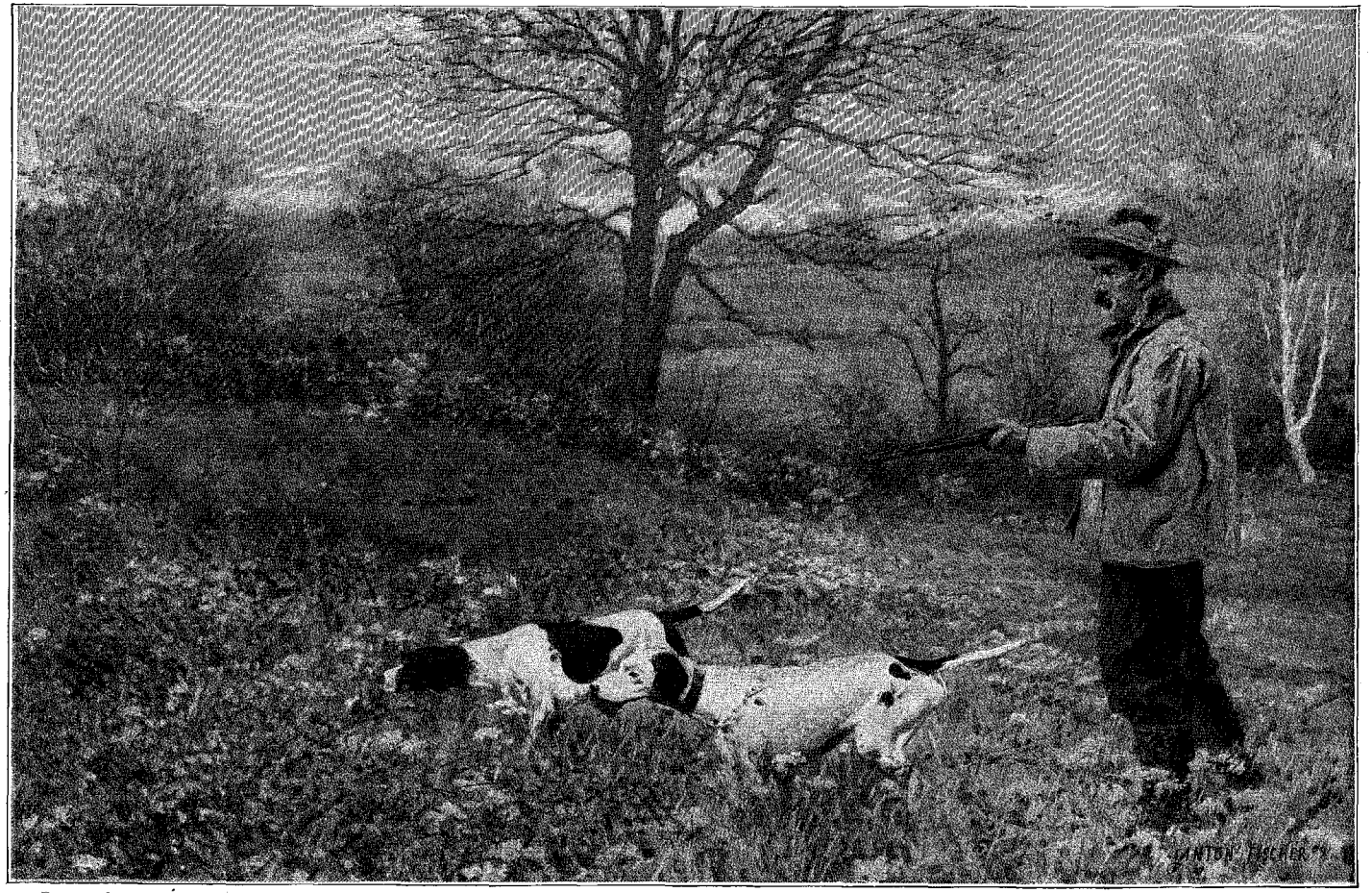

Drawn by Anton Fischer.

AN OCTOBER DAY.

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